March 11, 1939

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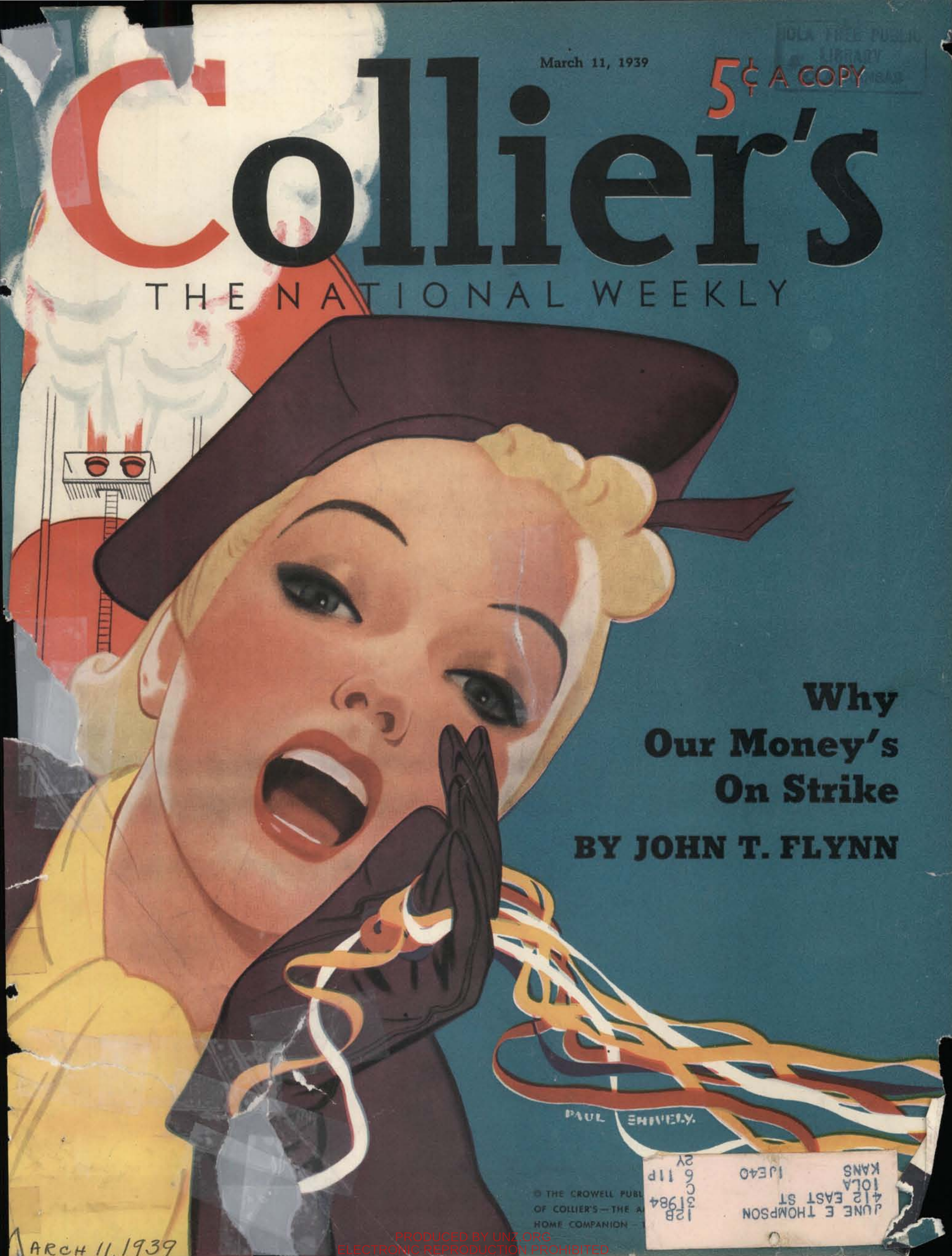
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Why Our Money's On Strike

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

© THE CROWELL PUBL
OF COLLIER'S—THE A
HOME COMPANION —

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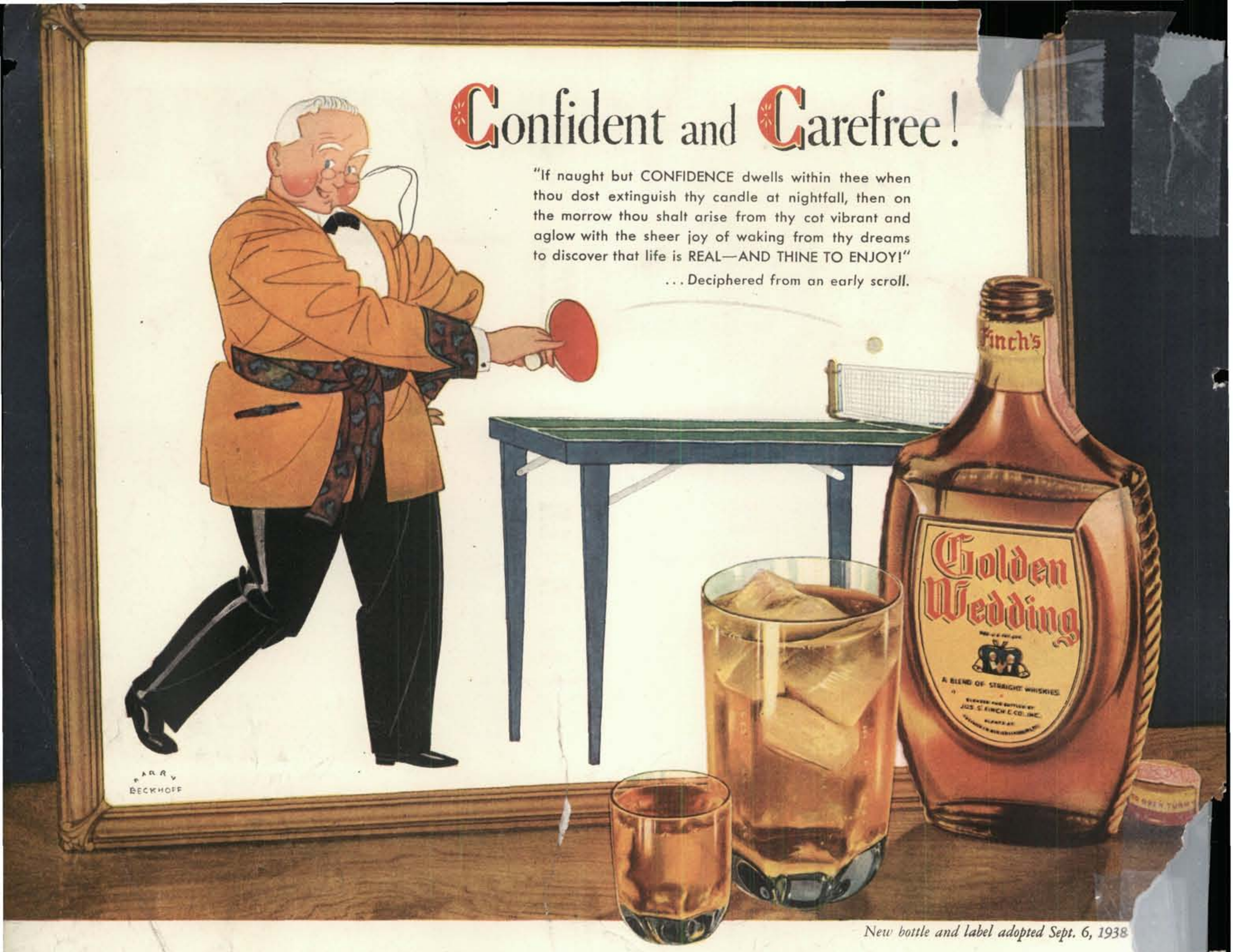
ARCH 11, 1939



Confident and Carefree!

"If naught but CONFIDENCE dwells within thee when thou dost extinguish thy candle at nightfall, then on the morrow thou shalt arise from thy cot vibrant and aglow with the sheer joy of waking from thy dreams to discover that life is REAL—AND THINE TO ENJOY!"

... *Deciphered from an early scroll.*

New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

Oft and again we've peeked at you as you've sat serenely luxuriating over your Golden Wedding highball ... and we think we can account for that extra blissful smile of satisfaction on your lips. You feel good about this whiskey! And this confidence in your drink re-doubles the pleasure of drinking. You feel good in knowing this fabulous potion is a blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey—Finch's pride and joy. And since you know the very youngest whiskey in Golden Wedding is old, you feel good about that too! Isn't that right?

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR—

When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey.

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD!

90 PROOF [illegible] S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it [illegible] years old

Winning New Friends By the THOUSANDS!

PLYMOUTH
GIVES YOU
MOST FOR
LOW PRICE

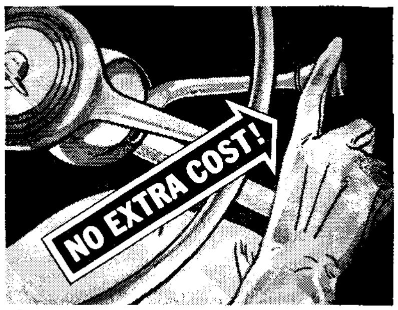
☛ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is by far the biggest and roomiest—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

☛ *Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine—giving full power *plus* great economy.

☛ The only low-priced car that offers the matchless ride of coil springs, standard equipment *on all models.*

☛ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary "safety signal" speedometer.

☛ The only low-priced car with steering-post gear shift as standard equipment in De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*



STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "DeLuxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. Much easier.

HERE IS Plymouth's formula for winning so many friends: *a bigger, finer-performing car at low price!*

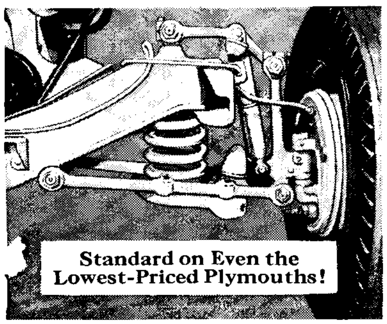
Plymouth's the biggest of "All Three"...and most luxurious.

Plymouth's smooth, new ride, its new handling ease and unmatched safety, are a revelation to buyers! See Plymouth today!

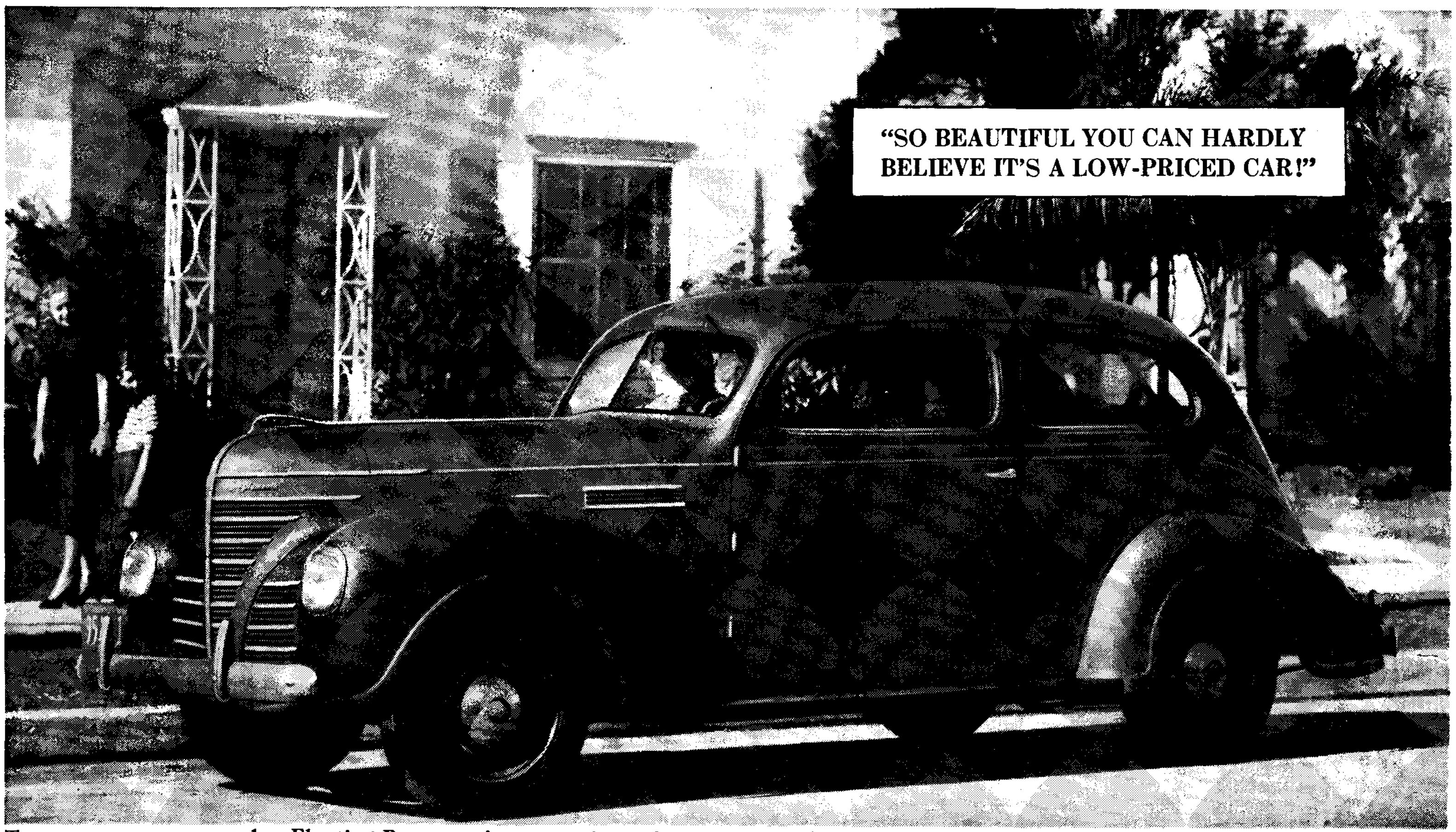
Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...with balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

Special Used-Car Values

All Plymouth cars—new or *used*—are backed by the same great engineering...*built to stand up!* See your Plymouth dealer today for unusual used-car values.



NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs, finest design in the industry, give Plymouth its smooth ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH has Floating Power engine mountings, time-proven Hydraulic Brakes, completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

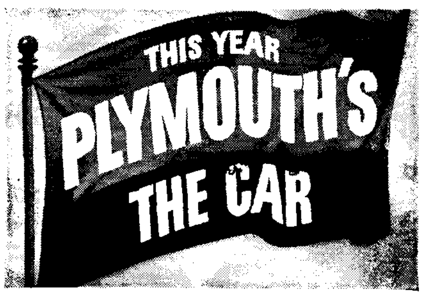
COUPES START AT **$645**
SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



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Collier's

March 11, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

WHAT Waldo Himmer wanted was simple enough. He wanted his name spelled right and he wanted recognition of his personality. Unfortunately no one would take Waldo seriously. As for his personality, that was a joke. So Waldo went to work.

First he tied the labor union into knots, then he stopped production in Consolidated Motors. By that time everyone took Waldo seriously. He could have had anything he wanted and he was urged to name his terms. But Waldo wasn't out for gain. He was a man of principle. His heart-warming story is told by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

THE celebrities who attend the opening of the New York World's Fair will find themselves facing, among other things, a new kind of camera. It looks a good deal like a movie camera and it is accompanied by a truck that looks a good deal like a sound truck. Together they form the mobile unit of a television system. Their appearance means that television has finally pulled itself together and made the leap from the laboratory into the home. The launching of this infant industry is being watched with crossed fingers and bated breath. Its possibilities are presented in "Radio Opens Its Eyes," by Denver Lindley.

THE divorce wasn't Riccarda's fault, but there was publicity. It put her in a bad position. The borrowed "Chinchilla Coat" and the borrowed emeralds didn't help. But Ric was headed for the top, for grand opera; she couldn't let trifles stop her. In a breathless romance Louise Kennedy Mabie shows you what happened.

TED SHANE contributes an article with a thesis—"Women Can't Cook." In an icy counterblast Mary Dunham writes "Men Can't Cook." That seems to leave you holding the plate. Perhaps you'd better try a little of each.

IT WAS fairly easy for Lucy to run "Home to Mother," and Lucy did it, again and again. Pa had nothing to say in the matter, for Pa didn't count in the household. Oddly enough, though, when all the reports were in, it was Pa who had won the battle, Ma who had learned the lesson and Lucy who profited. The story is by Meyer Levin.

ERNEST HAYCOX, Walter Davenport, George F. Worts, Laurence G. Blochman, F. M. Cockrell, Bill Cunningham and others complete the issue.

This Week

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●

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COVER PAUL SHIVELY

Any Week

OF VERY first importance to those who've been wondering what's going on in Mexico is this one from Mr. H. Eddy of Mexico City. Sitting in beautiful Chapultepec Park, he was reading El Universal. And there in an obscure corner of that inspired newspaper he read: "A strange and interesting case came to light in Leon, Guanajuato, Mexico, when there appeared before the judge of civil registry Mrs. Maria David Cortes, requesting the inscription of her recently born son under the name of Tomas Juarez Cortes, this being her twenty-third offspring. She explained that at the age of eighteen she married and is now forty-one years of age, being not only in good health but of robust constitution and had never missed a year of her married life without giving birth to a child and hopes to keep up the good work."

WE ARE notified, too, that Ohio is about to put on a drive for tourists. Mr. James O. Trimmin of Sandusky assures us that "very few people know what a grand place Ohio is for tourists. Thus far," goes on Mr. Trimmin, "nobody has been found who knows anything for certain. The campaign is going to start in with a list of the things you can't catch in Ohio. But they have not found the right people to put it over. Ohio wants some of the tourist trade that California, Maine, Wisconsin and other resort states get. All we have to do is find out why tourists should come to Ohio."

WHILE Ohio is thus ambitiously engaged, Mrs. Georgia Denman Thompson of New York City is going to find out "if possible whether there aren't matters at home here for President Roosevelt to fret about instead of getting excited about what Hitler and Mussolini are up to." Mrs. Thompson would pay more attention to what Americans are saying and less to what Europeans shout. She also has an idea. "Let all parents of children between the ages of ten and seventeen get their boys and girls to write one letter each to President Roosevelt demanding that he use all his energies toward peace and stop antagonizing foreign nations. Thus millions of young people who would be the real victims of war would be on record against a hopeless future if not a horrible and early death."

WE PAUSE to assure Mrs. Tacoma W. Ford of Los Angeles, California, that she has been the victim of an utterly untrustworthy person. "A few days ago," writes Mrs. Ford, "a party told me that Collier's would print no story in which God was mentioned. I hated to believe this. I do not want my faith in a great magazine shattered."

BUT it is our private opinion that the name of God is invoked all too easily, all too glibly, even when not in vain. Into our own puny mind suspicions always enter when we hear smug avowals of what God is, what He thinks, whom He loves and whose cause is His. The best we can do with our mean comprehension is to accept God as an Infinite Patience. If He weren't that, amongst other things, what would become of the silly little mortals whom a derisive fate has made our rulers? There are several other things we'd like to say but we lack the temerity of the politicians to whom God is everything and anything from a bayonet to a pension. After all, we started out to answer Mrs. Ford.

AND Mr. Henry Betaille of Providence, Rhode Island, would like to see a vigorous movement against the use of bay rum as a beverage. "I am not a drinker of bay rum," says he, "but a sharp observer. I will say that it is not desirable."

WE'RE seeing our robust associate, W. B. Courtney, off on a far-flung tour of the North Pacific islands. His itinerary dazzles us—Samoa, Honolulu, Guam, Wake, Midway, the Philippines and Yap. We're particularly entranced by his luggage, a fine romantic assortment of gear and trappings. One item seemed to us to be particularly engaging—the photograph of a very pretty girl inscribed "With Love from Bidi Laysan, Midway Islands, 1938." We asked Mr. Courtney about Bidi and he said: "Charming young woman. Now if you wouldn't mind getting the hell out of my baggage."

"I AM interested in writing as a living profession," says Miss Emma Blowitz of Detroit, Michigan. "Please answer, telling me how you came to make a living writing. Was it intentional?"

OUR nurse dropped us. W. D.

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HOW A BURNING MATCH TOLD ME WHICH TIRE GIVES THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS

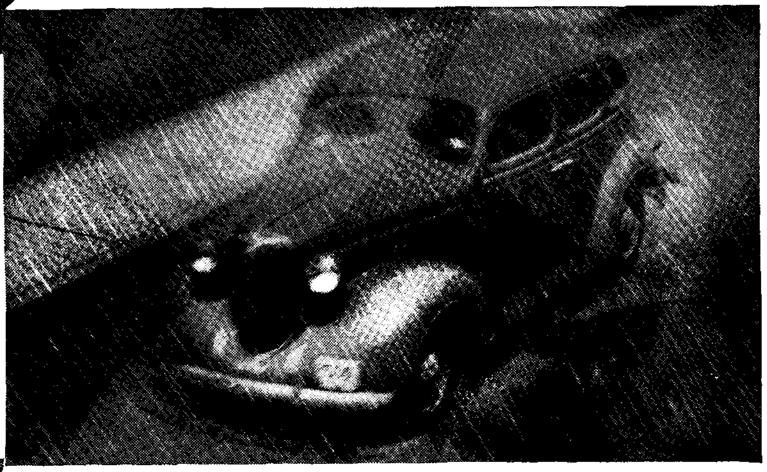
WHEN A TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY you can actually *light a match* on its track, that's plenty of proof that this new Goodrich Silvertown Tire will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!

—AND NOW READ WHAT AMERICA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT TESTING LABORATORY FOUND OUT:

In two series of non-skid tests of *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires which have just been introduced, Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory reports:

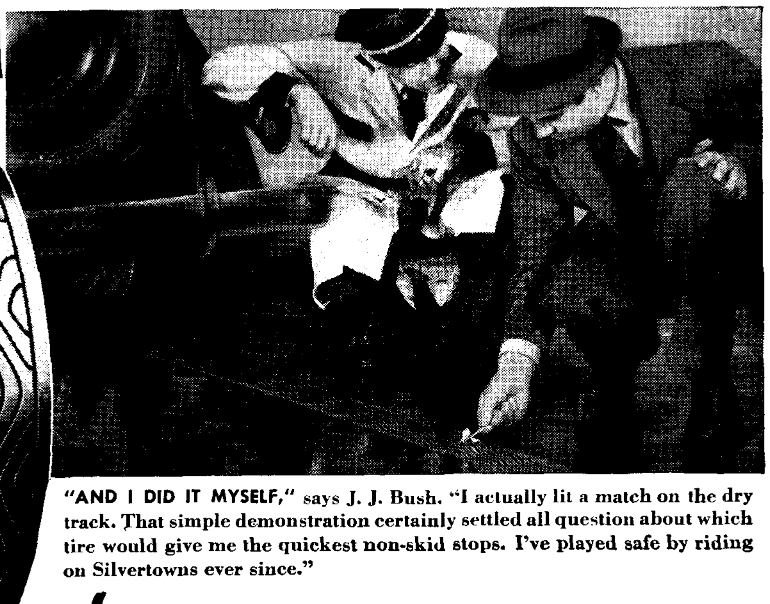
"The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."

Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory

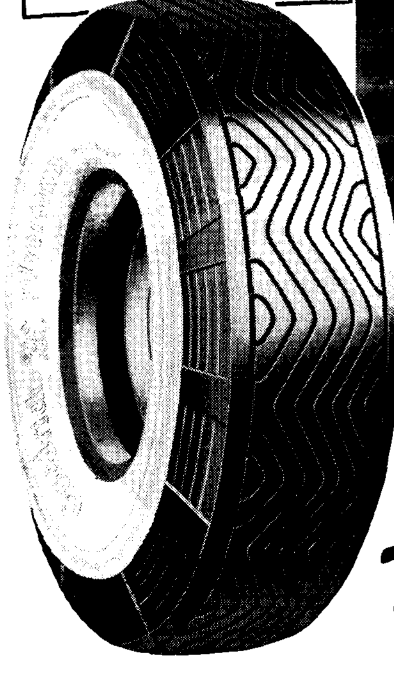


"I DRIVE A CAR DAY IN AND DAY OUT in all kinds of weather," says J. J. Bush. "And believe me, there's no more helpless feeling than when your car starts to swerve and skid on a wet, slippery road. So when I heard about a new kind of non-skid tire manufactured by Goodrich, I decided to investigate."

"THE TIRE EVEN LOOKED DIFFERENT than any tire I'd ever seen. 'Why,' said the Goodrich dealer, 'the Life-Saver Tread sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track.'"



"AND I DID IT MYSELF," says J. J. Bush. "I actually lit a match on the dry track. That simple demonstration certainly settled all question about which tire would give me the quickest non-skid stops. I've played safe by riding on Silvertowns ever since."



by J. J. BUSH, 5 Prospect Place
New York City

●

New Kind of Tire Sweeps Wet Road So Dry You Can Actually Light a Match on Its Track

WHEN a child darts across your path in a blinding rain—when a train suddenly looms ahead at a crossing—in a hundred and one situations you may meet on a rainy day—think what it will mean to have tires on your car that really dry the road. Yes, when quick non-skid stops are a MUST, here is the tire that will give you the *quickest* ones you've ever had!

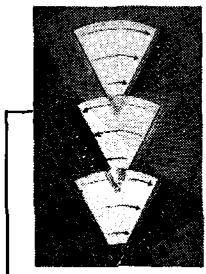
A Double Life-Saver

And just as this new Goodrich Safety Silvertown gives you the greatest skid protection ever offered, it gives you still another feature that for years has been a sensational life-saver—the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection! This exclusive Golden Ply invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply scientifically protects you against high-speed blow-out dangers.

No Extra Cost

You might expect to pay more for this *double* protection, but remember, both the skid protection of the Life-Saver Tread and the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection are yours in Silvertowns *at no extra cost.*

Furthermore, don't let a thin pocketbook keep you from enjoying this protection *right now.* Many Goodrich dealers can offer you the convenience of a Confidential Credit Plan that makes buying first-quality tires as easy as A-B-C. This service fits every income . . . there is no red tape or delay . . . only a small down payment required, and you can set your own long easy terms.



QUICKER STOPS! HERE'S THE SECRET:

Before the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown was created, Goodrich engineers tested tread designs by the hundred. Until finally they developed this Life-Saver Tread that acts like windshield wipers on a wet surface. As the row upon row of never-ending spiral bars roll over a dangerous film of water, they sweep that water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a dry track for the rubber to grip. No wonder this new Goodrich Safety Silvertown will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

COPYRIGHT, 1939, STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA

Thoughtfulness wins a woman

WHY NOT REMEMBER HER TODAY?

Occasions for a man to remember a woman are not set by the calendar. They are entirely up to you.

A sincere compliment... a little gift that she did not expect... a token of the fact that she was remembered through the day... will make her face light up, her heart happy. The mindful man never takes a woman for granted. He knows that she will forgive almost any transgression, except neglect.

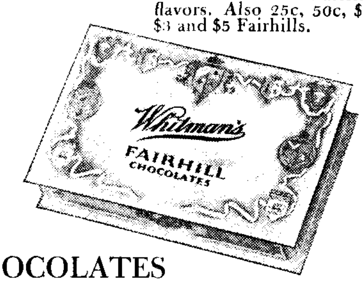
Through 97 years Whitman's Chocolates have been the ambassador of the thoughtful man to the appreciative woman. Women delight in Whitman's wonderful variety, delectable flavors . . . welcome Whitman's as the finest confections in all the land. More than 21 countries supply their best to make Whitman's just that! A Whitman dealer nearby is ready to serve you . . . will mail your selection if you wish. Why not see him *now?*

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

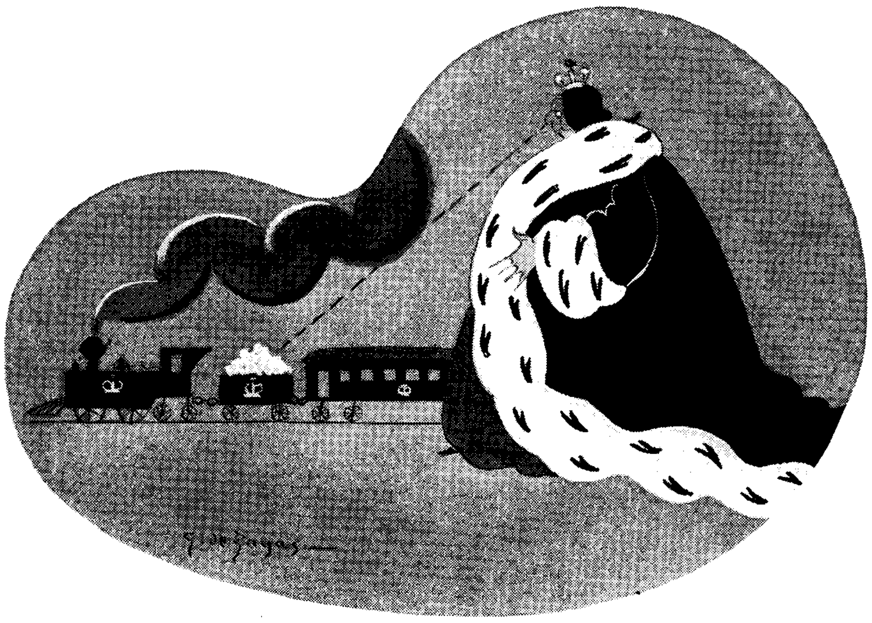
Whitman's Sampler
Chocolates & Confections

The SAMPLER, $1.50—Finest assortment of candy favorites—the best known box of candy in the world. 17-oz. Sampler, 100 pieces, 35 varieties, $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers.

The FAIRHILL, $1.00—Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. A popular assortment of mouth-watering flavors. Also 25c, 50c, $2, $3 and $5 Fairhills.



GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES
...IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Victoria, Queen of England from 1837 to 1901, was unaware of many ceremonial gestures made in her honor, one of which was the whitewashing of the coal for the engine of her private train "to make it fit for royal use."

Most Swedish people celebrate two birthdays each year, their real one and another that has been set aside in honor of their given names. For example, the boys and men whose first name is William observe their second or "national" birthday on April 6th.—*By William J. Biety, Chicago, Illinois.*

Women constitute eighty per cent of all the spiritualistic mediums, fortune tellers and crystal gazers in the United States.—*By Frances L. Shafer, Rye, New York.*

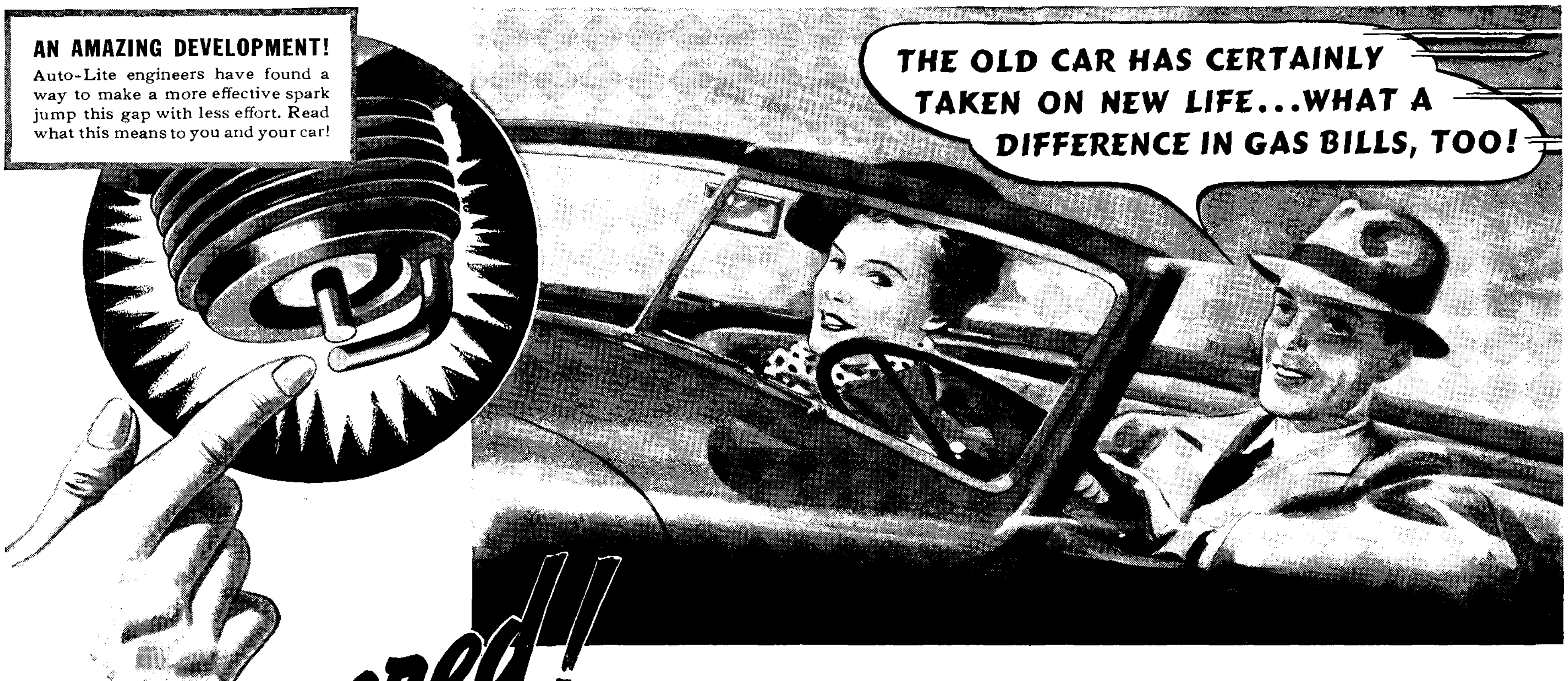
In the 1880's Jay Gould, the American financier, scotched a malicious rumor that he was bankrupt by inviting reporters from every New York newspaper to inspect his safe, containing $75,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds, all of which actually belonged to him, as later proved by the execution of his will.

Robert Morris (1734-1806), American financier and statesman and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the greatest private landowner in the history of this country, having once held more than 20,000,000 acres in New York State, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia and South Carolina.—*By Margaret Ahern, Farmington, Minnesota.*

In 1936 a Moslem named Mohammed Jalil started on a walking pilgrimage from his home in Jamalpur, India, to the holy city of Mecca, Arabia, a distance of 4,000 miles. As he pauses for prayer every five steps, Jalil expects to reach his destination by 1948, provided he does not take another wrong road, as he did last year, when he walked hundreds of miles out of his way.

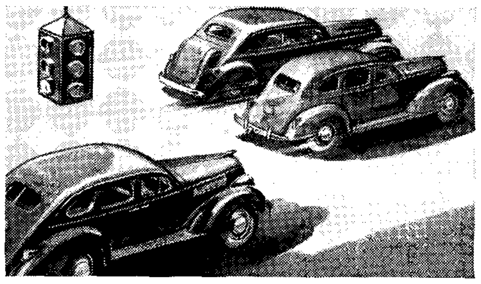
Paradoxically, Man o' War, America's greatest race horse, which has earned almost $1,000,000 in prizes, stud fees and foal sales, never raced in Kentucky, America's greatest "race horse" state, where he was born and has lived almost all of his 22 years.—*By James C. Treadway, Lexington, Kentucky.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

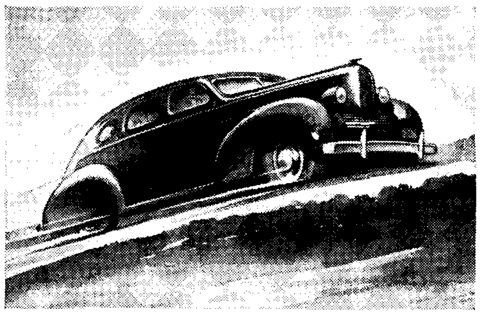

THE OLD CAR HAS CERTAINLY TAKEN ON NEW LIFE...WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN GAS BILLS, TOO!

AN AMAZING DEVELOPMENT! Auto-Lite engineers have found a way to make a more effective spark jump this gap with less effort. Read what this means to you and your car!

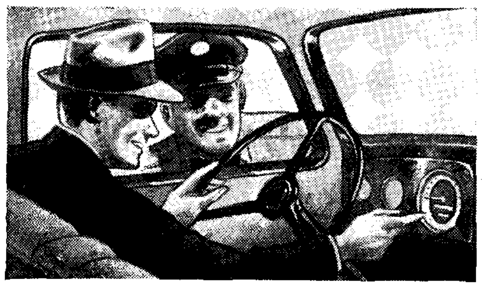
Discovered!! A SECRET OF IMPROVED PICK-UP FOR SLUGGISH MOTORS



OFF LIKE A FLASH! Does your car lag behind when the green light says "go"? Auto-Lite Spark Plugs put new life in lazy motors, say motorists everywhere.



SMOOTH, FLEXIBLE POWER! See how your car takes the hills when you replace old spark plugs with these sensational new Auto-Lites.



NO MORE GAS WASTE! Auto-Lite Spark Plugs may pay their cost many times over by helping to restore your motor's efficiency and preventing gasoline waste. Change today.

Auto-Lite Engineers Create Revolutionary New Kind of Spark Plug

IN the past year nearly a million motorists have changed over to a revolutionary new kind of spark plug.

Why this startling shift from ordinary plugs? Why are so many motorists, and car manufacturers as well, showing an amazing preference for the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug?

There's a reason, and a good one. Here is a spark plug especially created by ignition engineers; a spark plug specifically designed to work in harmony with the entire ignition system, and producing results that are often little short of amazing.

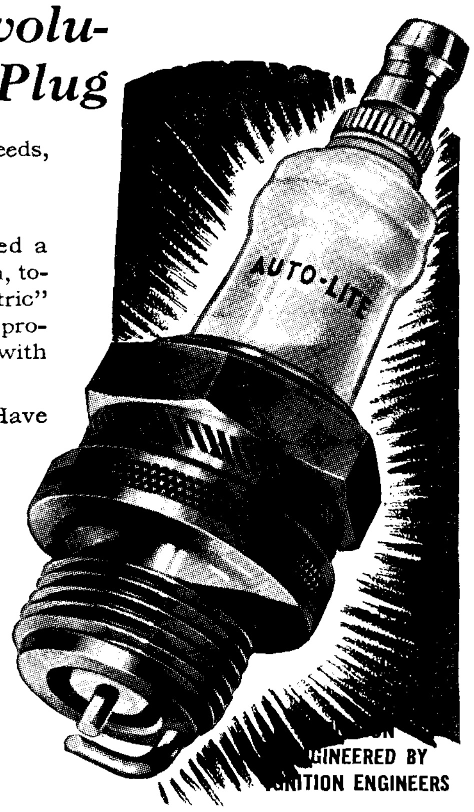
Think of it! Owners of all types of cars say the new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs give (1) Sure, quick starting, (2) Instant pickup, (3) Smooth, flexible engine performance at all speeds, and (4) Prevent gasoline waste.

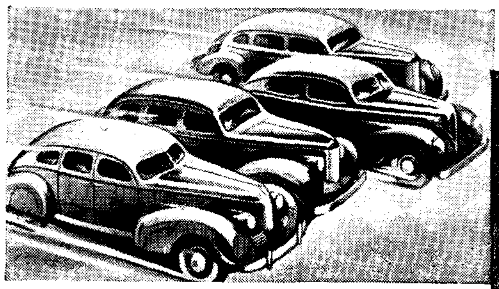
Here's The Secret!

Auto-Lite engineers developed a new alloy, called Konium, which, together with Auto-Lite "geometric" gap design, makes it possible to produce a *more effective* spark, with *less effort!*

Make this convincing test. Have your service man install a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car. Notice how your car instantly takes on new life and vigor—how much more smoothly your engine responds when you step on the accelerator. Remember, Auto-Lites cost no more!

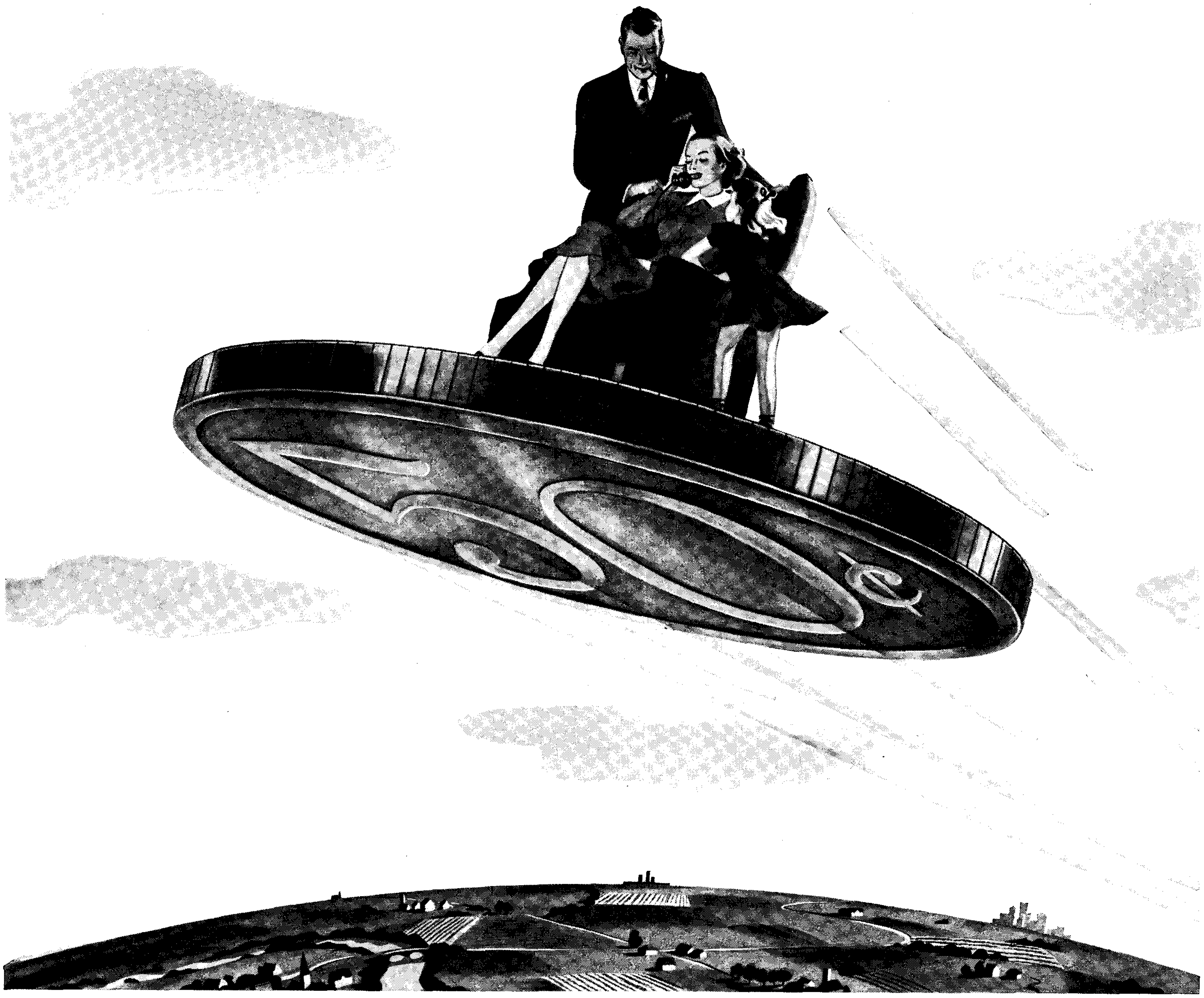
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO., *Merchandising Division,* **TOLEDO, OHIO**





ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR NEW CARS is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Convincing evidence of their superiority under the most arduous tests.

Sure, Quick Starting With
AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS



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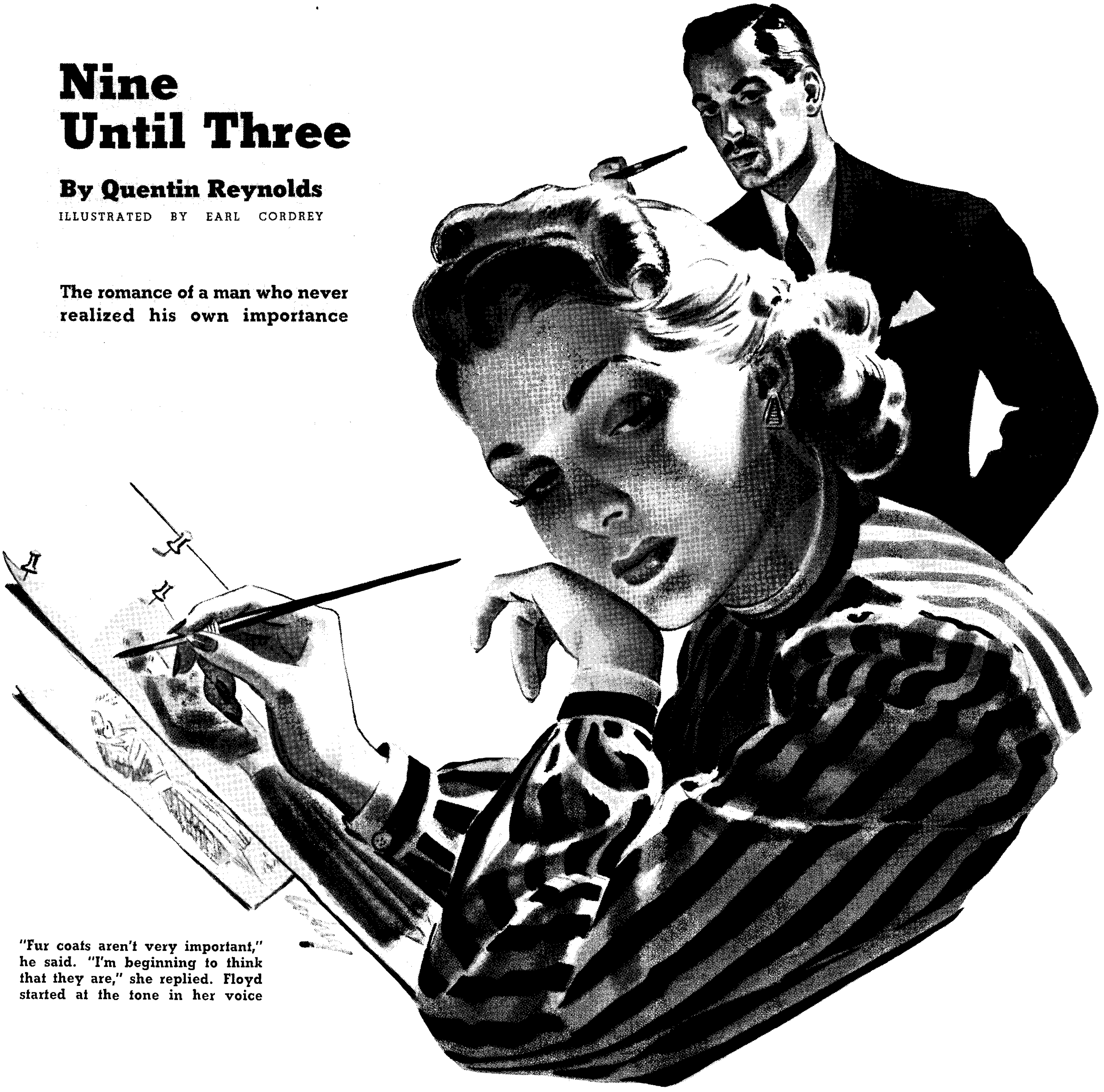
Collier's The National Weekly for March 11, 1939

Nine Until Three

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The romance of a man who never realized his own importance



"Fur coats aren't very important," he said. "I'm beginning to think that they are," she replied. Floyd started at the tone in her voice

STEPHEN BROWN was a little on the plump side but he didn't mind that at all. Stephen Brown was definitely a success and he didn't care who knew it. Right now Stephen Brown was annoyed.

"You turned down twenty thousand dollars a year," he exploded. "Why, Floyd, you're crazy. That's a lot of money."

"It was rather a ridiculous proposition," Floyd Smythe smiled. "They wanted me to head a thing called the Educational Institute of the Air. The idea was to keep the children home and educate them via mail and radio. Fine idea for supplementary education, for special courses, but not for children, Stephen. Education in capsule form. That's what it was and hopelessly unsound."

"That was a lot of money to turn down."

Floyd looked at Mary Brown and for the hundredth time marveled at her soft beauty. He was conscious of the tiredness in her voice. She was very small and her hair was russet brown and when she smiled her large brown eyes smiled too. But she wasn't smiling now.

"You've been working too hard, Mary," he said.

"I've been drawing fur coats and cruise boats," she said wryly. "Some day I'd like to own a fur coat and go on cruises instead of drawing pictures of them."

"Come with me next week," her brother Stephen boomed. "You know I've made a lot of money lately, Mary. Now, really," he turned to Floyd, "it isn't right for anyone as young and as pretty as Mary to spend all her time at a drawing board. Or, I might add, in libraries and museums."

FLOYD smiled. "I don't think you'd understand, Stephen. Museums and libraries open up a land for Mary and me that not everyone may enter. It's called the bright land of learning, Stephen."

"Dreams, dreams," Stephen snorted. "I've been talking to Mary lately about the dreams you and she have. It's time you stopped that nonsense. Can your dreams buy Mary a fur coat? Can they furnish the things that every young girl should have?"

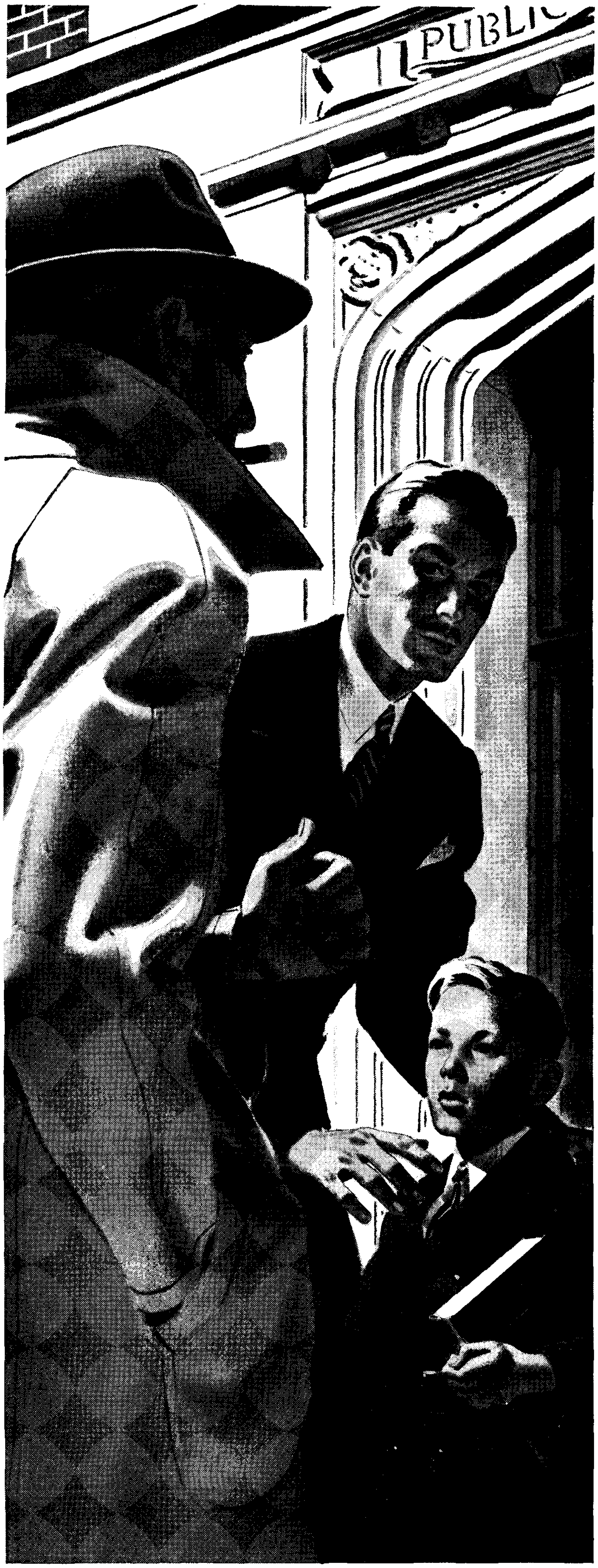
"Fur coats aren't very important," Floyd said.

"I am beginning to think that they are," Mary replied. Floyd started at the tone in her voice. "I'm sick and tired of working and working."

"I thought you loved your work," Floyd said, amazed.

"I do, but I'm tired, Floyd. I'm tired of being . . . oh, of being just an economic unit. I'm tired of being efficient and clever and independent." Tears trembled on her eyelashes.

"You need a long rest, Mary." Stephen's voice was firm. "You must come with me on that cruise. Floyd, don't you see that you live in an unreal world—



"No, just a minute," Floyd said. "Have you a note from Tony's father?"

this land of learning you talk about? Now this week I made six thousand dollars in the market. That can be translated into life, into gaiety, into the things that Mary should have. You can't get those things by . . . well, by dreaming."

"Six thousand dollars? It takes me just about a year to make that," Floyd said. "But, Stephen," he added, "you need certain luxuries in your life which I don't need. I can spend an evening or a month making new friends or greeting old ones—friends who live in the pages of books; and this, Stephen, costs very little."

"Nonsense," Stephen said angrily. "You aren't living when you pick for your friends authors who have been dead a hundred years. You're in a rut, Floyd, and it's time you snapped out of it. What's ahead of you? What future have you to offer any girl?"

Floyd went white and he couldn't control the anger in his voice. "That's enough, Stephen," he said. "I have no quarrel with the way you make your money. But making money is your life —it isn't mine. It's yours because you haven't the capacity to enjoy any other kind of life. Don't try to pattern Mary's life after yours. She has a mind, a fine mind, and she has the ability to enjoy things which would be incomprehensible to you. Stephen, you are stupid and you can appreciate only the things which money can buy. . . ."

"Floyd, stop. . . ." He caught the pleading in Mary's voice.

"I think you've said enough, Floyd." Stephen's voice was cold. "You have no right to talk to me about Mary's life. Go back to your little school kids, Floyd. Go back to your bright land of learning. There is no place in it for Mary."

Floyd looked at her. He saw uncertainty and unhappiness in her face and he saw fatigue in it, too.

"Perhaps Stephen is right," she said slowly. "Perhaps . . ."

Floyd turned without a word and left, and he never saw Mary's involuntary movement toward him; never saw her bite her lip to keep from crying out; never saw the hot tears well to her eyes.

THE air was crisp and flakes of snow stung his face as he walked down the street, but his forehead was hot. He had always loved New York; had been born and raised in New York. Through the public schools, then the high schools and finally through the City College of New York, he had gone. He felt that he was part of New York, just as the hurrying taxicabs and the pound of patrolmen's heavy feet and sunrise glinting on the golden domes of skyscrapers were part of New York. He had fought his way step by step through the educational system of New York, and now he was principal of its largest school. His natural intelligence and his adaptability might have taken him a long way, had he entered the money mart instead of the world of education. Were the Mary Browns of the world only for men who could measure their ability in terms of dollars?

He thought of that as he walked home. His apartment was comfortable and his living room lined with books. He looked at them bitterly. Perhaps they weren't as important as he had always thought. Perhaps that bright land of learning was a land through which one walked alone. He looked at a group of books he himself had written. He had been proud of them. There was his Problems in Pedagogy. Ocular Education was another thin volume and, he reflected grimly, no one outside of the teaching profession had ever heard of it. True, it showed the way to reach backward children through the eyes instead of the ears. True, hundreds of young men and women were walking the streets of New York able to compete with their fellows on even terms because their education had been helped by that book. He had never before thought of the books he had written in terms of money.

He undressed slowly and the words of Stephen burned into his consciousness: "What's ahead of you? . . . What future have you to offer any girl? . . ."

When he awoke in the morning it was as though he had awakened to a new world. Usually he was eager to get to his school; eager to solve the thousand problems which came up every day. Today he awoke dully, with a sense of futility. What if he did solve those problems correctly? Where did it lead him? To a pension of three thousand dollars a year and a lonely walk through life. He dressed dully and automatically walked a block to the subway.

FLOYD SMYTHE'S school was on the lower East Side of New York. More than nine-tenths of his pupils were the sons and daughters of foreign-born. He had always felt that his school was the open door through which the children of foreign-born passed to come out as Americans on the other side. He stood for a moment in front of his school. It loomed enormous, clean-looking, emerging from the dingy, untidy tenements of Broome Street. It emerged clean, dignified, as knowledge emerges from the untidy mass of speculation and crooked thinking. Unconsciously his shoulders straightened. For a moment Mary's face flashed before his eyes and then the school—his school—blotted it out.

This, then, was his destiny. Mediocre he might be. He might be in a rut. He might have no future to offer a girl, but this was his school. Until three o'clock this afternoon he would hold the destiny of three thousand children in his hands. Yes, and of two hundred teachers. He raised his head and now he was Floyd Smythe, with brisk, clipped speech, with steady, gray eyes and with a sympathetic voice that could discipline with a smile.

He walked up one flight to his office. Miss Myria Towle had been his secretary for five years. They didn't call it secretary—they called it "clerk" in the New York school system. There were a dozen letters and reports lying on his neat desk.

"Dr. Ebinger phoned early this morning," Miss Towle said. "He wanted to warn you that he was coming to inspect us today."

Floyd laughed. Ebinger, the assistant superintendent in charge of the district, always phoned in advance. They were old friends, he and Ebinger.

"Afraid he'd catch us smoking opium if he didn't warn us, Miss Towle," he said.

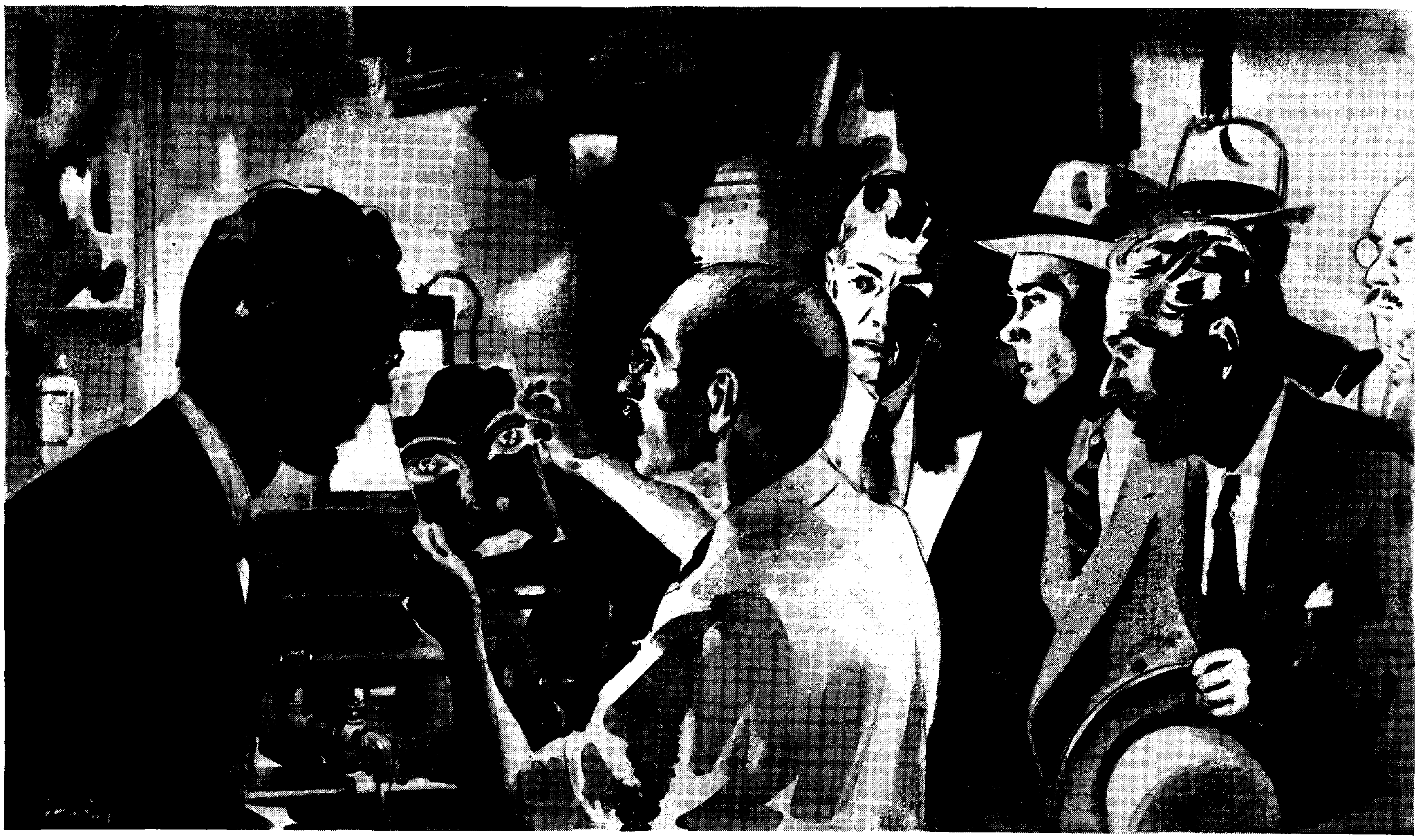
"He said that he'd be down a little before lunch and would you take him to that place on Houston Street that serves Luchen soup," she added.

"Luchen soup at lunch? He won't feel like working this afternoon."

For an hour routine matters occupied his attention. At ten o'clock, he received a phone call from Captain Timothy O'Hara, in charge of the police precinct, four blocks away.

"Bad news for you, Mr. Smythe." The policeman's voice was cheerful. "I have one of your youngsters here. It's a bad boy he's been, Mr. Smythe. This morning we caught him stealing into that sporting-goods store on Delancey Street, the place where they sell footballs and bats and things like that. Caught him with the goods, Mr. Smythe. He had some things all tied up and was ready to leave when one of my men saw the door open and went in to investigate. Then the lad took up a bat and tried to hit my cop on the top of his head. We're sending him over to the Children's Court for arraignment right now."

(Continued on page 68)



He held it in front of the red light and I felt very queer when I saw that it was a picture of the dead girl's eyes

Last Look

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

O'Malley knew who killed the girl; and still the murderer had nothing to fear but conscience

"THIS one," O'Malley said, "is a girl got found dead on the beach. She had been drowned, but they found marks on her throat that showed she had been choked. So the drowning was murder. A girl like her named Miss Capewell had been reported missing, and she was the one. She lived in Manhattan, so New York cops are working on it. They didn't know if it happened offshore or off a boat, or how, but now they found what they think might be the place. I got orders I'm to look at it."

We drove out on Long Island. The spot was a long way from where the girl's body had been found—a desolate-looking stretch of beach. There were sand dunes and beach grass and small bushes and in front of us was the ocean, and on one of the dunes were some cops.

"What have you got here?" O'Malley asked them.

"We got the right place. Some kids found it. That dead dame had on only one shoe. Well, here's the other one."

They showed us the shoe. What seemed to be the footprints of two people were about the place, but the sand was so soft they didn't mean anything. The girl's coat and hat had been rolled up and tossed into some bushes, and a box that had held lunch was scuffed into the sand, and a little beach fire had left some ashes, and there was a small camera. It seemed to be new. There wasn't any film in it.

"Yeah, you got the place," O'Malley agreed, "but in my opinion it ain't going to tell us anything."

We searched the locality but didn't find anything else. O'Malley put some of the ashes in an envelope. The police had taken statements in the case, which were at Manhattan headquarters, so we drove back and read them. They had been made by several young women and young men. With them were police photographs of the girl's body on the beach. Except for the one shoe she had been fully dressed.

"Well," O'Malley observed, "this case is this way: These people was going on a beach party. They was to meet at the railroad station and this Miss Capewell didn't show up. The guy she was going with is named Teddy Loman. Him and her had been going together a long time and her family and everybody else figured some day she'd marry him. He figured that too. When she didn't get to the station, he told the others he'd wait for her and they'd take the next train. They left him and none of them people seen him again that day. I guess we got to go talk with this Teddy."

We went and talked with him. He was nice-looking and twenty-two years old and nervous, and when we began to question him he became white and perturbed. I was suspicious of him.

"What was all that trouble you'd been having with that drowned lady?" O'Malley asked him.

"We hadn't had any trouble," Loman denied agitatedly. "We all were going to the beach. After the others had taken the train, I called up her home, and they said she had started to the railway station to meet me. I thought if she'd been delayed she might have phoned my home, so I called my mother up. Mother said, after I left the house, Annette had phoned to say she couldn't go. Well, that looked funny. It looked as if she might be giving me the run-around—as if, instead of going with me, she'd made a date with someone else. I guess I got jealous. Anyway, I took the next train to the beach and went around looking for her."

"I figure you found her all right."

"No, I didn't find her. There were a lot of people at the beach and I looked for the people we'd been going with, but I couldn't find them or see anyone I knew. So then I went and looked at some other beaches, and I didn't find her, and I came back to New York."

"Says you!"

"That boy isn't telling all he knows, O'Malley," I declared after we left him.

"Yeah? What does he know?"

We saw the girl's parents. They were a fine-looking, deeply-troubled couple. O'Malley didn't like to question them, but he had to do it.

"I guess your daughter had dates with quite a lot of men," he told them.

"No; only with one—at least, Teddy is the only one we knew of."

"She own a camera?"

"Yes."

"Well, we found it. I suppose she had a lot of photographs she'd took."

"We haven't seen any. She got the camera only a few days ago."

"Let's see her room."

They showed us. It was a pleasant room with her belongings all about. We searched it thoroughly. We didn't find any recent photographs. There was a picture of Teddy Loman—none of any other men. We found some letters but they all were from girls.

"I DON'T see no sense in this business!" O'Malley said, when we had got outside. "This kid went with only one guy—anyway, that's all her folks and friends knew anything about. She was nineteen years old. There didn't no guy ever live that could tell what a nineteen-year-old girl will do, and what people don't know about their own kids would fill a warehouse; so I guess we can't pay no attention to what people say about her."

"The sense in it," I said, "is that Teddy Loman killed her."

"How come you got your mind all made up? Innocent guys act funny

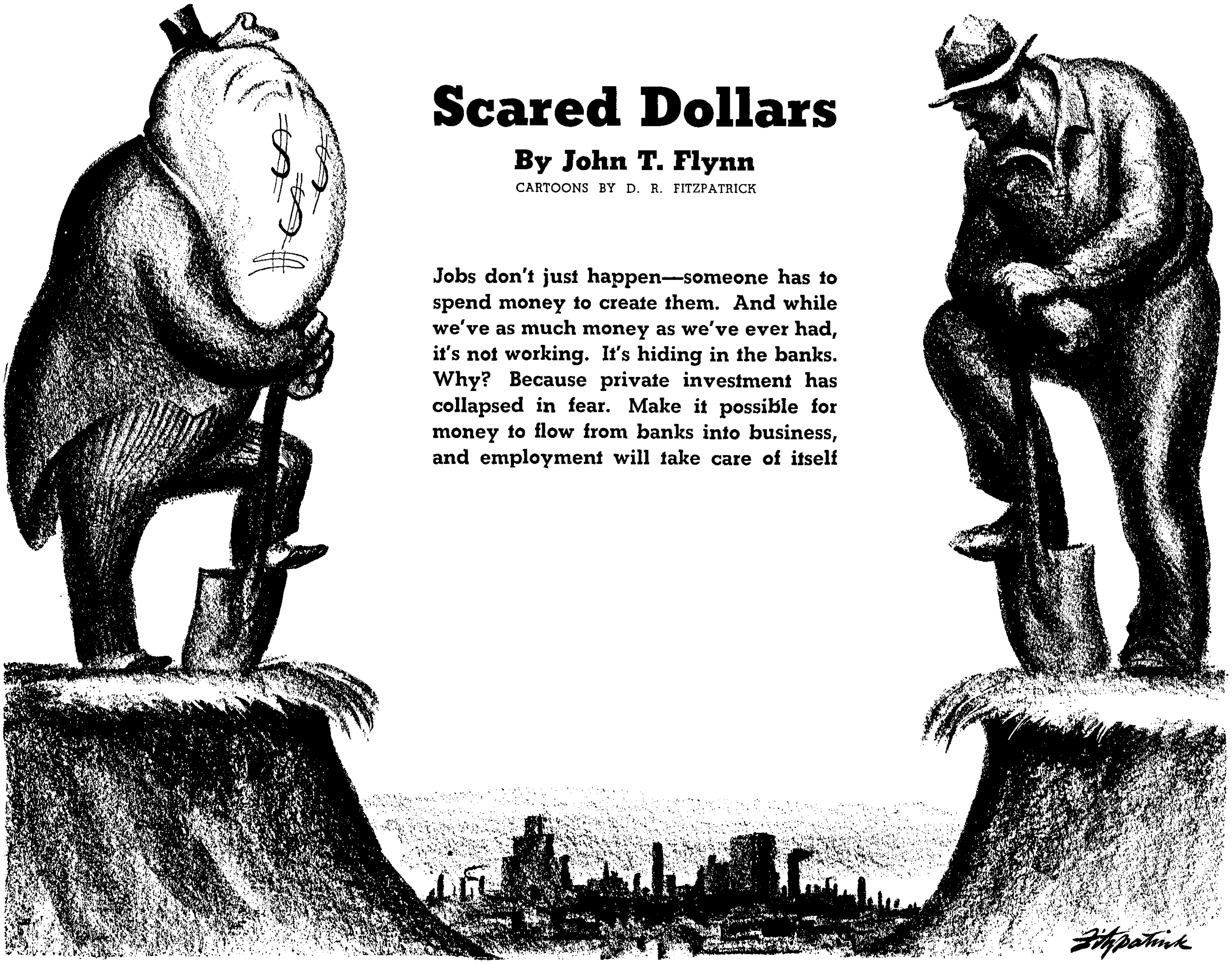
(Continued on page 75)

Scared Dollars

By John T. Flynn

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

Jobs don't just happen—someone has to spend money to create them. And while we've as much money as we've ever had, it's not working. It's hiding in the banks. Why? Because private investment has collapsed in fear. Make it possible for money to flow from banks into business, and employment will take care of itself



Men are leaning on their shovels in the parks because dollars are leaning on their shovels in the banks

MEN, it seems, are not the only things out of work.

Dollars are out of work too. In fact, it's because the dollars are out of work that the men are out of work.

Recently I ran across a bank in Knoxville, Tennessee. It had $24,000,000 on deposit. Ten million of them were not working. They were lying around leaning on their shovels. The bank had *half of all its deposits in cash.*

If the men are leaning on their shovels in the parks, it is because the dollars are leaning on their shovels in the banks.

To put this all differently, one of the strange and perhaps inexplicable phenomena in this country—a good deal more serious than a loss of a few millions of dollars of trade in South America—is the fact that new investment by private individuals seems to be drying up.

It is a well-known fact that, before a man can lean on a shovel, someone must invest in the price of one. This is called the machine age. Before a workman can do a day's work somebody must put up the price of some kind of machinery—if it is only a handsaw. Somebody has got to put a truck or a locomotive or a power plant into his hands. In fact, it has been estimated that someone must put $6,500 worth of machinery into the hands of every workman, on the average, before he can do a day's work.

And when he goes to work with that mess of machinery he starts out without delay to wear it out. Again someone has figured out that our American workmen wear out about eight billion dollars' worth of machinery *a year.* At least that's what they used up in the days when they kept the machines moving briskly. And so someone has to go on buying new machinery for the new industries and replacing the old machines in the old industries.

If they don't—well, when the old truck has its last breakdown on the highway, the truck driver is out of a job unless—

Unless the boss buys a new truck.

If someone doesn't "put up," the whole shop must shut up.

A Problem with Only One Answer

And this is what has now happened in the most alarming manner. The people who have the money are not putting up. The method of putting up is investment. And private investment is as essential to the continued operation of our economic system as gasoline is to the motor engine or blood to the body.

Because private investment has moved out, the government has had to move in. Some say that because the government has moved in, private investment has moved farther out. When private investment moves back on the job, the government can move out—not until then. The problem of making the capitalist system a better system for society involves beyond a doubt a lot of things. But the problem of recovery involves *only one—the revival of private investment.*

Why it has moved out may be by some put down as a dark secret. Sometimes I think that, in an age of experts, we have gotten our experts mixed. Back in the good old days of prohibition I knew a young druggist in a crowded East Side New York district. Almost before he knew it he was getting rich selling alcohol to his customers. The next time I saw him he had gone into the wholesale drug business as a cover for his bootlegging operations and there he grew more stoutly rich. Then I lost track of him. I heard of him no more until a few years ago I got a letter on impressive stationery from southeastern Europe. My one-time druggist bootlegger had turned up in a small European country as economic adviser to the government.

Maybe that's one trouble. Too many druggists acting as economic advisers; too many professors of agriculture acting as financial experts; too many bankers running railroads; too many railroad men running hotels; too many lawyers running power plants; too many engineers running everything. Plenty of experts, but all the experts experting at some other expert's racket. Maybe this is too simple an explanation. But I digress to put forward this vague suspicion of mine before getting down to brass tacks.

Look Below the Surface

A very dear friend of mine has been very ill for some years—ill seemingly with one of those obvious maladies that make an immense appearance on the surface. Doctor after doctor treated him for this surface disease. But all the time he grew worse, weaker, more depressed in body and spirit. Then he fell recently into the hands of a real expert—a real doctor. The doctor discovered that all the time the thing that was producing all the havoc was not the surface malady. The real enemy was anemia. That is what is the matter with us—anemia. The blood stream of industry has been running low. There can be no doubt about it. And it is high time we begin to recognize that fact and do something about it.

But if you have any doubt about this diagnosis, *here is the proof:*

You can invest money in various ways. You may buy a bond or a share of stock or a factory or a delivery truck or a house. But the investment that counts is the investment that supplies money to build a new plant, make a new delivery truck, manufacture new machines, put up a new house.

If I own a share of stock and sell it to you that supplies no new money to industry. But if a corporation issues a brand-new share of stock and you buy it and pay for it in cash and the corporation uses that to build a new plant or order new machinery, that is new investment and that is the investment that counts. If I own an old house and sell it to you that is not new investment. I owned the house; now you own it. You had the money; now I have it. No one has done a day's work. But if I build a new house for you; if you put up the money and I hire men and buy materials and produce a new home, a new hotel, a new picture house or office building—that's different. Money has flowed out into other hands and become purchasing power. And soon it is in the stores and factories, moving around, making business. That's the investment that counts.

The money for that new investment comes from people, from corporations who have surplus funds, who have savings. If they have savings their savings will flow into (1) securities; (2) bank loans; (3) mortgages; (4) direct investments. Now let us see what has happened to these various highways of investment.

Behold our security market. Back in 1923 to 1929 it was a poor month when new security issues—new issues for new money, not including refunding—got down as low as $200,000,000. It was usually nearer three, five, eight hundred million a month, and sometimes a billion or more. In the last few years once in a blue moon it got up to $200,000,000. Far oftener it has been below $100,000,000—and far below. In 1929 the total of new issues was $7,500,000,000. In 1937 it was only a little over a billion.

In the first seven months of 1937 it was about $850,000,000. In the first seven months of 1938 it was just about half that.

Investment Stands Still

Now, of course, we need not fool ourselves about the character of those 1929 stocks and bonds. A great mess of them were not good ones and should not have been sold at all. Our point is that, wise or not, they did set things in motion. And now, for good or bad reasons, they are not being sold and hence the blood stream of our system is running down.

Of course all this time—or at least for a part of it—business activity was rising. The strange thing is that business activity was rising while investment—the force that makes business activity—was standing still. It is as if a motorcar were picking up speed while the gas supply was being cut down. Why?

Oddest of all are the banks. Here is a little table giving the amount of loans outstanding in our banks in each year from 1933 to 1938:

1933	$22,203,000,000
1934	21,278,000,000
1935	20,272,000,000
1936	20,679,000,000
1937	22,514,000,000
1938	21,130,000,000

All the time business was improving from 1933 to 1936, bank loans were diminishing. They rose in 1937, just as the recovery came to an end. They quickly sank down again in 1938. And tiny little increases like a billion or two mean nothing in our immense economy—it is like giving a giant a transfusion of two drops of blood.

The savings banks were doing even more sadly. In 1933 they had loans outstanding of six billion. The amount has declined every year up to 1938 without exception. It is now actually a billion dollars less than at the bottom of the depression in 1933.

At this point I can hear the man in the street say: "Have a heart, mister! Where would the money come from? Haven't you heard there's been a depression? People have had a hard enough time scratching along without bothering too much about saving. They are not investing because they haven't the surplus cash to invest."

The answer to that is that it just isn't true. The great boom of the 'twenties started around 1922. Then the banks of the country had deposits of 37 billion. In 1929 this had risen to 53 billion. That was an increase of 16 billion dollars during the Coolidge boom.

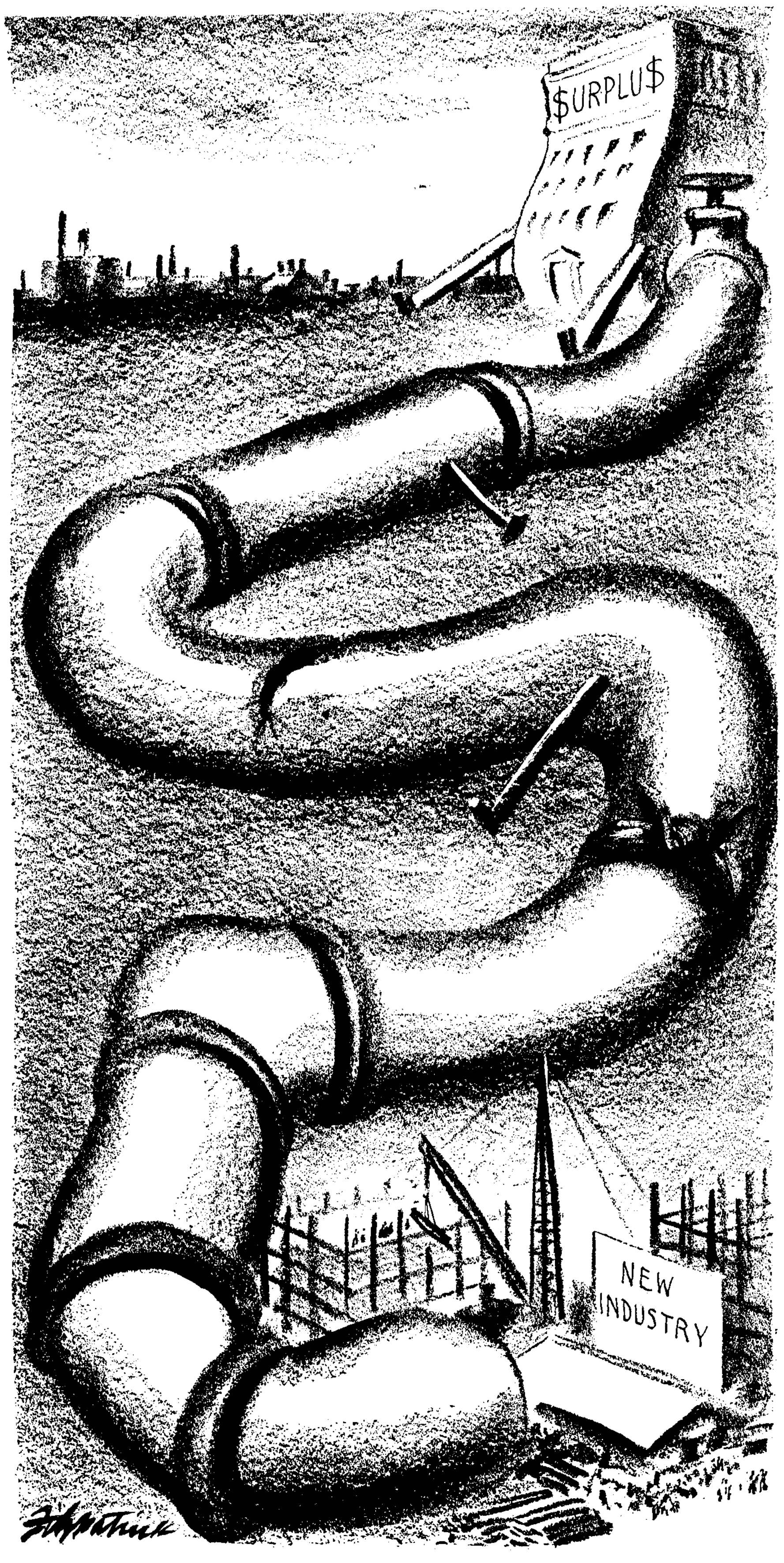
Now if you have these figures in mind, here is a small batch you may find it hard to believe: In 1933 at the bottom of our depression the banks had 37 billion—the same figure we started with in 1922. Now watch the bank deposits climb year after year:

1933	$37,000,000,000
1934	41,000,000,000
1935	45,000,000,000
1936	51,000,000,000
1937	53,000,000,000
1938	52,000,000,000

The surprising thing about this is that in these last five years the money in the banks has climbed up as high and as fast as it did during the boom years of the 'twenties.

But there is this vast difference, that then deposits rose to 53 billion and loans to 41 billion, while now, with deposits practically as high, loans are only half as much.

Savings—the accumulations of the people—have risen each year steadily. They were roughly nine billion in 1933; they are ten billion now. That's in the savings banks. But savings in the commercial banks have increased three billion.



The conduit through which savings flow back into business has broken down

What are the banks doing with their money? Let's have a peep at individual banks. Here's the biggest of all—the Chase National in New York. It has $2,376,000,000 in deposits. But of this sum $1,700,000,000 is in cash, in United States or other public bonds.

The immense Guaranty Trust Company has deposits of over a billion and a half. Eighty cents out of every dollar of deposits is in cash or government bonds. It's much the same everywhere. In Philadelphia, the Philadelphia National has 80 cents out of every dollar of deposits in cash and government deposits. I found a bank in Ohio that had 100 per cent of its deposits in either cash or government securities.

And Don't Blame the Bankers

From 1934 to 1937 the line that represents business activity rose very markedly. It soared from a low level like a mountain peak on the chart paper. All this time the line that represents the accumulation of money in the commercial banks and savings in the savings banks also soared upward like a twin peak. But the line that indicates corporate borrowing and business borrowing—investment of money through security and bank loans—remained almost level.

This probably is a good place to take time out and climb on the bankers—the wicked bankers who sit on their money. But that, too, isn't true. We'll see about that in a moment.

It would be possible to go on burdening these columns with figures about the building industry, into which investment flows by means of mortgages and direct investment. But certainly no one needs to be told that that is as flat as a pancake.

It leaves us with but one conclusion. Either private investment must get going or the government must keep on pouring government funds into business or the whole thing must sink down. And it is time someone said this plainly.

But why is this thing called investment so necessary to the functioning of the capitalist system? When we collect money and set it aside for the future, we call that savings. When we put that money out to work by lending it or putting it into a business, we call that investment.

Regularly, month after month, year after year, our savings have flowed from the great stream of business into our banks for our account. The line pumping savings—money savings—into the possession of the people has been working overtime. But these accumulations, having found their way into the savings reservoirs, are trapped there. The great conduit through which these savings flow back into business has broken down. It has become clogged or cracked or, at least, something has happened to it. And is it not clear that, so far as recovery is concerned, it is absolutely necessary that this conduit be again put in working order in order to revive as quickly as possible the flow of the nation's savings back into the nation's business? Indeed, is it not plain that, from the point of view of recovery, this is the great and overmastering problem of our time? When these savings flow back they will be quickly transformed into new enterprises, new factories, new power plants, new railroad equipment, new houses, buildings, capital equipment of all kinds.

What holds it back? What must be done to start it up again?

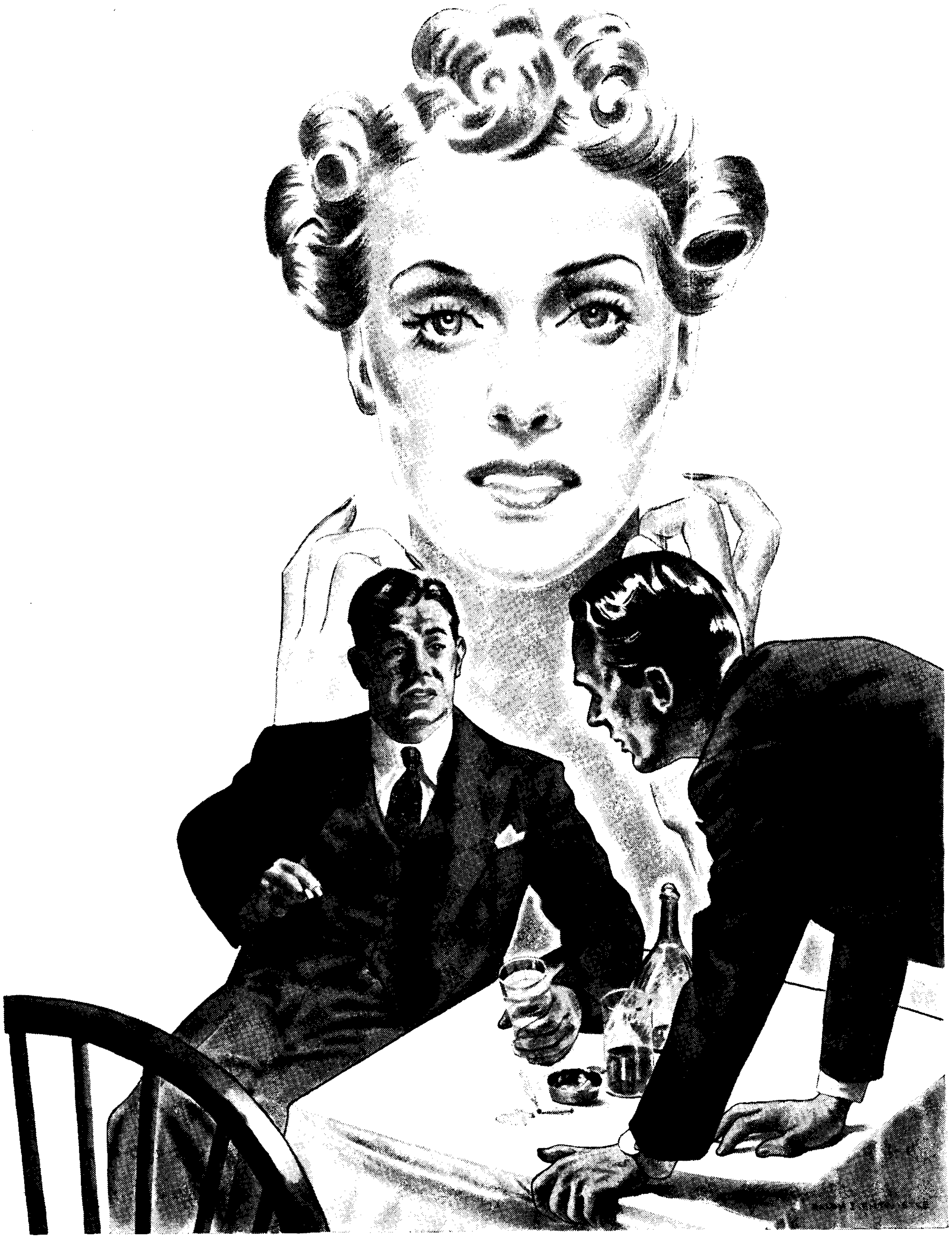
(Continued on page 72)

Chance is an Enemy

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

Jack Kerrigan was fired, blacklisted, ruined. He took it. What else could he do? The answer's here as usual



"You'd rather be a little clerk whose wife is forced to seek employment," Ruell said

KERRIGAN closed the door. He stood for a minute with his hand on the knob, his ear turned toward the door panel, his dark eyes troubled beneath bent black brows. Then he heard Julia's muffled crying.

He took his hand off the knob. Turning, he went swiftly down the staircase, feeling his ears burn and sing. He went through the vestibule into the windy darkness outside and walked south. Overhead, an elevated train thrashed by.

He took a crosstown bus, got off at Eighth Avenue and walked to Twenty-sixth Street. In the middle of the block he found Christophe's cheap table d'hôte restaurant—a dim blur of light in the darkness. It was almost ten o'clock. When he entered, he thought the place was empty; but then he saw Ruell seated at a table in the rear behind a carafe of red wine. And as he approached the table Ruell said to him, "You look much the same as ever."

Kerrigan was laconic. "Don't kid me." He threw his hat and topcoat on one chair and pulled another out from the table. He saw a napkin lying on the floor beside it, and sitting down, he picked it up and tossed it on the table. The napkin was smeared with lip rouge. "I was trying to figure out where I last saw you, Ruell."

"Stresa—April, 1935. You were covering the Stresa Conference for Apex."

"I remember now," Kerrigan said. "It was noon. You were getting into an automobile, in a great rush." He lit a cigarette. "That evening the Italian agents were looking for you."

"Yes. That evening I was across the frontier." It was made as a statement of fact only. "I was in Paris during August and September. It was in September, I believe, that your trouble began. I said at the time to an acquaintance, 'A pity. He had a great career before him.' "

Kerrigan turned and called toward the zinc service bar, "Bring me a rye highball, will you?" And to Ruell, "Listen, I don't like to go over all that again."

"Excuse me for neglecting to offer you a drink. I was preoccupied."

"That's all right. You can pay for it."

KERRIGAN glanced at the rouge-stained napkin.

He said good-humoredly, "This must be something new. I've never seen you dine with a woman; or heard of it."

"Not dined," Ruell said blandly. "Madame Christophe gave me the pleasure of her company for a little while. She has since retired."

Christophe himself, a worried wisp of a man, bald, with a face full of erratic angles, brought the rye highball. At a terse glance from Ruell he snatched up the rouge-stained napkin and disappeared with it through a swing door.

"I can see," Ruell said, "that you're still touchy about that Paris affair."

Kerrigan leaned heavily on his elbows and cocked his forefinger straight upward. "Listen. Two years ago I was Apex's crack European man. Do you know what I'm doing today? Clerking in a tourist agency at twenty-two-fifty a week, while my wife knocks down twenty in a Madison Avenue bookstore." He took a pull at his highball and banged the glass down on the table. "So maybe I'm touchy."

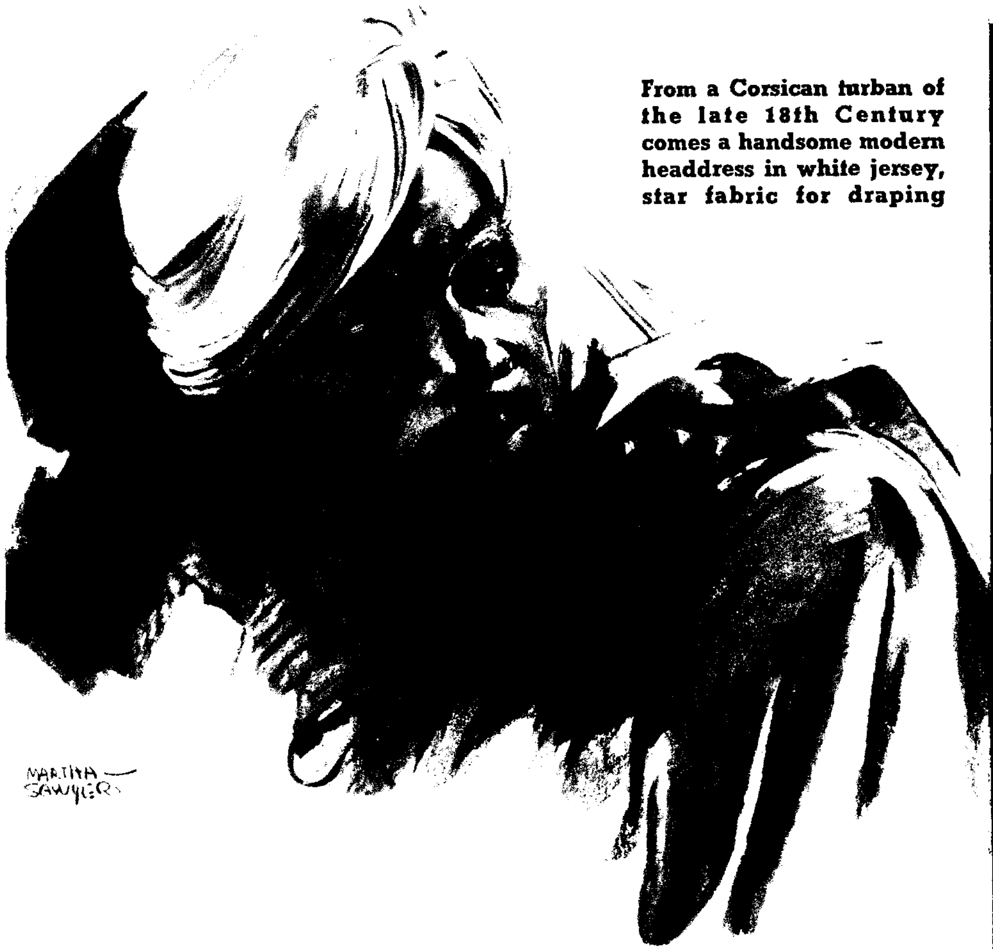
"Or a little drunk."

"No, I haven't the money for that," he said and looked curiously on Ruell and asked, "What ever brought you to New York, anyhow?"

Ruell placed his hands flat on the table without a sound. They were broad hands, with square finger tips. He said, "Tonight, I have a proposition."

In appearance he was the plainest of men and looked rather like a solid,

(Continued on page 36)



From a Corsican turban of the late 18th Century comes a handsome modern headdress in white jersey, star fabric for draping

All Wound Up

By Sally Victor

Arrived in Paris, Sally Victor, New York milliner, found the place awash with turbans and the air aquiver with talk of Corsica and Tunis. Back home, she's busy making translations of this headline news

TO THE Mohammedan a turban meant increased nobility. To the modern young lady it means her newest spring hat. To modern man it means a welcome relief from flighty hats. It also means a slick, well-groomed look. The Duchess of Kent, fashion's Number One turban wearer, is a good model for you. So is Anita Colby, Number One fashion mannequin, pictured on this page.

No matter what other headgear you may covet, you are also going to twist a scarf to hold your hair from the wind when you see the suave flattery of turbans. Last year you tied a kerchief under your chin in simple peasant fashion. This year you'll prefer the artful dash and individuality of the turban that suits you best. So you might as well begin experimenting now to discover which of the thousand different ways of draping is your best style.

The makings of a turban are what you wish, from handkerchiefs to yards of jersey, veiling, mesh, anything.

It's the way it's draped that counts. If you propose to do your own, you will need to limber up your thumbs. Holding the fabric slack, gather it smoothly by the quick action of the thumbs, letting the rest of the hand simply hold on. Tighten and wind. If you wish to follow the custom passed down from Mohammed, patron saint of ancient turban winders, you will stand before a mirror and wind with the right hand, twisting to the right. Also to be on the favored side of custom, you will wear your new turban first on a Friday. If you are a person of position, you may have your turban wound by two servants. But a milliner today is a better idea. You will realize when you try it that the draping of a turban is an art that requires practiced skill. So ready-mades are a good solution. Or, once you or your milliner has achieved the becoming drape, you'll be wise to anchor the result. For you'll never get the same right answer twice.

Fiery Little Flower

By George Britt

"Lie down, kitty! Roll over, kitty!" And the Tammany tiger meekly obeys Fiorello LaGuardia, the mayor who bears no party label. He is bitter medicine to the Republicans and the Democrats loathe him. Even the Fusion party that elected him received few city jobs and less courtesy. Always out of step with the crowd, he advances steadily, possibly toward the White House

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Practically everything that happens in New York gets the personal attention of the furiously energetic little mayor. Here he talks with a class working in Children's Museum in Brooklyn (top), checks up on things in the registrar's office in Queens (left) and hands out checks for various city charities

ONE of the more whimsical gestures that Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia indulges in periodically is to consign all politicians straight to hell. The New York mayor is a man of ample and sedulously cultivated vocabulary, and the blackest curse in it, to his way of thinking, is "politician." For milder synonyms he uses "pinochle player," "clubhouse loafer," "pay-roll leech" and "treasury looter."

He admonishes police recruits, "Keep away from politicians. I do. The day has passed when all you need is a helmet, a big fat belly and an alderman to get on the police force." Another time he burst out, "You can't just be nice to a politician. He is not satisfied if you are simply nice and cordial. A politician never goes to a public official for anything that is proper."

"One can't be a good mayor and be a politician," says LaGuardia, a settled maxim of his which becomes really understandable if amended to read, "One can't be a good mayor and not be a smart politician."

Three days after his re-election in November, 1937, Mayor LaGuardia got off his chest a characteristic sputtering high-voiced declaration of independence. It was at a victory meeting of the American Labor party that gave the decisive votes for his triumph.

"I hope our relations continue pleasant," he began confidentially, "but I wouldn't be surprised if by the Fourth of July you were damning me as the Republicans did. I am going to continue to administer the city as I did the past four years. There will be no change at all. My attitude toward political parties will be just as in the past."

No Aid for Organized Politics

That was telling them, as he told the Fusion party nearly four years before. Fusion in a practical sense was organized for LaGuardia's personal benefit, but early in his administration he reported bluntly, "It has not been easy for our Fusion government to say after the successful campaign, 'Sorry, there is nothing for you,' to workers who have made our success possible. But that is the way it must be."

The Republicans, who contributed greatly each time to his election as mayor, arrived very early at a doleful resignation about him. At least half of their turnout of 672,000 for him in 1937 consisted of extremely unwilling votes. His relations with the present generation of LaFollette Progressives also have been strained. After bolting the Republicans in 1924 for the elder LaFollette, he continued in cordial alliance with the family, but when the sons launched their new party last spring, LaGuardia pointedly avoided committing himself.

The mayor's enemies regularly throw "Communist" at him when other epithets fail, and the Communist party endorsed him against Tammany in 1937. "They will get no aid or comfort from me," La-

Guardia promptly replied when told of this doubtful accession. "No political organization can get any aid or comfort from a nonpolitical municipal administration."

The Socialists and Tammany Democrats in their time also have backed LaGuardia, but they, of course, are out of the picture. And this brings us in the political roll call to the American Legion. LaGuardia wears his Legion cap in parades, but he told off the Legion, too, last summer: "The present mayor of New York takes orders from nobody, no political organizations, no individuals. He takes no orders from the American Legion or the commander of the Legion in the state of New York."

The mayor, so far as he yields to classification, is a New Dealer. He often visits the White House and Hyde Park, he took a damaging swing at the President's purge victim, Congressman John J. O'Connor, he pressed Governor Lehman in his recent campaign to make a more clear-cut pledge to the New Deal and he went to Detroit to speak for Governor Frank Murphy. He described the President as "a very distinguished member of the faculty of my school of thought."

But LaGuardia isn't even an unqualified New Dealer. On the day of his reelection he had in his pocket a letter of personal commendation from President Roosevelt which could have been given out as an official blessing worth many an added vote. But he kept it quiet. He wanted to be free from obligations.

LaGuardia, in fact, is his own man, for better or for worse, and he was altogether accurate when he told an audience, "My kind of politics has been unorthodox."

He happens to be an extraordinarily skillful player of the game; it just isn't the party game. More than any other conspicuous politician in office he is a man without a party. That is his strength and limitation, the greatest question mark across his path.

A Student of Camera Angles

The mayor may be seen late almost any afternoon descending the steps of City Hall, secretaries running after him for a last-minute word, bystanders' hands clutching from the right and the left. He marches straight ahead, a short barrel-chested figure, dark eyes snapping beneath his broad black hat.

No actor is better aware of his camera angles than he. He swells into a menacing giant of rebuke, and just as naturally he makes a comedian's use of his squat build to get a laugh. At the opening of the baseball season he pulls on Lou Gehrig's cap and pitches out the first ball like a sand-lot kid. And he looks endearingly bothered in academic robes receiving an LL.D. The spotlight is his natural habitat.

His day may have begun with a ringing telephone at his bedside at 4 o'clock in the morning, calling him to a fire. He answers many alarms. The standing order is for him to be called whenever weather or location or the extent of the fire makes it particularly difficult, or when there is loss of life. The purpose is to pep up the firemen. He isn't a back-of-the-lines commanding officer but a front-trench officer.

By the time he escapes from his office, it has been a strenuous day. Every day is. I have seen him sink back into his car utterly weary, toss his hat on the floor and arch his eyebrows as if in amazement at himself.

"And I wanted this job! Nobody forced it onto me. *I* went after it!"

Stowed in the car is the black bag which he calls his diplomatic pouch, packed gradually during the day with reports and memoranda to be studied that night. He works effectively at his folding desk in the car, finishes on his way downtown in the morning. Going home he likes to stop for a whisky and soda, most often at the Advertising Club or at the Players. It is hard to pry him away from home at night.

"I'm very fortunate at home, or else I couldn't stand the grind," LaGuardia says. "There's no strain. Mrs. LaGuardia has no social ambitions. We listen to the radio in the evening while we play Russian Bank together."

Music is his great enjoyment. He and Mrs. LaGuardia attend the symphony concerts on alternate Thursdays in winter and the opera three or four times a month, go regularly to the outdoor symphonies in summer. On Sunday he rests and recharges.

Home is the same seven-room, one-servant, inexpensive apartment as before he became mayor. It might be the home of any little businessman or junior lawyer. It centers around the children, *not* the mayor. It is quiet here, and the mayor is quiet. The famous temperament is under wraps and the human dynamo in genial repose.

But he walks into City Hall the driver and the grinder. He is in authority, and no one in America could show less hesitation about exercising authority. "I want this," he says. "Get me that. I don't care, get it anyway." "What do you mean, you don't know? Find out." He damns as Clyde Beatty cracks his whip at the lions. Most of all he damns delay and frustration.

The day starts quietly enough, with three girls seated across the big desk from him to take dictation. LaGuardia's mail averages three times that of Jimmy Walker's, which was a high. He riffles a stack of letters, dealing out the sheets, "This to the Board of Estimate," "Director of the Budget," "Thanks and regrets to this one." He finds a vicious personal attack calling him a crook, and in reply dictates, "Thank you for your helpful, kindly and polite communication."

Fiorello Finds a Way

He won't have a telephone in the room, but on his desk beside the two children's pictures are a dozen push buttons, and he jabs them briskly. Special secretaries rush in. The mayor snaps his fingers for more speed, faster responses. A young law secretary advises on a point. The city can't do that; it's unconstitutional.

"The hell it is. Show me where."

The young lawyer has his book open to the page.

"Oh-h," grins the mayor. "You mean that lousy little old state constitution." A way around has got to be found.

The mayor comes to a memo on a construction job. The engineer is waiting. Send him in. The mayor rages.

"Why haven't bids been advertised for that steel?"

Because the plans weren't ready. The architects won't be through for two months.

"Dammit! I won't stand for it. I won't be held up by those correspondence-school incompetents. We'll cancel their contract. The price of steel is

(Continued on page 45)

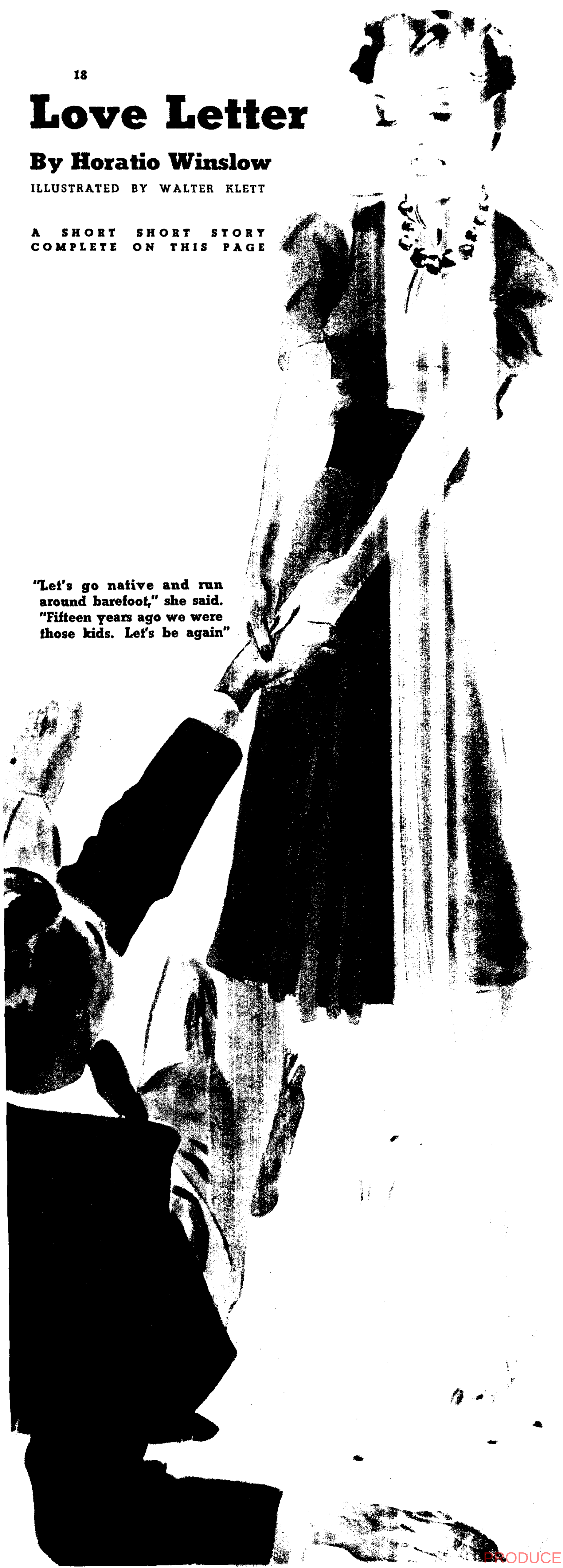
[illegible] of F. LaGuardia, [illegible] making [illegible] for [illegible]. This [illegible] [illegible], long considered a [illegible] to the progressive [illegible] of the [illegible] all price in [illegible]

Love Letter

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"Let's go native and run around barefoot," she said. "Fifteen years ago we were those kids. Let's be again"

I DON'T know why she's crying," he said. "All I did was to stick my thumb in her eye and gouge her a little. But I didn't really hurt her."

He knew this would stop Ricky, at least for the moment, and it did. She laughed and wiped away the tears and smiled up at old Popadopolous, who'd been looking really concerned.

"Bob's kidding," she said. "Anyhow it hasn't a thing to do with your meal because I've never tasted better roast chicken in my life."

Old Pop's smile came back and, when he bowed them into the street, it was as though they were visiting royalty.

"For a year now you come my place two-three times a week." He lowered his voice mysteriously. "Sunday I have special dinner and to *you* I serve everything free. Wine too."

"We'll make a note of that," Ricky said.

When she got into the car, she massaged her eyes and then put a little color on her cheeks. "That's the last time I break down tonight, Bob; I swear it. And now let's change the subject permanently. I'd like to hear the crickets again before I leave the home town. How about driving around by the park? We'll be alone there."

Humanly speaking, they were alone, except for a group of barefooted children playing Run, Sheep, Run. And the thickening dusk vibrated with the hind legs of all the crickets in creation.

"Their repertoire's too limited," Ricky said, after a long minute. "I should have thought of that. As usual they're playing Love's Old Sweet Song—and to hell with them."

They had left the car and were walking up the little slope, past the World War monument to the bandstand, when Ricky stopped abruptly.

"What is it, Ricky?"

"Bob, before we change the subject altogether, I want you to promise me something."

"What?"

"Promise me, Bob, you won't forget me. Promise that as long as you live you'll never forget me."

"But that—that's so unnecessary."

"You could forget me, Bob; you could but you mustn't. And remember it's a promise. . . . Well, now that's said and done, let's devote the rest of the evening to a hilarious good time. Let's go native and run around barefoot. Fifteen years ago we were those kids there. Let's be again."

The grass was silky and cushiony, as it had been fifteen years before. But the old delight was gone.

RICKY gave up first. She came back and sat hunched over on the steps of the bandstand. "It's no good, Bob. I wonder why I ever had such a dumb idea. . . . Maybe we'd better start for the train."

"Too early."

"You could park me at the station."

"I could, but I won't."

"A glutton for punishment." She smoothed her stockings and stared intently at one arched foot. "Bob, dear, so you believe what I told you last night?"

"You told me so many things last night."

"I mean about my trying—my trying so hard to make a go of our life together."

She stopped, cupped her chin in her hands and looked moodily over the ridge at the rising moon.

"What's the matter, Ricky?"

"I'm a dog in the manger, Bob. Every woman is. When I think of your marrying someone else—"

"Marry again!"

She went on as though he had not spoken. "Some day, Bob, the other woman will come. That's all right; she should. And she'll want all your heart for her and her children—your children." She turned to him, her voice shaking. "But, Bob, you must leave one tiny little room in your heart for me, where you can keep me just the way I was when you liked me best. . . . I'll be so quiet and I won't crowd anyone else out."

For a bit they sat without speaking.

"What time is it, Bob?"

"Quarter to nine."

"We'd better start. You know, when I come back—" She caught herself. "Sorry, that was a slip. Let's move."

On the way to the station she spoke only once. Even then it was perhaps merely because his silence got on her nerves.

"One thing, Bob: you mustn't write me."

"I mustn't write you?"

"It will be hard enough without your letters. Promise."

He took a long painful breath. "If you say so, Ricky, I won't write."

They parked across the road from the station. As he pocketed the keys, the impulse he had been trying to master suddenly mastered him.

"Listen, Ricky." His voice was feverish and pleading. "No matter what you decided, we don't have to go through with a piece of foolishness simply because you're afraid to change your mind. Nobody knows you're leaving for good. Why don't you just go and make a little visit; then come back and we'll start all over again."

"You're only making it harder, Bob." Her eyes had misted.

"But I can't let you go, Ricky."

"I've hurt you too much. I didn't know."

"Things may have hurt me, Ricky; but it wasn't you. Before we married you told me what had happened when you were at State. You were square about it."

"But this was my fault. I couldn't have known he was coming to town or that he'd be working in the same office with you. But I should have told you who he was when he began to get pally with you. I shouldn't have let him sit with us by our fire, dropping hints and feeling sorry for you."

"He's not here any more, Ricky; and he's not coming back. Nothing was your fault."

"Everything was my fault." Her voice was like a whiplash. "I loved you; I was proud of you; I wanted to help you feel proud of yourself. And I humiliated you. . . . That's why I'm going."

HE TOOK her right hand in both of his. "Whatever happened, Ricky, it's over and finished long ago. You've brooded over it till you're morbid."

"It was my fault, Bob, that another man could come to your home and feel sorry for you. And you'll never forget that—or forgive it, either. And you shouldn't."

He made a last effort: "Don't you understand, Ricky: I want you here because I need you."

She drew back her hand. "Give me a break, Bob: stop pleading and I promise I'll get into the train without shedding a single damn' tear."

He stared ahead into the dusk. Then, with a sudden energy, he turned and kissed her. "Okay, Ricky. Better stay in the car while I buy your ticket and check the trunk. That'll look better to the home folks."

He came back and, with her bag in hand, led the way down the station platform. "Everything's okay, Ricky. Your trunk is checked and you'll get into the city tomorrow afternoon at four-eighteen, a little over twenty hours from now."

With a banging and a slamming and a hissing the long night limited pulled in.

Bob located the proper car and, having shown the ticket to the conductor, slipped it back into the little envelope which he pressed into her hand. The porter took the bag.

"Ricky, don't you worry about my forgetting you. I'll never forget you. Never."

Her chin began to quiver. "But you will," she said bitterly. "When I'm a thousand miles away that other woman will make you forget. Oh, you will forget me, and that's the worst of it." She began to cry.

Even after they had closed the door she stood inside, waving to him through the vestibule window, while the tears made her face red and swollen.

He wished she wouldn't cry. Perhaps she'd stop when the conductor came through. Then she'd open the little envelope and find, attached to her ticket, his love letter. This love letter with its message for her eyes only; she could ponder over it as long as she chose. It was only a printed slip of paper but it said perfectly everything he wanted to say. It was a return-trip ticket.

As Simple as That

By Frank Condon

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KERLEE

About Grantland Rice's little girl Floncy, a forthright person who is on her way to stardom because she found out what the movies needed and gave it to them

NOT so many years ago, there was a carefree and inquiring young spirit growing up on Long Island, living with her parents at Easthampton, where the trees are old and lovely and all the aspects of nature are calm. This inquiring young gazelle moved through life under the name of Florence Rice, the Florence part coming from an old Italian saint and the Rice part having nothing to do with saints. Around the house, they called her Floncy and still do.

In those halcyon days, it was my custom to leave New York City on the three forty-five fast express out of Pennsylvania Station and head for Easthampton and the Rice hacienda and there sponge on the family over the week end. On these week-end jaunts, the Friday afternoon train would generally be agog with Rice-bound and pleasant-mannered spongers, all carrying neat bags and having the placid air of people going somewhere to enjoy themselves, play a spot of bridge and golf, acquire a Montauk Point tan, eat and sleep at the expense of Mr. Grantland Rice and savor life to the full.

You would see them later quarreling politely over who should have the ocean rooms in the Rice house—such chronic week-enders as Frank Crowninshield, Westbrook Pegler, John N. Wheeler, Bruce Barton, Henry McLemore, C. B. Kelland, Charley Hughes, John R. Kilpatrick and Gene Tunney. Skittering in and out among these guests would be this young Rice girl, asking between two and three hundred questions per hour. She didn't know a lot of things, and she desired to know a lot of things, so she asked.

Mr. Aylesworth was at the time head of a large motion-picture bazaar in Hollywood, and I happened to come from that fascinating town, so Floncy asked most of her questions of us two. She didn't bother Mr. Tunney about the niceties of the left hook, or Mr. Kelland about serial plots, or Mr. Barton about advertising. What she wanted to know was, did Greta Garbo use make-up and did directors swear at lady actors and was it true that gentlemen stars wore corsets and how much did a woman like Dietrich get per week and did the movie folk gather each Saturday night for a saturnalia of wild parties, orgies and festivals?

Mr. Aylesworth and I informed her that Hollywood was a truly marvelous community, unlike any other in America, filled with beautiful and talented young women, all playing in the movies; and at the spoken request of Mrs. Kate Rice we further informed the child that they didn't need any more young actresses in Hollywood, as they were already overloaded and couldn't use up the ones they had.

Mr. Aylesworth and I laid such emphasis upon this excess of human material and spoke to Miss Rice so vigorously and convincingly about the pitfalls of the movies and the disappointments thereof, and the great glut and surfeit of ambitious young girls trying hopelessly to squeeze into the films, that at the present time Floncy is in California, has been in the movies four years, works for M-G-M on a long contract, stars in pictures and lives beside an oil well.

In those early, girlish days down in Easthampton, she lived among the dunes. In fact, the big white Rice house perched directly on top of a dune, until the hurricane of 1930, which removed all of the dune and part of the house. Thus the Rice offspring became accustomed to sand in her affairs. When she transferred to California and took a movie job, she clung to her dunes and now abides in another white house, poised on the rim of the Pacific and virtually buried in rolling sand.

It is so remote a house and so inaccessible and far away from the studios and from everything that nobody can find it. Her parents go to California each winter and dutifully visit their only child, first employing a veteran guide from the Maine woods and an oil-well identifier.

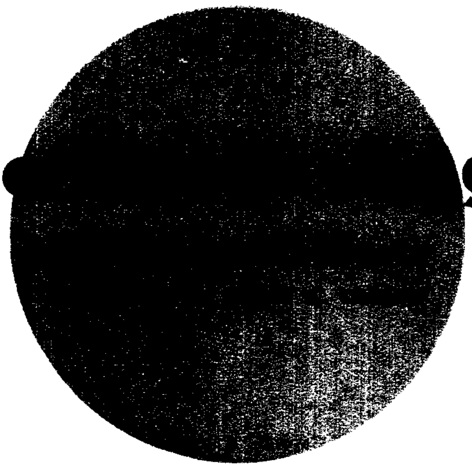
In her earliest recollections, the girl Florence beheld nothing but sand dunes, surf and sunshine and assumed that was what made the world, and there she sits, in her home in the sand, surrounded by oil wells on the outskirts of Playa Del Ray.

She has turned into a serious young person and spends her life trying to be a better actress and they swear at the studio that she really works and consequently is going somewhere. There are young actresses who achieve success easily and thereafter do nothing further except look pretty and call people "darling." They assume that nature has bestowed upon them such utter gifts that they need add neither labor nor brains and records will show they last in the films about as long as a good battery.

Floncy is in and she means to stay in. I am not certain, but I believe her

(Continued on page 81)

Th gel



The Story Thus Far:

NANCY BARNETT, stepdaughter of the wealthy American, Rodney Barnett, is making an ocean voyage. On the same boat is a young mural painter: William Boone. For reasons not yet divulged, Boone wishes to be a house guest at Barnett's elaborate country house near New York City. When, after meeting Nancy he promises to paint her portrait, he receives the needed invitation—which he accepts with pleasure!

A few weeks later, he and his valet (one Harmon) are ensconced in Barnett's beautiful establishment. Suzette Aberdeen—an attractive girl who, urged by her impecunious mother, has become engaged to Barnett in Shanghai—is also there, with her mother. And the household is all agog over the approaching marriage. . . .

Invariably courteous to Boone, Barnett regards him with suspicion. Summoned by Barnett, Inspector Teeple arrives on the scene and keeps an eye on the young muralist. Nevertheless, Boone—searching for something which, obviously, he is exceedingly anxious to find—succeeds in exploring, unobserved, an old, dusty theater in an upper portion of the house. There, in the shadow of a huge papier-mâché angel which hangs from the ceiling, he makes certain mysterious measurements, examines the whole place.

Harmon, acting as a spy, makes frequent reports to his master on what is going on in the household. It soon appears that Nancy (who is interested in Jim Clover, a young lobster fisherman) is being used by her father to trap Boone into admitting what he is up to. Boone is attracted to Nancy, but he does not trust her.

In the course of a party given at the house for Nancy, Barnett takes Suzette to his indoor target range. While he is showing her how to handle a revolver, some of the guests rush in. The young people, it appears, want their host's permission to take some of his horses and go for a ride.

Listening to their excited cries, Suzette lifts the revolver, aims it, pulls the trigger. Instantly there is a sharp clang. "Darling!" Barnett cries, "that was marvelous. That was a bull's-eye!"

IV

BILL BOONE watched the dancing a while from the stag line. The white-haired, genial-looking detective was standing about five feet behind him, watching the dancing, too.

Bill walked out and cut in on a redheaded girl who seemed to be enjoying a great deal of popularity. He did not know who she was. Once she was in his arms, she said in the voice of a mechanical doll, "This is definitely divine. You dance marvelously. I suppose you're going to Polly Parker's party tomorrow."

"I suppose so," Bill said. He saw the white-haired man still standing behind the stag line, genially watching him. A dark young man was cutting across the floor, with obvious intentions. Bill maneuvered the redheaded girl to the side farthest from the detective, dancing slowly. And when he and the girl had reached the corner nearest the stairs that led into the rose garden, Bill let the dark young man cut in.

He walked rapidly to the steps and ran down them into the garden. He ran along the path, taking a fork that doubled back toward the house. When he reached a closed door, he glanced back. The detective was not in sight.

The door opened into the game room. Bill went through the game room and on through the bar and returned by the central stairway to his room.

Harmon was still reading the Evening Sun. He put it down and said anxiously, "Yes, Mr. Boone?"

"Harmon," Boone said, "I want the tapeline, the flashlight and my knife with the screw-driver blade."

Harmon's hands were trembling as he gave Bill Boone the three items.

Bill stowed them about his pockets and went out again. The white-haired man had evidently not picked up his trail, for Bill saw nothing of him. He went to the door that opened on the attic stairway and, closing it after him, cautiously ascended the stairs. The air was hot and close and the smell of dust and disuse was oppressive.

At the top of the stairs he stopped and listened. The terrace lights threw a soft diffusion of color on the ceiling. It was a ghostly light and it seemed to flow in thin streamers, trailing off into black gloom near the low proscenium arch. He listened, but heard only the deep beat of the orchestra's drums and the shrill faraway cries of a cornet.

He pressed the button on his flashlight and sent the beam about him. Assured that he was unobserved, he went to the oak post and placed his back against the north side of it. He tried again to visualize where the three doors had been. When he was satisfied that he knew, he went to the spot where the middle door had been. His estimate of the distance from the post was slightly less than it had been earlier.

He faced the vanished back wall and again measured with the steel tapeline a distance of eleven feet eight inches. He played the flashlight beam in an area about him, searching the floorboard joints.

He was afraid that a new floor had been laid over the old one. But he finally found, off to his right, the board he was looking for. It was about a foot long, and it was fitted so neatly between the ends of two longer floor boards that he was not sure until he saw the heads of the four screws with which it was fastened to the floor joists.

He kneeled in the dust, opened the screw-driver blade of his knife and backed out the screws. He lifted out the board. In the long, narrow hole thus exposed was a blue-lacquered tin box, the lid of which was gray with dust.

He was so absorbed that he did not hear the faint sound made by the scuffing of a foot on the stairs. He looked at the tin box for a long time, but he did not open it. He did not touch it.

When Harmon reached the top of the stairs, he saw nothing in the immense gloom of the old theater but the silhouette of a man's head and shoulders in the suffusion of reflected light from a flashlight. The man was kneeling or crouching on the floor. His back was presented to Harmon, so that the valet could not see what he was doing, and it was important for Harmon to see what William Boone was doing.

In the faint glow from the terrace lights against the ceiling, Harmon made out the forms of camp chairs. Harmon was not a brave man, and his present task frightened him. His knees were weak and he was sweating unpleasantly.

Straining his eyes into the darkness, he tiptoed toward the nearest group of camp chairs. There was no other place to hide. Reaching this uncertain haven, he squatted down and looked through the slats at the crouching man. William Boone was holding the flashlight in his hand so that the beam flooded what appeared to be a narrow, short hole in the floor. From that distance and that angle, it was impossible for Harmon to see anything more.

He heard William Boone sigh, not once, but several times, and each sigh ended with a sort of grunt. Harmon was familiar with the entire range of William Boone's sighs, and he identified this one as the sigh of relief and elation. According to Harmon's reasoning, whatever it was that William Boone had come to this house to find, he had found.

The young man presently picked up a short section of flooring and placed it over the short, narrow aperture into which he had been gazing. He screwed the board back into place. He got up and dusted off his knees. He swung the flashlight toward the stairway. The beam flicked across the eyes of the hiding man but did not pause. It then moved rapidly toward the stairway, and there followed the sound of William Boone's feet cautiously descending the stairs.

Crouching behind the chairs, with his heart beating at an alarming tempo, his knees trembling, his face wet with sweat, Harmon waited until he heard the soft thud of the closing door and the click of the latch. Then he stood up, swaying slightly with faintness, and removed a flashlight from his pocket. He played it here and there about the old theater until he was sure that no one but himself had acted upon this inspiration.

CONVINCED that he was unwatched, he moved to the spot where William Boone had crouched. He kneeled beside the floor board, removed a small screw driver from his pocket and took out the four screws. He lifted out the floor board. He saw the box. He held the flashlight beam steadily on it, and he was so absorbed that he forgot his fear. The lid of the box was covered with dust but not so thickly that he could not see the blue of lacquer. There were no smudges anywhere in the dust. William Boone had evidently not touched it.

Harmon wanted to open the box, but he hesitated. For some good reason, William Boone had not opened it, had not even touched it. Staring at the smooth layer of dust, Harmon grew more and more curious. With great care, he lifted the box out of the hole. He lifted the lid.

The box was full of a small boy's possessions. There was a cap pistol, a water pistol, a slingshot, a harmonica, a Boy Scout knife, three brass rings, a small cube of polished black marble, a little wad of folded paper with blue

(Continued on page 50)

The warning was not necessary. Harmon too had heard the sound of the door at the foot of the stairs as it closed

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

HIS predecessor, Bill Bossert, having died of arsenic poisoning, Walter Lane, a United States government agent, goes to Puerto Musa, in Central America. His assignment, like Bossert's, is to learn who is sending out interference waves that make it impossible to hear broadcasts from North America. He goes to work for the Caribbean Fruit Company; and he keeps an eye on every suspect—notably a German: Adolf von Graulitz.

He makes two friends: Muriel Monroe, secretary to Dave Perry, the company's division manager; and Bill Roland, the U. S. vice-consul. But most of those surrounding him—Perry, Cecil Holliday, the company's district superintendent; "Pinky" Hind, an overseer; Henry Alcott, an accountant, and Ed Bannister, a company official—regard him with mistrust. There are even times when he wonders if Muriel Monroe (with whom he is in love) is as friendly as she appears to be. . . .

A hundred thousand dollars (to be used by the company as bribe money) arrives. Almost immediately, Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital, is murdered—and the money stolen. Circumstantial evidence is strong against von Graulitz. But, due to a chain of curious incidents, Lane, too, is a suspect.

Another murder follows—Roland is shot to death. And, because Lane (who was with him at about the time of the crime) has no convincing alibi, he is arrested and put in jail. . . . Meanwhile, Coronel Blanco, the comandante, has been watching two men: Perry and von Graulitz. Eavesdropping on Lane and Muriel, he learns that the girl has arranged for Lane's getaway that night. He feels sure that the killer, whoever he may be, is anxious to do away with Lane, also. So he tells both von Graulitz and Perry of the plan to escape.

Late that night Lane slips out of the jail and joins Muriel. They get into a boat. After a time, Coronel Blanco picks them up; he informs them he has used them as decoys, hoping to attract the murderer. . . . While Lane is present, Blanco tells Perry that the prisoner is innocent. Perry admits that the coronel is right. Then—"You're fired, Lane!" he snaps.

VIII

"YOU can't fire me," Lane said. "I resigned this morning. Didn't Muriel tell you?"

"You stay away from Muriel. If you try to drag her into this business any farther—"

"I'll respect your priority rights there, Perry," Lane interrupted. "You started dragging her into the present situation when you sent her after me as your own private investigator. As for having a dish of tea and a crumpet with me some afternoon if I have time between murders, I think she's old enough to choose her own company."

"You'll stay off of fruit company property!"

"He may have to come on occasionally," said the comandante. "I'm making him a special deputy and honorary assistant to the comandante of the port in charge of investigating the death of the American vice-consul."

"Besides, I have to get my clothes," Lane added. "Mind if I run out to Rio Sangre for my kit, Perry?"

"You'll go out on the early passenger car in the morning," Perry said.

"No," corrected the comandante. "He will go out with me when I go to interview Holliday again."

"Are you still pestering Holliday?"

"Not still—again. I am anxious to find where he was at ten o'clock tonight. I was told he left the Cantina de Mi Sueno at nine-thirty o'clock. However, I have just been talking to your chief dispatcher by phone, and he informs me that Holliday's gasoline car didn't get a *via* for Rio Sangre until 10.41. Obviously he didn't leave port until then, and I would like to know exactly where he was. He couldn't have been walking on the beach with you, could he, Perry—looking at the sea and thinking?"

"I haven't seen him tonight."

"Well, *buenas noches,* then, Perry."

"Good night."

WHEN Perry had stalked from the comandancia, Lane said to Coronel Blanco: "Why don't we talk to Holliday tonight?"

"I'm waiting for more information," the comandante said. "I've cabled the States for dope to supplement this radiogram I got from the widow of the late Mr. Stilton and the ex-wife of our Mr. Perry."

He spread a telegraph blank on his desk, and Lane read:

DONT FAIL QUESTION CECIL HOLLIDAY REGARDING MURDER MY HUSBAND STOP HOLLIDAY LONG HELD BITTER GRUDGE FOLLOWING UNFORTUNATE WARTIME ACCIDENT MRS GERALD STILTON

"In that case," Lane said, "I think I'll go back to my original idea and start at the beginning . . . with Bill Bossert. Has Dr. Janvier told you anything about the information that the vice-consul wanted from him?"

"I didn't ask," the comandante said.

"Then I'll ask tonight. I told Roland to get that information for me a few hours before he was killed. Bossert happened to be a colleague of mine. . . ."

"Yes, I know," said the comandante.

"How do you know?"

"Our legation in Washington happens to have one rather acute and clear-witted young man on its staff—in a minor capacity, of course. The commercial attaché was at Columbia with me. We still communicate with each other. . . ."

"Then it must occur to you that the information the vice-consul requested of Dr. Janvier might have an important bearing on the case. I'm going to call

(Continued on page 63)

"You couldn't think of anything but money that might make a girl sneak out at night, could you?" Nita demanded. "No, you couldn't"

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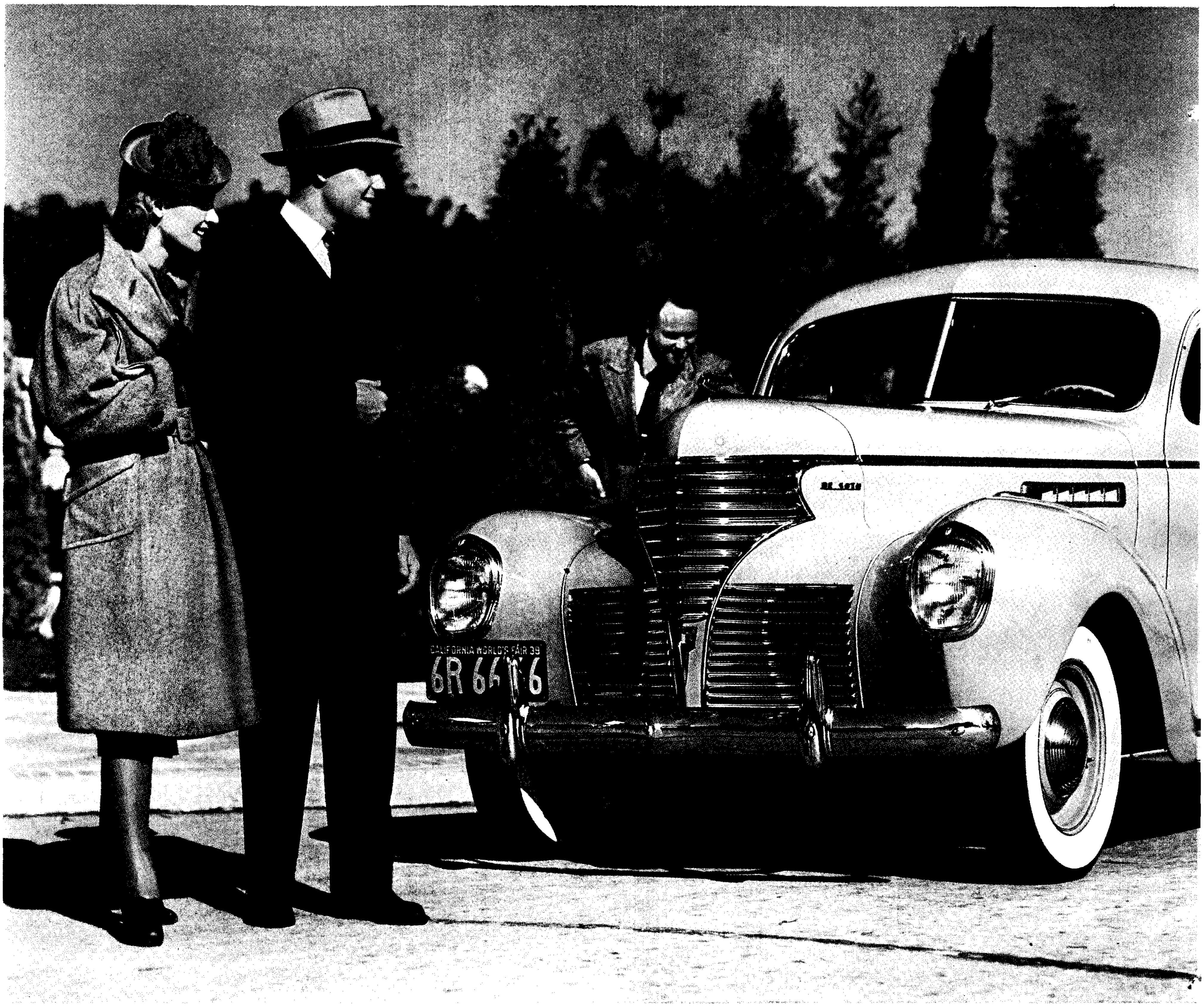

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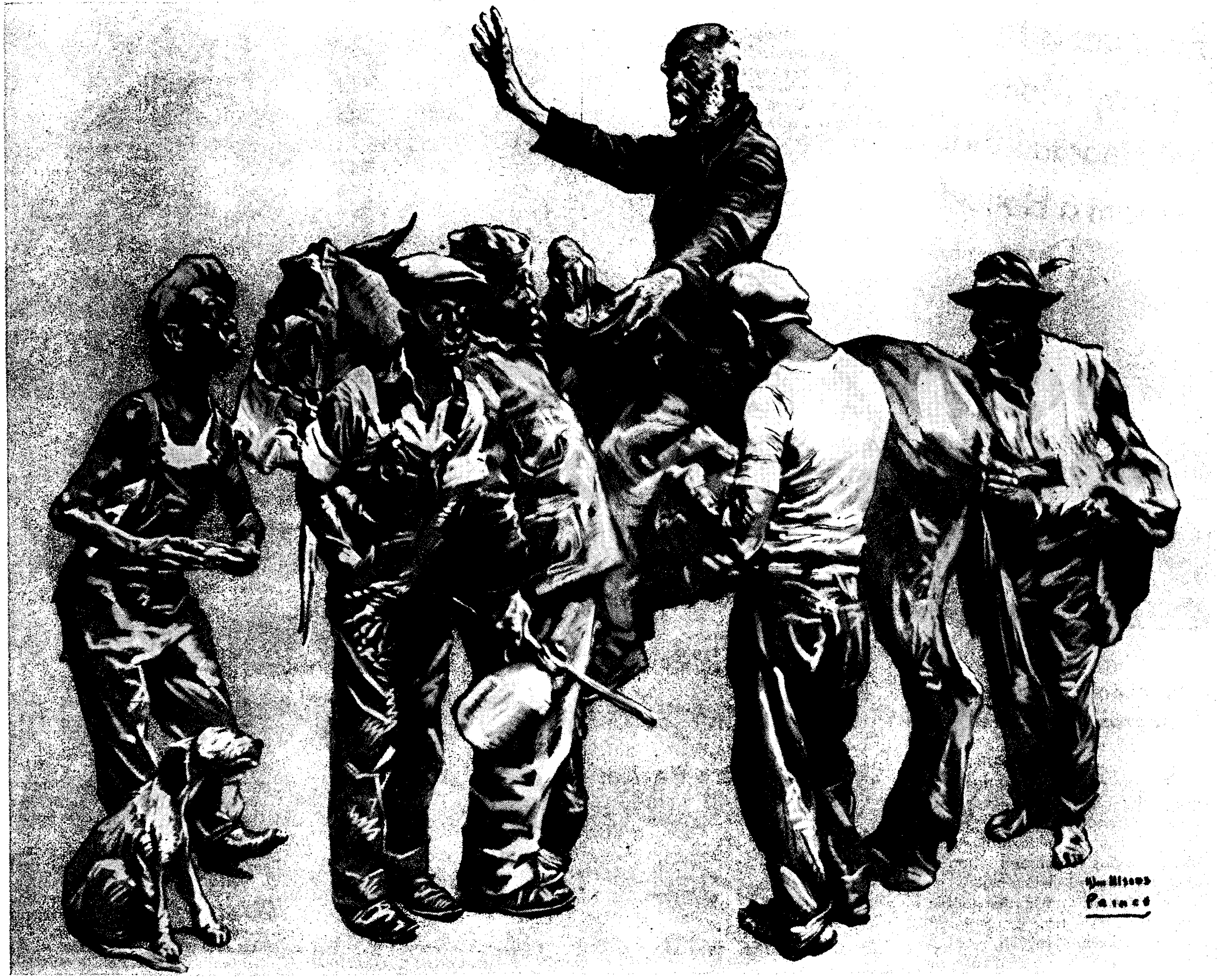

"Come on an' gimme dat dollar," cried Sin-Splitter. "Drap it in my hat an' bathe yo' soul outn temptation!"

The Wages of Sin-Splitter

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The foreman of Little Bee Bend, and the gospel of grit, grace and greenbacks, make common cause on the W. P. and A.—Projeck Number 3189SL421

SIN," observed the Reverend Sin-Splitter Samuel, "breeds on money like mus-keeters in stump water."

Balaam, the Sin-Splitter's old sorrel mule, half opened one eye in agreement, and then closed it again.

The Splitter was an authority on sin. For more years than most people could remember, the tall, bony, forbidding-looking preacher had ridden the hills and bottoms of North Louisiana in constant warfare against the wily doings of Satan, and what he and his mule did not understand about the ways of the wicked was not worth knowing.

Word had come to the Splitter that "hit was some public works fixin' to take place, over twarge Bodcau." The preacher had holed up in Plain Dealing for a dull winter of idleness and contemplation. People had picked their cotton and spent their money, so there was no point in conducting revival meetings among people who were without money.

Not, understand, that the Reverend Sin-Splitter Samuel peddled salvation for cash. He merely adhered to his oft-repeated text: "Paul say hit takes grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. I got de grace and de grit and y'all gimme de greenbacks."

Now word had come of "public works" going on within a few miles of his winter quarters. It was a challenge.

Balaam was tethered with a long cotton rope on the edge of the highway. The Splitter looped a half hitch about the mule's nose, adjusted a hay-filled sack upon Balaam's back, and with an amazing agility leaped astride the improvised saddle.

"Hit ain't been no public works takin' place in so long," he told Balaam, "dat me and de Lawd bofe done might' nigh forgot dat public works is Satan's gyarden. Public works means cash money for de hired hands, and cash money means hit's some sin fixin' to take place onless us beats hit down befo' de devil git in his licks."

Balaam dropped his head and stuck his left ear forward to the horizontal. His right ear began to wag rhythmically and presently Balaam was traveling along the dirt path by the concrete roadway at a slow, easy fox trot.

(Continued on page 28)

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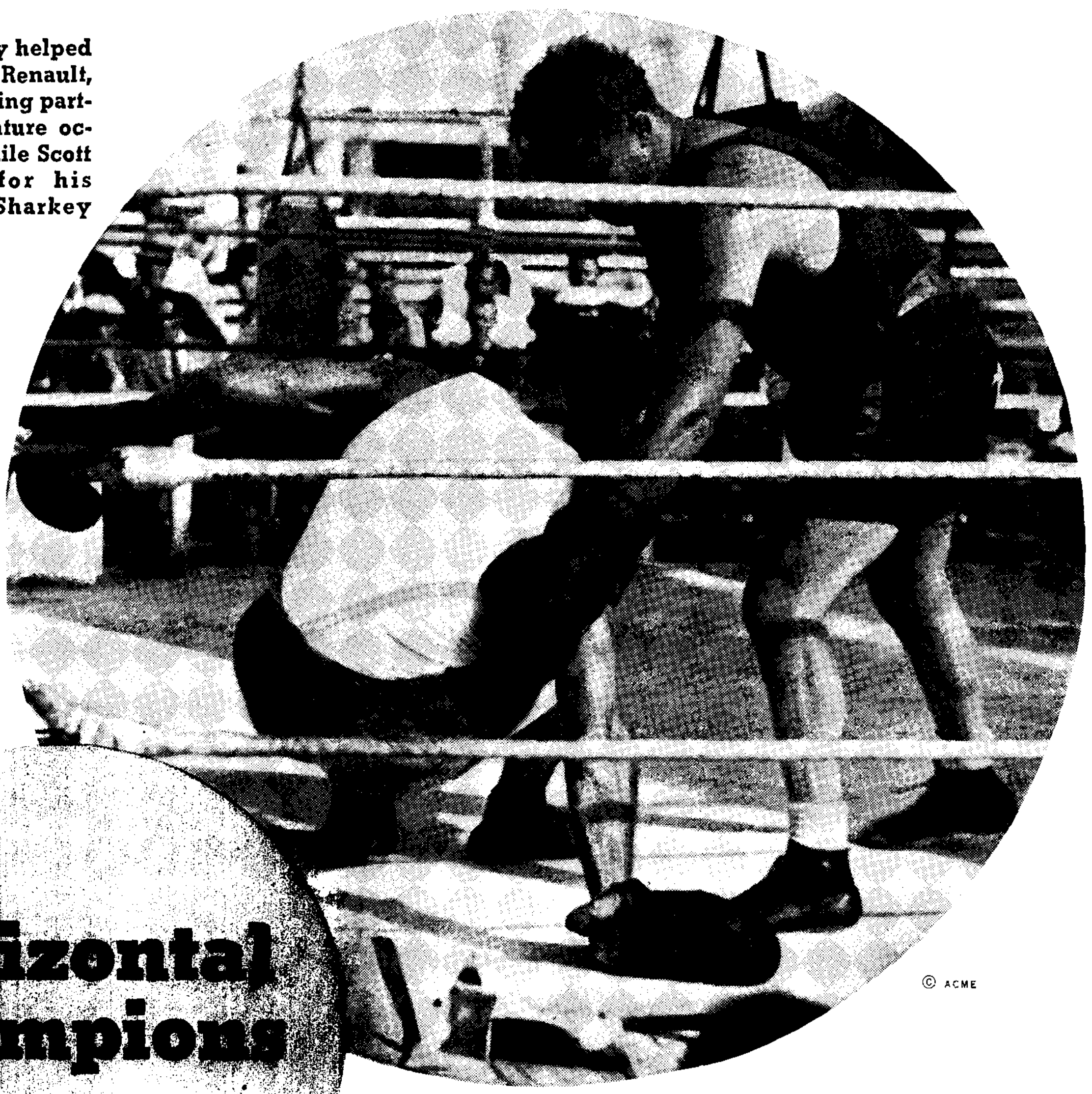
Phil Scott is tenderly helped to his feet by Jack Renault, his overactive sparring partner. This misadventure occurred in Miami while Scott was preparing for his match with Jack Sharkey



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Horizontal Champions

By Dan Parker

Flat on the back is a ring posture that has brought good money to many a boxer. It remained for Phil Scott to make a fortune at it

IN HARRINGAY ARENA, London, recently, a wrestler faced a boxer in a mixed match. The rules were that the wrestler should wrestle and the boxer should box. At the end of ninety seconds of scrambled scrapping, the referee bent over the prostrate form of the tall, blond, bewildered-looking man with the boxing gloves fastened to his paws and counted ten over his quivering form.

As he finished the toll, a mock cheer, accompanied by a shower of elderly fruit, fish and chips and ginger-beer bottles rent the air. Troubled England was back to normalcy once more. After eight years' absence from the ring, Phil Scott had resumed the horizontal posture. From Soho to Limehouse and back to Bloomsbury, the gladsome cry resounded: "Luv a duck, guv'nor! All's roight with the blarsted world agyne! Phil's back on 'is bloomin' back!"

Other nations have vied with England for the horizontal championship and other Englishmen have tried to wrest it from Scott, but, after all these years, Phalling Phil the Phainting Phireman is still tops (or is "bottoms" the word?) in the Canvasback League, with a spinal column as calloused as a pawnbroker's soul.

Horizontalism in pugilism has earned a good livelihood for many fighters. Scott, however, is the only canvasback who earned a fortune by the unfailing habit of winding up on his posterior. Shrewd and resourceful Jimmie Johnston, who managed him on his hilarious American tour, capitalized so successfully on Philip's dubious talent for impersonating Ferdinand the Bull that he had him only one flop removed from the heavyweight championship when his dream castle collapsed, even as Scott himself did.

Phil-up, appropriately enough, inhaled his first sniff of American rosin dust in a bout with one whose substratum talents gave promise at the time of equaling his own. Knute Hansen was this reclining warrior's name, and from the neck down he was as fine-looking a specimen of fighting man as ever was cut only fifty per cent by a softhearted manager. But on his beautifully proportioned six-foot-four Viking's body was set the head of a lightweight with a chin by Haviland.

Knute, it is reported, had once knocked himself out while lathering up for a shave and again by swatting a mosquito on his mandible. But one night they dug up for Hansen a more brittle-jawed and collapsible fighter than Knute himself. Seven times Hansen flattened Scott with what, in the light of developments, must have been love taps before the horizontal king yielded to the coronation ceremony. Thus was Scott's American career launched like the mud scow Susan Q. MacGillicuddy.

Realizing he had a turkey on his hands, Jimmie Johnston cleverly played up Philip as a freak. The day after the Hansen fight, he had the blighter photographed standing in a tub of cement to keep him upright. With a puzzled look on his face which, even in repose, registered bewilderment, Phil-up next posed reclining on one elbow on the canvas while drinking a saucerful of tea.

Ironically enough, Scott had everything required to make a champion except heart. He had an ideal build for a heavyweight fighter, could box like Jem Driscoll himself, and crossed a right hand that had the power of Parliament behind it. But he had no more stomach for brawling than a Quaker elder. Even in Philip's few winning fights on this side, Johnston had to summon up all his oratorical powers to prevent his timid ward from vaulting the ropes and fleeing from his incipient victory.

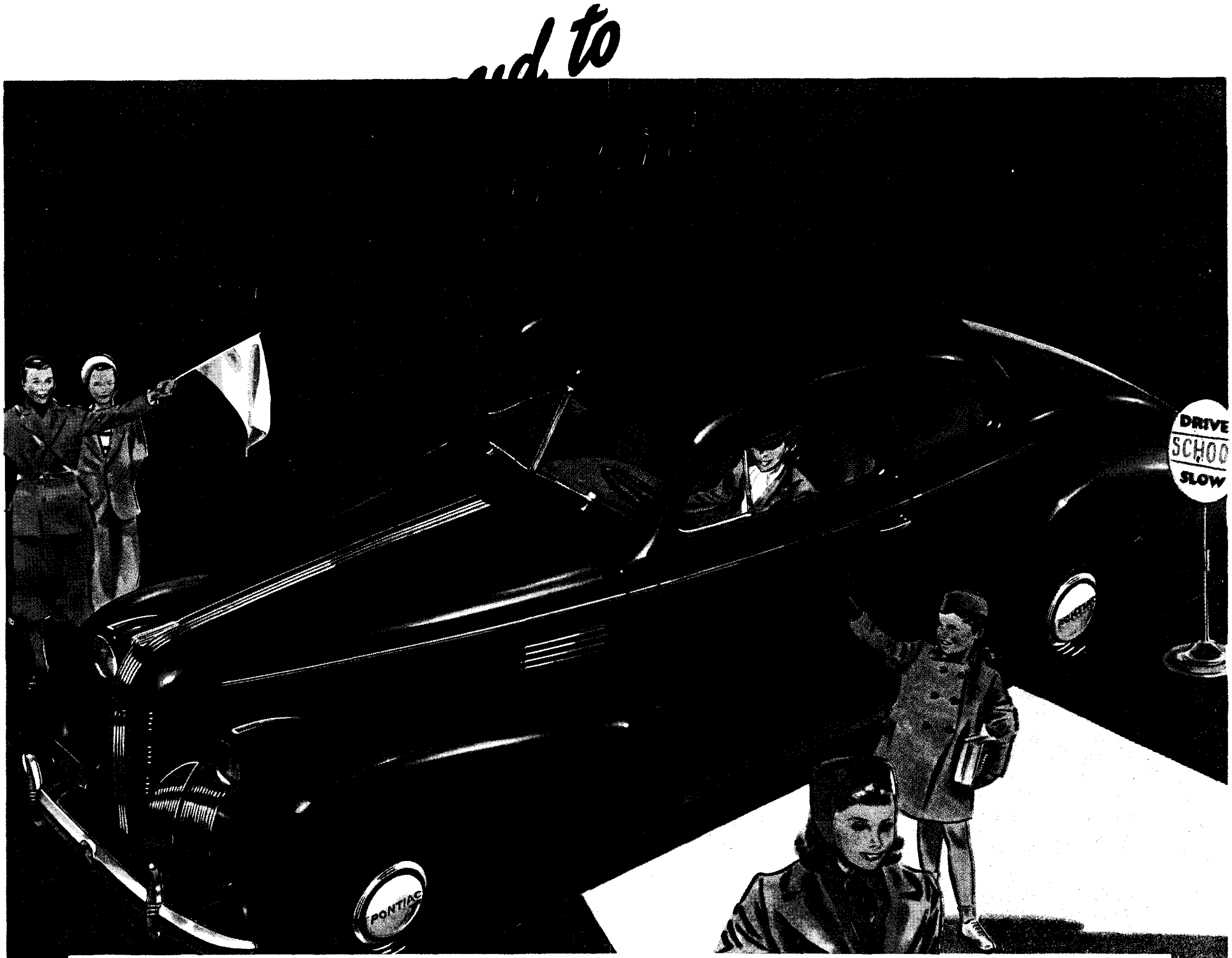
Phil Discovers the Phoul

Scott's build-up for a championship shot was strictly horizontal. In two of his four bouts in 1929 that led up to a match with Jack Sharkey, Philip won in a manner that might be described as too, too supine. Against Ted Sandwina, a muscle-bound strong man, he took what came to be known as Scott's Convulsion in the fifth round, moaning that he had been fouled.

It worked. Late in the same year at Madison Square Garden, Phil put on his dying-swan routine before an enraged assemblage, after Otto von Porat, the dour-looking, lantern-jawed Norwegian had floored him with a hard body blow. Again the dodge clicked. Phil won on a foul in the second round.

The fact that Philip not only remained

(Continued on page 58)



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The Wages of Sin-Splitter

Continued from page 25

Sin-Splitter Samuel sat tall and straight. His high plug hat and his long black alpaca coat would have made suitable garments for anybody's scarecrow, but the solemn bearing of the Splitter and the machinelike certainty of Balaam's gait gave both preacher and mule the dignified appearance of approaching doom.

There was no set plan in the preacher's mind, but, as he often did while riding into battle, he allowed Balaam's rhythmic steps free play to suggest a plan of campaign. The Splitter was pleased when he grew conscious of the fact that he was singing to Balaam's "tappy-tappy-tap-tap" his favorite battle cry:

"We'll whup de devil around de stump
And give him a lick at ev'y jump;
We'll twis' his tail and make him yell,
And run him plum to de gates er hell."

When they came to the old dirt farm road that led from the main highway across Bodcau bottoms to the Minden road, Balaam's steps did not falter. Up hill and down, through the pines of the hills and the cypress of the creek bottoms, Balaam's hoofs beat out the rhythm for the Splitter's song.

When at last they came to the long wooden bridge that spanned Bodcau Bayou, the Splitter heard and saw the "public works" in progress. He watched a hundred men and women standing along the roadside and he saw a dozen men with shovels and brier hooks at work near the far end of the bridge. And he heard the unmistakable voice of that arch-sinner, Giles Arnold, the big foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation.

"You, Puny!" he heard Giles roar. "You might be a hill nigger but you can't do hill-nigger work for me. You bear down wid dat brier hook, or I'll make you hard to ketch."

THE Sin-Splitter hesitated. Giles was a contradiction with which the preacher had never been able to cope. Openly hostile to preachers and therefore "a sinner to de ground," Giles always minded his own business and made everybody around him do the same. Even the Widow Duck, the spiritual leader on Little Bee Bend, and a good Christian woman if Splitter ever saw one, loved Giles like a wayward son.

"Well," the Splitter decided, "efn Satan was easy to whup, hit wouldn't be no need in a man like me fightin' at him." He tethered his mule to the bridge railing and walked to Giles.

"Mawnin'," he said coldly.

Giles squinted at the Splitter.

"Preacher," he grunted, "us don't need no preachers, so us didn't send for you. Us got work to git done. Keep travelin'."

"Sinners," countered Sin-Splitter Samuel, "ain't got sense enough to know what dey needs. Or else hit wouldn't be no need in a preacher." He glared defiantly at the foreman.

Giles was not the kind of man to stand and glare. Instinctively, he picked up a shovel and advanced.

"Hold on, now," begged the preacher, backing off. "Hit ain't no need in fightin'. Fightin' ain't workin'. You got work to git done, and I got work to git done. I comed hyar to he'p you and den you kin he'p me, and dat'll make us bofe even up."

Giles stopped and dropped the shovel. "I don't need no he'p," he stated. "I got too much he'p, right now, and not enough work. Efn I bear down today, dis dozen men I got is gonter git dis bridge 'butment fixed befo' sundown. And I got two hund'ed mens comin' in de mawnin'."

"Hm," the Splitter speculated. "Dat sounds like a heap er work fixin' to take place. Two hund'ed mens!"

"Yeah," Giles admitted. "And all I got to do is git dis 'butment fixed."

The Splitter ruminated for a few minutes. Though it had been something like forty years since he, personally, had taken part in manual labor, he was not unfamiliar with the practical phases of the work that Negroes of North Louisiana engaged in. The thing did not sound altogether practical to him. "Two hund'ed mens comin' to work on a job dat a even dozen done already got finished." He shook his head. "Who hirin' all er dem mens?" he wanted to know.

"Nobody," Giles told him. "Hit's Uncle Sam's W. P. & A."

"Out hyar?" asked the Splitter. "I hyared fo'ks speak about dat W. P. & A. over in Shrevepo't, but I ain't never rid right up on top er hit, befo'. Sort er like de public works?"

"Yeah," said Giles. "Only in de public works, when a man puts in a day, he gits a dollar. Out hyar"—Giles swept his hand in an arc indicating the work at the bridge—"when you makes a day, you jest makes a day, and dat's all. De guv'mer man writes hit down on de book, and dat's jest one mo' day you ain't got to make agin."

The Sin-Splitter frowned. "Dat sound sort er like de mean ole chain gang," he observed. His ankle bone ached at the memory.

Giles laughed. "Nawp," he said. "Hit ain't de chain gang. De guv'mer don't got to put a ball and chain on smart mens. De guv'mer don't run his gang wid no chains. Ain't nobody bound to work onless hit suits him and den suits de guv'mer. Fust off, a man got to be de haid er de family. Den you goes over to Benton and tells de guv'mer man how many people you got to feed at yo' house. Den de guv'mer man give you a cyard and send you out hyar to me. And f'm den on I'm de boss."

The Splitter frowned again. "Efn a man ain't bound to work," he said, "and don't git no pay efn he do work, like in de public works, I'll be dad-blamed efn I'd fool wid hit. I'd go bird huntin'."

"Uncle Sam got a certain way to git his business attended to," Giles confided. "I been raisin' cotton too long wid Uncle Sam not to know dat."

"Yeah," the Splitter conceded, "I hyared fo'ks speak about how intrusted in cotton Uncle Sam is got. He don't like a heap er cotton, f'm de word I hyared spoke."

"Jest ha'f dat much," Giles informed him. "And you know good as me hit don't suit my style to raise jest ha'f dat much cotton. But hit suit Uncle Sam—"

"I'd raise all de cotton I wanted to," defied the Splitter. "Hit ain't no law agin hit."

"Sho', hit ain't no law," Giles laughed. "Uncle Sam jest drapped de word dat he'd be mighty pleased efn ev'ybody jest raise ha'f dat much cotton. And dat's how much us raises over on Little Bee, cause us is smart."

"DON'T sound smart to me," the Splitter stated perversely. "Hit sound like y'all skeered."

"Hit was a white man over in Shrevepo't," Giles related, "which figgered hit like you. And he made his man plant ev'y acre he had in cotton. Dat was year befo' last."

"Well?"

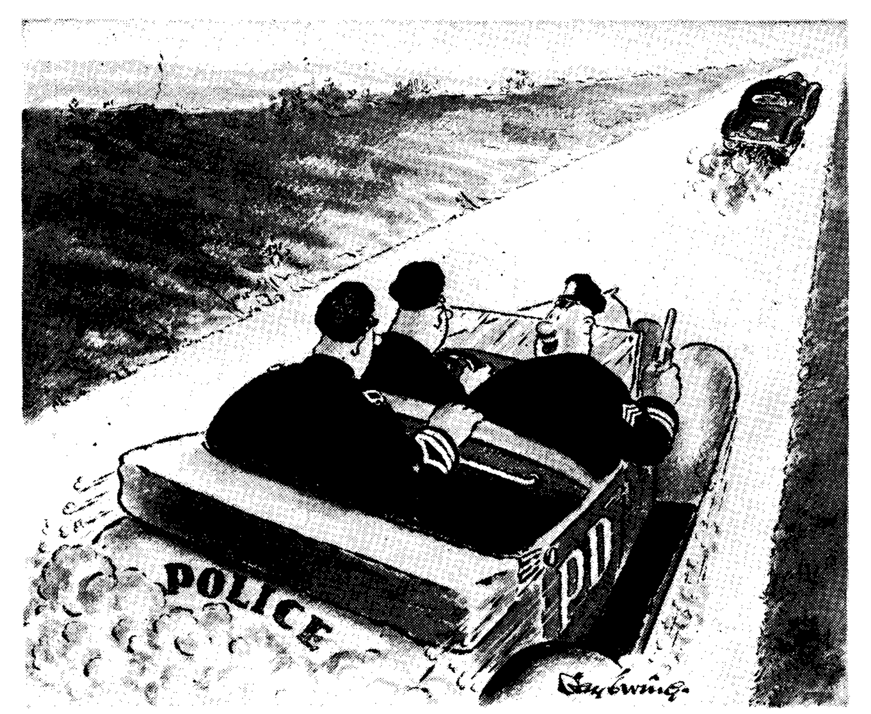
"Befo' dey got all dat cotton picked out," Giles went on, "de high sheriff was over dar, bangin' on de barn do' wid his gravel, beggin' somebody to be de highest bidder."

"Like dat, hunh?" the preacher was impressed.

"Like dat, plum down to de ground. Uncle Sam don't make no law and he don't make no fuss. He jest draps de word, hyar and yonder, what is his sweet pleasure. And any time I hyar hit's Uncle Sams' sweet pleasure for me to boss a job at de Bodcau bridge, I'm gonter be out hyar at daylight, bossin' de fire outn hit."

The Reverend Sin-Splitter Samuel mounted Balaam and started back home. "Bad as de mean ole chain gang," he estimated, "even efn you don't drag no ball and chain."

What old Sin-Splitter Samuel did not know was that the federal government, after seventy-seven years, had concluded that the low-income group of



"Okay, Chief, the right rear tire? Yuh want it a slow leak or fast?"

JAY IRVING

"It's the longest-wearing heel-lift I ever saw!"

HAVE *you* heard about TAWPS*? They're the patented, new Goodyear heel-lifts for women's shoes that make old-fashioned heels or lifts as out-of-date as a dodo bird!

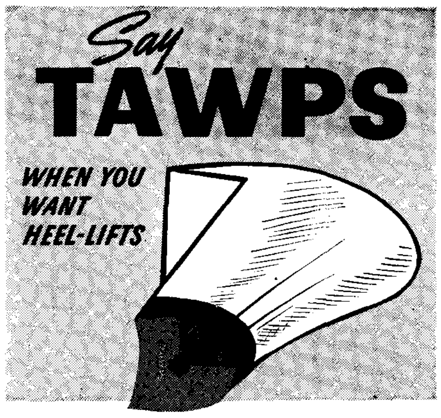
They have tough, *resilient inserts of cushioning rubber* anchored right into a leather base that's backed up with a special, firm, non-fraying material.

TAWPS are comfortable, no end! *Quiet,* too—and they don't run over or "sqush" out at the edges!

Believe it or not—*TAWPS last at least TWICE as long as ordinary leather heel-lifts—yet cost only a few cents more per pair.*

You can have TAWPS put on your heels at good shoe repair shops.

*TAWPS, trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



Say **TAWPS**

WHEN YOU WANT HEEL-LIFTS

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE WALK ON GOODYEAR RUBBER HEELS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

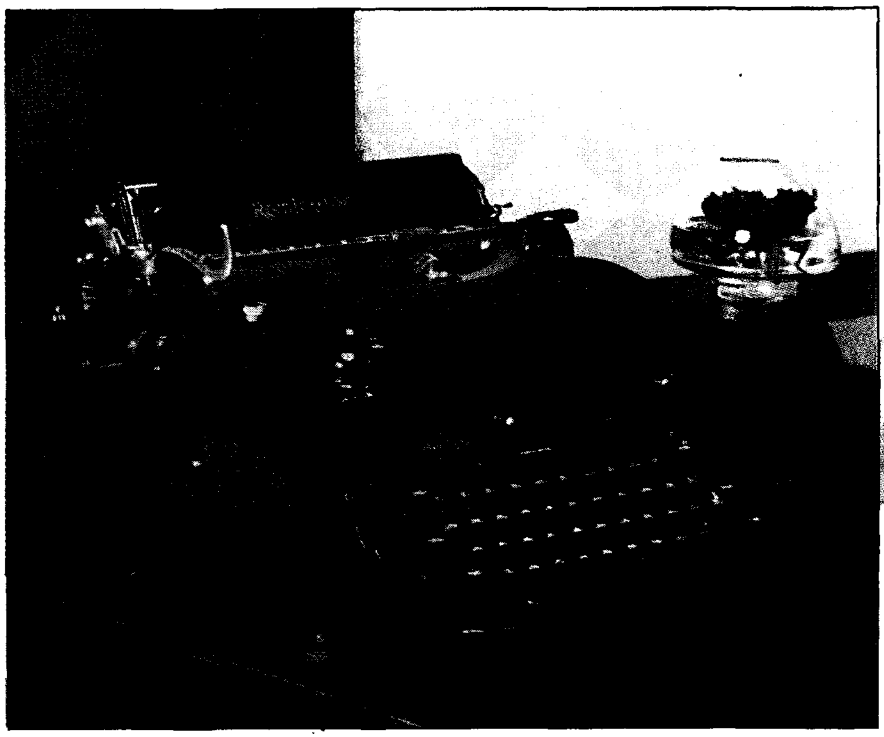
Your Shoe Repairman has available these Goodyear Shoe Products

GOODYEAR CUSTOM 50 HEEL for men's shoes. The handsomest heel made. Comfortable; long-wearing; smart—*no visible nail holes.*

GOODYEAR WINGFOOT HEEL for men's, women's and children's shoes. The finest and most popular heel—at its price—you can buy.

GOODYEAR CORD SOLE. *Ask for it on new work* and sports shoes. Doesn't buckle, warp or stretch. Made like the carcass of an auto tire.

America's Typists are Swinging to Remington

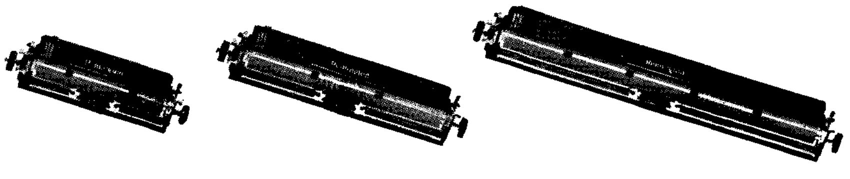


THE NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS

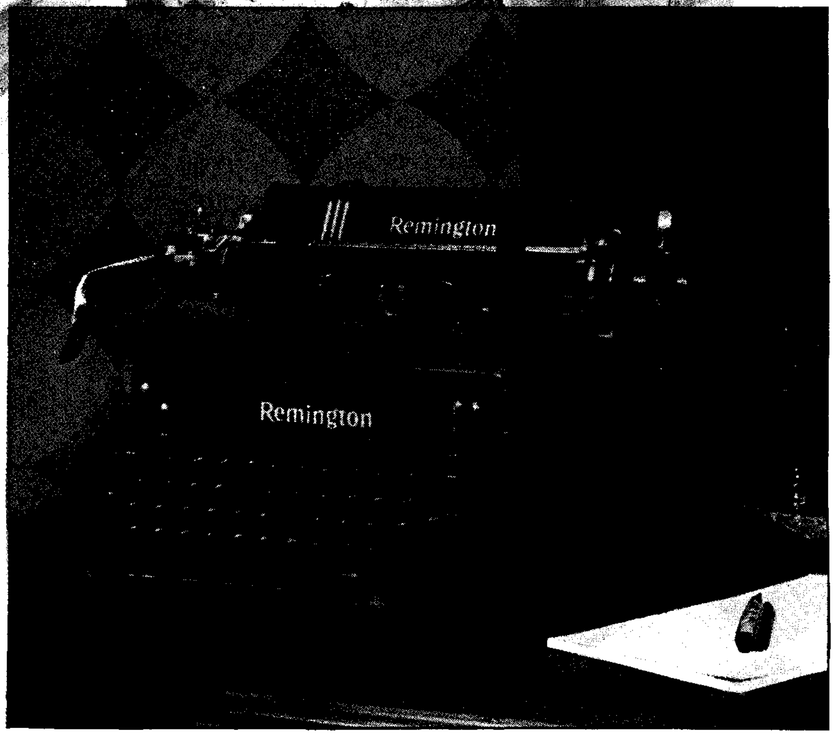
Writing Perfection with Silence

In this, the 1939 model of the Remington Noiseless, more than ever are emphasized those factors which make for speed, comfort and convenience, in addition to QUIET. Here is the one machine that will do everything demanded of a typewriter not merely better, but *quietly*. In the general office, the private office, the stenographic department, thinking and working are best done in an atmosphere of quiet . . . and it is here that there is no substitute for the Remington Noiseless.

For correspondence of the better sort, for matchless printwork, for manifolding and stencil cutting par excellence . . . for conserving and improving the nerves, dispositions and abilities of the operator, executive and all within hearing, the Remington Noiseless is supreme beyond all question. It is the world's finest writing machine and one reason why America's typists are swinging to Remington.



With seven interchangeable carriages . . . an exclusive Model 17 feature . . . this one typewriter, instead of several, will do all your wide form work. No other machine can so quickly and easily be converted to take paper up to 31 inches wide. Here is a very real saving both in capital investment and in floor space.



THE REMINGTON 17

The Completely New Typewriter

With this Model 17, the one and only typewriter that is *completely new*, Remington steps into unquestioned leadership in the field of the so called "standard" machines. In this classification, no other typewriter has so many wanted features, so many exclusive improvements, so many obvious advantages. In no other typewriter will you find the interchangeable carriage, that enables one Model 17 to do the work of several wide carriage machines. In no other typewriter will you find such a smooth, easy moving carriage, such a feather-light shift, a jam trip for preventing soiled fingers and broken nails . . . a so completely satisfying touch regulator . . . in a word, so many conveniences for the comfort and advantage of the user. This machine is another reason why America's typists are swinging to Remington.

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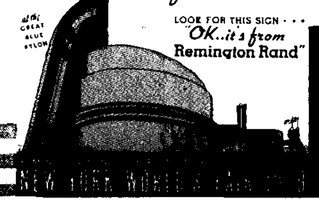

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BLIZZARDS TO ORDER

B-r-r-r-! Twenty degrees below zero. Blinding, stinging sleet at 70 miles an hour. . . . But the man you see is not an Eskimo, parked outside his igloo. He's a Ford engineer, busy at his job of making better cars. This afternoon he'll sample a Sahara sandstorm — tomorrow a tropical cloudburst.

SOME of the newest things in the world today are at the Ford plant.

One is the "weather tunnel" — not a laboratory model, but 124 feet long. Developed by Ford engineers, it's the only one of its kind. Here the world's worst weather is made to order every day.

CLIMATES, A LA CARTE

What will you have? The rarefied cold of the high Himalayas? The steaming heat of the Brazilian jungle? Light fog or heavy rain? Gentle breeze or hurricane?

Ford engineers make them all — while a Ford-made car runs on the tunnel treadmill at various speeds. They regulate temperature, humidity, wind velocity, even oxygen content . . . and keep careful watch at the big control panel outside the tunnel, where accurate gages report combustion efficiency, water temperature, wind-drag — nearly a hundred different details of the car's performance.

Dramatic? Yes. But the tunnel wasn't built for showmanship or sales talk. It's there because it helps improve cooling systems, carburetors, batteries, body lines — helps make sure that Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln cars will deliver good service in any climate, anywhere in the world.

The same things are true of the three Ford test tracks, where cars are literally driven to death at high speeds — hurled over rocks, cobbles and concrete humps designed to twist and torture bodies — then torn apart and searched for signs of strain or weakness.

Here's a Mercury 8 on the "wobble" or "body-twist" section of the Ford test tracks — where concrete humps are scientifically staggered to put terrific strain on tire, wheel, axle, frame and body construction.

Tunnel and tracks are only a small part of the Ford test program. There are many machines for bending, pounding, punishing separate parts — and thousands of precision instruments for checking operations all along the line.

All this equipment costs money. Torn-down test cars can't be sold. But the money we spend on tests saves you money on repairs — and gives your family a better, safer, more dependable car.

PART OF FORD POLICY

What we want to do is provide the best automobile it is possible to make at the lowest possible cost.

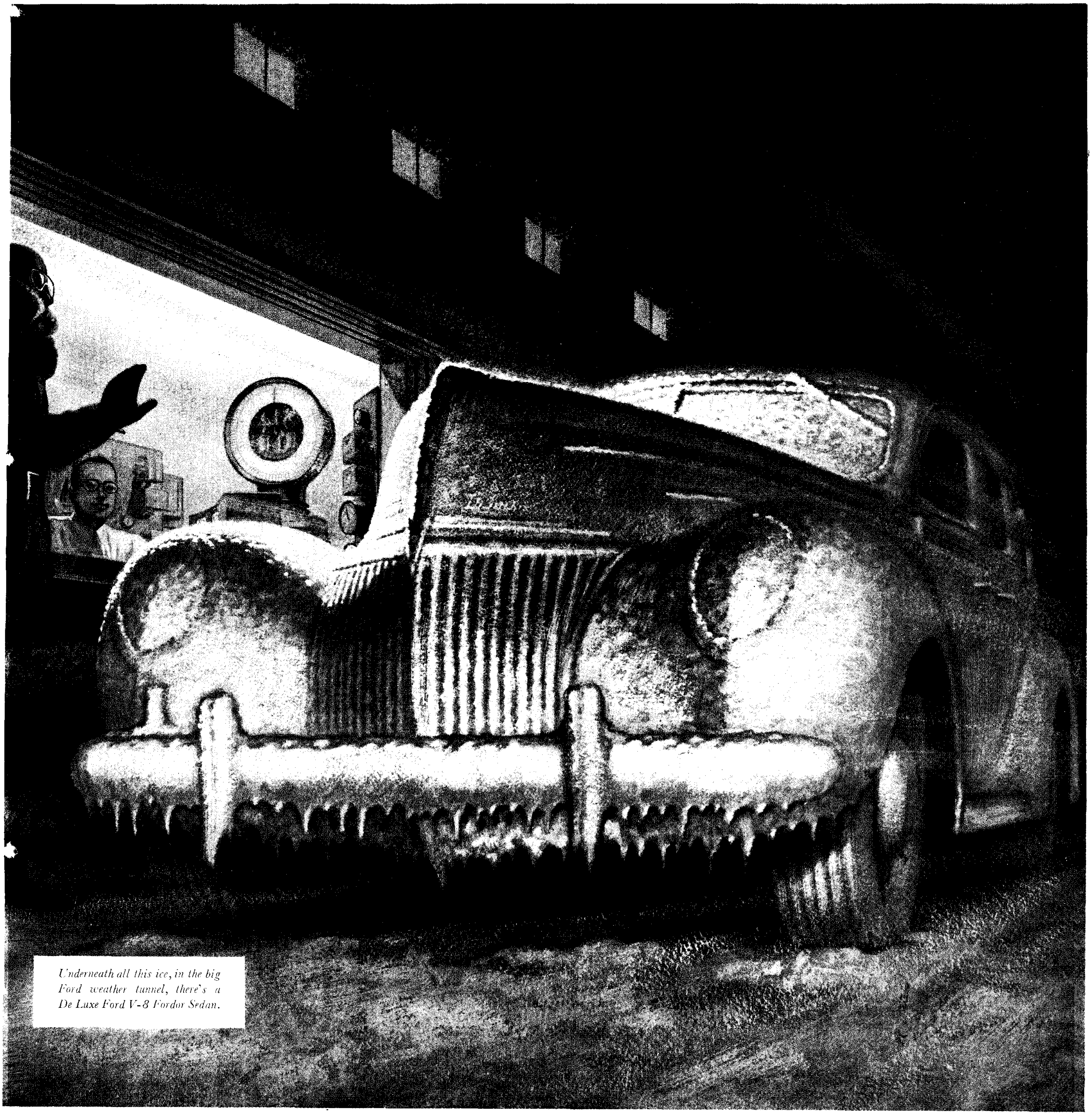
That has always been the Ford policy. We are constantly looking for new and better ways to do every job.

That's why many of the world's most important automotive advances come from the world's largest industrial plant.

Ford exhibits at Two Great Fairs this year — New York and San Francisco.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

HELP BUILD BETTER CARS



Underneath all this ice, in the big Ford weather tunnel, there's a De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor Sedan.

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THE ONE AND ONLY
SQUEEGEE
TIRE

wrinkle ACTION STOPS YOU QUICKER!
GENERAL Dual 8
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Sweeping across the country is a wave of new found confidence—that grows bigger every day as more thousands ride on Squeegee-Generals.

For the first time, *tires* are part and parcel of the car and of *you.* The way they hold you to the road with sure-footed grip; the way they "bank" curves, without whine or screech; the way they level off rough places and take blows you used to brace yourself for; the smooth, almost effortless *action* when danger or the law says, "stop"; your confident lack of fear of blowouts . . . these give you a priceless *sense of security* that goes far beyond anything you've ever experienced from a tire.

Prices are at their lowest levels. Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to change-over your new car—or to put Squeegee-Generals on your present car.

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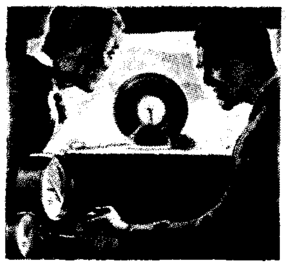
For
LONG MILEAGE
QUICK-STOPPING SAFETY
EXTRA STRENGTH
BLOWOUT RESISTANCE
EASY RIDING COMFORT
GREATER ECONOMY
SMART, MODERN STYLE
TOP-QUALITY IN EVERY OUNCE

You're miles ahead with GENERAL

STOPS ON A DIME. Too often it's but a matter of a few feet that makes the difference between a *safe* stop and a tragic accident. General gives you an extra margin of safety with its patented *wrinkle-action* that can't be duplicated.

LONGER MILEAGE. Road friction wears out treads. Tests show, the more spots and broken up designs, the faster the wear. When running free, General's flexible ribs are *straight.* That means smooth, silent rolling; slow, uniform tread wear; *long mileage!*



BLOWOUT RESISTANCE. Tire engineers test tires for bursting by inflating them with air until they give way. Generals have a bursting resistance of *many times* normal air pressure! For your fast-stepping modern car you *need* this extra strength.

cotton farmers in the South were as much entitled to government benefits as the high-income group of eastern industrialists; and to that end had set aside huge sums of public money for local projects which would enable the farmers to bring their incomes up to an average of twenty-six dollars a month. Giles did not know about the money angle, either, and it was the money, most of all, that plagued the Splitter.

AS BALAAM jogged back through the hills, Samuel put it all out of his mind and allowed Balaam's fox-trotting hoofbeats to set the rhythm for his thoughts. Presently, with no conscious effort on the part of the Splitter, the preacher heard himself singing a long-forgotten song.

"Lawd-a-mercy!" yelled the Splitter, so loudly that Balaam stopped dead in his tracks. "How come I'm singin' dat mean ole chain-gang song?" he demanded of all creation. "Git outn my mind, ole chain gang. I done had my 'nough er you, fawty years ago."

Cold sweat popped out on the preacher's forehead, and his whole body ached at the memory of three years spent on a prison farm as the result of youthful errors.

He kicked Balaam in the ribs and once more the mule took up the fox trot. Almost immediately the old "gittin' away" song began pouring from Samuel's lips:

"How long, honey, how long, how long?
Doin' time, baby, cause you done me wrong.
But some dark night I aims to leave dis farm,
And ef I make hit to de bushes I'll cause you harm."

"Now," croaked the Splitter in desperation, "de devil done put hit back in my mind and ole Balaam done beat hit out in my brain. Yes, Lawd, I still got might' nigh two mo' years to do at Angola. I been fixin' to tell you 'bout dat, for might' night fawty years, Lawd, but I jest didn't git around to hit. Please don't make me go back to Angola, Lawd. I broke away, and tuck up servin' You, fawty years ago, Lawd. Please don't make me go back, now."

In his panic, he began to beat Balaam with the end of the rope, and the old mule, more startled than pained, struck into a long earnest lope.

When Samuel reached Plain Dealing, he went directly to the ramshackle cabin he occupied alone. He went into the shed room and closed the door. For three days and three nights he did not take food or water, and what took place in that little room, only the Splitter, the Lord and Satan knew.

On the fourth day, Sin-Splitter Samuel emerged, prepared himself a sparse meal, and then caught his mule. "I wrassled ole Satan plum to de ground," he informed Balaam, "and I'm tellin' you, hit was a tussle."

He put his bag of hay on the mule's back and leaped up. "P'int dat year twarge Benton," he commanded. "I got me a mean job to do, and I aims to git hit done whilst de sperrit is on me."

Balaam struck his fox trot, and the Splitter was elated when he realized that his old battle song was coming from his throat:

"We'll whup de devil around de stump,
And give him a lick at ev'y jump."

"And I means," the Splitter promised, "we'll whup de years offn him, dis time."

At Benton, the Sin-Splitter found the government office occupying a big room on the ground floor of the courthouse. An earnest, self-satisfied young man was sitting at a desk, just inside the door. The Splitter didn't like him, but he hadn't expected to like a man who was going to put him back on the chain gang, even though there were to be no chains.

"Is you Mister Tolly Vance?" the Splitter asked.

"No," said the man curtly. "I am his assistant. What do you want?"

"I'm de haid man in my family," stated the preacher, "and I got some time to do—"

"Name?" the man asked, picking up a large yellow card.

"Samuel. Dey calls me Splitter."

The young man wrote: "Splitter, Samuel."

There were, the preacher went on, two members of his family. "Me and Balaam."

"Age?"

"Yassuh," the Splitter admitted, "but I kin git about."

The young man wrote "sixty" in the blank and asked, "How old is Balaam?"

"Comin' fifteen, in de spring," Samuel replied.

"What kind of work?" asked the man.

"I goes fo'th," the Splitter stated, "and twiles in de vineyard er de Lawd, preachin' de Word and fightin' sin."

The young man snorted, made a few more entries and started to file the card when Mr. Vance came into the office.

"Too old and a preacher, to boot," said the young man as he handed the application to his superior.

But Mr. Vance had another idea. "So you're a preacher, Uncle?" he asked.

"Yassuh," the Splitter answered. "Dey calls me de Sin-Splitter Samuel."

"I've heard of you," Mr. Vance said kindly. He turned to his assistant. "Here, Bub, fix this application for my approval, immediately."

The Splitter was of two minds about Mr. Vance. In one mind, he liked him and sensed an understanding. In his other mind, he felt that Mr. Vance had some knowledge of those two years he owed the prison people, and that he probably stood ready to see that Splitter paid back those years, with interest.

"But, Mr. Vance," the younger man was protesting, "you remember Mr. Miller's letter about efficiency on this project?"

"I read the letter," said Mr. Vance.

"What will the auditors say," persisted the assistant, "when they see a preacher on the project?"

"LISTEN, Bub," said Mr. Vance, warming to his subject. "You may be all the way from Washington, and you may know all the rules of this business. But there are a couple of things you don't know. Malcolm Miller said he wanted this job done as quickly and as cheaply as possible. He picked me to run it and he sent you here to fix up the paper work. I practically kidnaped Giles Arnold to boss the job, though everybody in Bossier Parish knows Giles isn't eligible for relief. But he can get more work out of a gang of men than anybody in the Red River bottoms. I don't know whether the rules allow preachers or not, but Malcolm Miller wants that road built at low cost, and I'm going to send this preacher over there to pull them along, while Giles stays behind and drives. And when the project is finished, Miller will be not only satisfied but amazed. The engineers figured twenty-six days but if I don't have it done in two weeks, I'll eat my hat."

"But it's irregular—"

"Okay," said Mr. Vance. "It's your job to fix the papers up so it will be regular. Now don't argue with me." He turned again to the Splitter. "Samuel, you can lead in singing, can't you?" he asked. "You know when a gang gets to singing—"

"Yassuh," the Splitter said. "I kin lead out workin' songs, but dey's mostly reels. Hit's been a long time since I sung a reel, but I knows a few."

"Know any songs for pick and shovel workers?"

"A pick-swingin' song," the Splitter pointed out, "got to be slow and stiddy, wid a heap er gruntin' in hit, so's ev'y time a man grunts he jabs de pick about a inch deeper in de ground."

"That's the idea," said Mr. Vance. "Let's hear one."

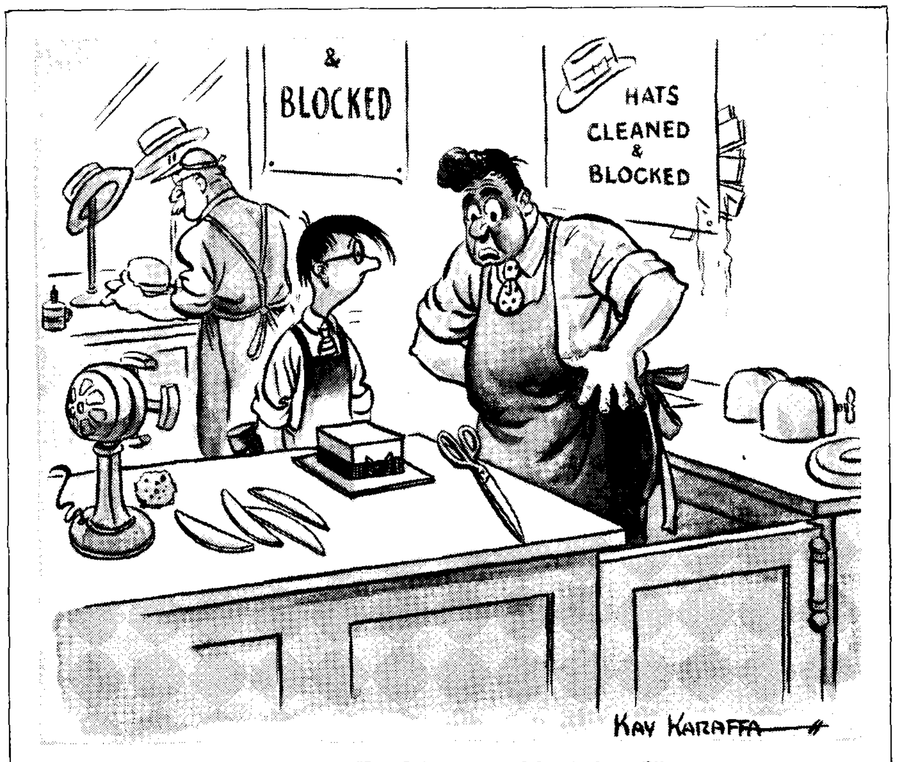
The Splitter picked up a yardstick and simulated the swing of a pick with it. "Like," he explained, "de Stewball reel:

"Ole Stewball, un-hunh!
Was a race-hoss, un-hunh!
And his color, un-hunh!
Was red, was red—"

"Give him a ticket to the Bodcau project," broke in Mr. Vance. To the Splitter he said, "Ever hear of Giles Arnold?"

"I seed him last Monday," Samuel said. "At de Bodcau bridge."

"Give him this ticket," Mr. Vance instructed, "and tell him I said you are to lead the singing, preaching and praying.



"Where'd YOU learn to block hats?" KAY KARAFFA

"I just bought a 1937 car with the best 1939 features!"

A SAFETY BARGAIN TOO, IN A USED CAR BUILT BY HUDSON

You, too, can profit by Hudson's habit of being first with the best. In a *used* Hudson or Hudson Terraplane, for example, you can get such "1939" features as full-width 3-passenger front seat, extra wide windshield vision, roomy luggage compartment with spare tire carried inside, clear front floor with gear shifting at steering wheel (on many models). All advertised as new for 1939 on other cars!

And Greatest SAFETY Features

1. DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES! Every 1936, '37 and '38 Hudson and Hudson Terraplane has them! **1.** Finest Bendix Hydraulics. **2.** Reserve mechanical foot brake *working automatically from the same foot pedal.* **3.** Easiest acting hand brake for parking. *Three ways to apply brakes!*

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Thousands of UNUSED Miles

There's no reason why you shouldn't own a *better* car—*today.* Let your nearest Hudson dealer show you how used cars built by Hudson are *built to last.* Learn about their chrome alloy cylinder blocks and alloy steel gears that show little or no wear after tens of thousands of miles . . . about their finer materials and quality engineering all through. *And their low prices will amaze you!*

MORE MILES—SAFER MILES—IN

PERSONALLY Indorsed USED CARS

SEE YOUR NEAREST HUDSON DEALER

Fight a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica

MRS.: So I'm too dumb to learn the steps for the Charity Ballet, am I? What can you expect when I'm coming down with a cold?

MR.: Well, why don't you do something about it? You need a very special laxative, my good woman—Sal Hepatica.

MRS.: You mean—Sal Hepatica's specially good for a cold?

MR.: Yes, Sal Hepatica aids your body in fighting a cold—two ways. First, it's a gentle yet speedy laxative—and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

AT THE BALLET

MR.: Honey, you certainly learned this ballet stuff like nobody's business. You're a marvel at it!

MRS.: *You're* the marvel! You knew about Sal Hepatica—and it certainly helped keep that cold from taking hold. From now on, Sal Hepatica's going to be my first thought when I feel a cold coming.

SAL HEPATICA IS A QUICK YET GENTLE LAXATIVE
IT ALSO HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY
SAL HEPATICA
HELPS GET AFTER A COLD FAST—TWO WAYS
GET IT AT ANY DRUG STORE TODAY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesday, 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Understand? You get in front and pull, while Giles stays back of them and pushes."

"Yassuh," said the Splitter.

MUCH work had been done on the project since the Splitter last saw it. The bridge abutment, which Giles had threatened to "git done befo' sundown," had been only preliminary preparation. Trucks loaded with tar and gravel were traveling over the bridge now. Workers were strung out for a solid mile along the old farm road.

The Sin-Splitter handed Giles his card. "De man say," Samuel explained, "dat I was to do singin' and preachin' and prayin'."

Giles frowned and looked at the Splitter instead of at the card. "You ain't lyin' at me, is you, preacher?"

"De man name er Mister Vance," the Splitter told him. "He said hit wid his own mouf. Go ax him."

"Mister Vance is de natchal guv'mer man, speakin' for Uncle Sam," Giles admitted. "Efn he want a preacher, he gits a preacher. But you listen at me, Splitter." His voice hardened and his eyes narrowed. "I don't never have no truck wid preachers, and I don't aims to have no trouble wid you. Efn de guv'mer figger he need a preacher and efn Mister Vance pick you for de job, well, I'm hyar to see dat you preaches hard and stiddy."

"Dat," stated the Splitter proudly, "is de onliest way I preaches."

"Hit don't make me no diff'unce," went on Giles, "whether you preaches sermons and sings hymns or whether you pitches dirt and swings a pick. De fust thing I wants to see ev'y mawnin', quick as hit gits light enough for me to see, I wants to see you bearin' down on de job."

"Daybreak," the Splitter promised, "ain't too early for me to start, and sundown ain't too late for me to quit."

"All right," said Giles. "Dat's de way a man got to work around me. You's workin' now. So git goin'. And I means, th'ow hit in high, and lemme hyar hit rattle."

The Splitter turned to a crew of gravel spreaders. "Ev'ybody got to sing," he roared at them. "Hit's de gospel f'm on high and hit's de gospel f'm on below. And ev'ybody needn't try to sing bass, 'cause I'm fixin' to take keer er dat my own se'f!"

HE PASSED from group to group, giving them appropriate songs and the workers picked up the singing as dutifully as they had picked up their tools.

"I mean," the Splitter told them, "ev'ybody got to sing. Christian friends, and low-down hypocrites. Dice-th'owin' gamblers and midnight ramblers." He raised his head, sniffed suspiciously and then turned to a group of people standing on the roadside watching the work. "Liars, backsliders and dancin' daughters!"

"Amen," said the fattest woman in the group. "Say on, Splitter. Be not disencouraged, 'cause God will change conditions!"

"I'm tawkin' 'bout de Widow Duck," the Splitter yelled, "and I'm tawkin' 'bout de no-good bayou-wawkers, too! Ev'ybody got to jine in. Sing for de Lawd or sing for Uncle Sam. You kin sing for me or you kin sing for Giles. But you better sing—

" '—Bury my body, Lawd,' " the workers chorused, and WPA Project No. 3189SL421 progressed more rapidly than the regional director even dared hope.

The sweet torture of martyrdom settled upon the soul of Sin-Splitter Samuel. He was expiating a sin—not merely one little sin committed forty years ago but a sin which had been committed continuously, day after day, for the forty long years during which he had neglected to tell the Lord about the night he broke away from the prison farm.

Exhorting, singing, praying and preaching, day after day, the Sin-Splitter drove himself. Giles found it hard to complain about his work. He was on the job at daylight and he remained until the sun went down. For extra penance he turned Balaam free to graze on the rich grass of the roadside and did his work on foot. He "neighbored" his meals and bed in the cabins of the workers who lived near by, and when Sunday came he touched peaks of piety seldom reached by man.

On that day, the Splitter called an open-air service which started at dawn.

"My tex' is," he told them, "dat hit take grace and grit to spread de gospel. And my subjec' is, I got what hit takes."

"Well, le's hyar you preach hit," the Widow Duck encouraged, " 'cause dat sound like God had already done changed conditions."

Sin-Splitter Samuel preached steadily, resting only when spontaneous singing or shouting drowned him out. Once, early in the services, somebody offered to take up a collection, but the Splitter wouldn't have it. "Jawn say," he thundered, "dat salvation is free, and I'm jest bolgin' wid hit!"

AT NOON, when he climbed down from the stump he had been using as a pulpit, his voice was almost a whisper. He was trembling from weakness and fatigue, but everyone agreed that now "de devil wa'n't no bigger'n a gnat."

After a meager noon meal, the Sin-Splitter waded in Bodcau Bayou until the water came to his armpits; and he stood there all afternoon and baptized nearly two hundred new converts and regenerated backsliders.

However, the Splitter was not yet happy in his soul. The peace that habitually reigned in his mind was disturbed in a way he did not understand. He drove himself harder on the job, setting a faster pace for the workers, as he sang bass and shouted exhortations.

On Tuesday, the Widow Duck spoke to Giles. "He liable to work hisse'f to death," she warned.

"Hit'd be good ruddance, too," Giles told her sourly. "I don't like preachers, and I 'specially don't like him. Efn he let down one notch in de hame string, I'm gonter make him hard to ketch."

Toward the end of the week, it was apparent that the job was nearly finished. Mr. Vance came out Friday morning, pleased with the situation.

"If we could work tomorrow," he told Giles, "we could get this job done this week."

"How come us can't work tomorrow?" Giles wanted to know. "Tomorrow gonter be another day, ain't hit?"

"Tomorrow," Mr. Vance informed him, "everybody has got to come to Benton and get paid."

Giles was stunned. "Paid?" he echoed.

"We've got to pay off before the bank closes at noon," Mr. Vance went on. "The government pays off with a check and the bank—"

"Please, suh," Giles insisted, "does you mean us gonter git paid in cash money?"

"That's right," said Mr. Vance. "Starting at nine in the morning. Have everybody there."

"We'll be dar," Giles gulped.

As soon as Mr. Vance left, Giles made an announcement. "Efn us git dis job done befo' midnight, tonight," he shouted, "hit'll be payday tomorrow in Benton!"

It was the first news anybody had heard about payday and the word had an electric effect upon them all. Men and boys not employed on the project joined the workers. Women toted water for the men and cheered from the side lines. When a man stopped to drink or fell from exhaustion, a woman grabbed his shovel and "gave him a breathin' spell."

The last hundred yards of tarred gravel was spread by moonlight. Giles sat upon his horse, watch in hand, to make certain the work did not carry over into the new day. It was a whirlwind finish, a triumph for Giles and also for the first of the government's farmer-aid projects in North Louisiana.

But the Reverend Sin-Splitter Samuel was not there at the end. As soon as he heard the announcement about payday, the confusion in his soul cleared up like fog in the sunshine. Once more a tranquil peace that comes only with complete understanding settled upon his mind.

"Giles," the Splitter said to himself, "is a sinner, and a sinner can't he'p lyin' whether he knows hit or not. Hit was fixin' to be payday all de time, but I listened at de word er Satan drippin' offn Giles' tongue. Humph!" He slipped away from the road, caught Balaam and rode away.

THE next morning, promptly at nine o'clock, old Sin-Splitter Samuel received a government check for eight days' work. At the bank he traded the check for eight one-dollar bills. That was only the beginning. He then mounted Balaam and took post across the street from the bank, under the spreading limbs of a live oak. He watched while two hundred workers took the checks into the bank and exchanged them for cash money.

"Paul say," the Sin-Splitter roared in his best pulpit voice, "dat hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. I got de grace, and I got de grit, so y'all come and gimme de greenbacks. Y'all worked 'leven days out yonder, and y'all drawed 'leven dollars. Ten dollars is enough for a Christian, and too much for a sinner. Come on an' gimme dat extra dollar. Drap hit in my hat an' bathe yo' soul outn temptation. I preached and I prayed and I sung out yonder, and y'all didn't gimme a copper penny, cause you didn't had hit to give. But now you got, and Paul say efn you love de Lawd make me know hit wid a frogskin in my hat!"

Giles watched and grinned as he saw man after man step forward and drop a bill into the Splitter's plug hat. They had worked for their money and if they wanted to give it away to the Splitter, it was none of Giles' business. But the Widow Duck, who had come over to watch payday, did not like it.

"Ain't dat's a shame," she growled to Giles. "Dem mens givin' de Splitter dey money like dat."

"Come easy, go easy," Giles laughed. "Hit ain't no skin offn my back."

"Beggin' for money for de preachin' he done on de road," she grumbled, "when de guv'mer was payin' him wages to do dat."

"Hunh?" Giles demanded. "De guv'mer done what?"

"De guv'mer paid him eight dollars to preach dem eight days," the Widow Duck informed him. "I seed him when he got his money. Same as de mens which swung picks and h'isted shovels."

"Dat low-down dog!" Giles yelled. "Gittin' paid for not workin', and den beggin' money f'm dem which did!" Words failed him, and his body demanded physical action.

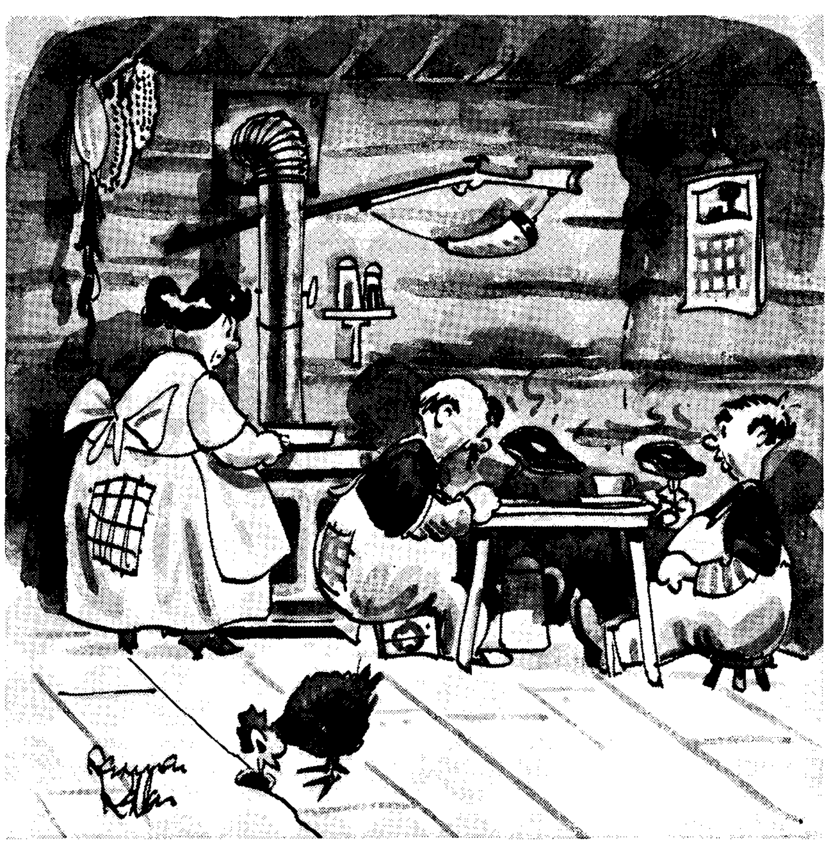
He charged blindly through the crowd gathered around the Splitter. "I'll drag him offn dat mule," Giles muttered, "and I'll beat a knot on his haid for ev'y dollar he begged."

The Splitter did not see Giles coming. He was too busy receiving contributions and asking for more. But Balaam saw Giles and wheeled about as Giles approached. His hind heels missed the foreman's face by inches as he picked up speed and bolted through the crowd, leaving Benton at a fast lope.

The Sin-Splitter did not know what was happening, but he trusted Balaam and clung to the mule with his long bony legs.

Half a mile from town, Balaam slowed down to his easy fox trot and the Splitter began to transfer one-dollar bills from his hat to his pocket.

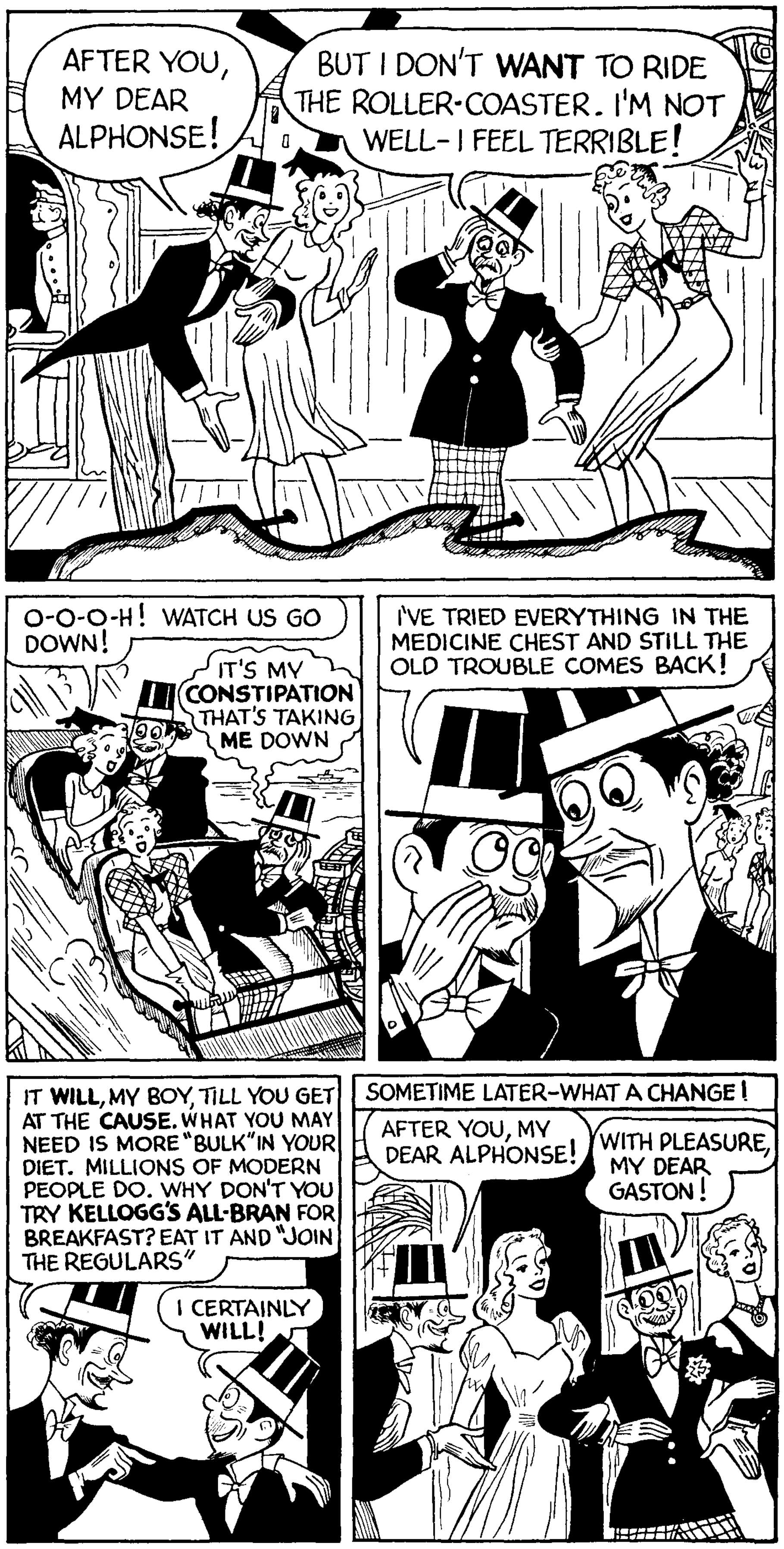
"Balaam," the Splitter commented quietly, "dat was a mighty sudden lick you tuck at ole Satan, back yonder. Dat's de way hit's done—quick and fast, befo' he know what hit him."



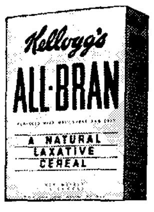
"Too bad the government doesn't inspect this meat after it's cooked, instead of before"

REAMER KELLER

ALPHONSE AND GASTON SEE CONEY ISLAND


AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO RIDE THE ROLLER-COASTER. I'M NOT WELL-I FEEL TERRIBLE!
O-O-O-H! WATCH US GO DOWN!
IT'S MY CONSTIPATION THAT'S TAKING ME DOWN
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING IN THE MEDICINE CHEST AND STILL THE OLD TROUBLE COMES BACK!
IT WILL, MY BOY, TILL YOU GET AT THE CAUSE. WHAT YOU MAY NEED IS MORE "BULK" IN YOUR DIET. MILLIONS OF MODERN PEOPLE DO. WHY DON'T YOU TRY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST? EAT IT AND "JOIN THE REGULARS"
I CERTAINLY WILL!
SOMETIME LATER-WHAT A CHANGE!
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!

Doesn't this sound like common sense about our common ailment—constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not seek to prevent it by getting at its *cause?* If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran may be just the "ounce of prevention" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water and "Join the Regulars." Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

an Invitation
to a different
VACATION
2 WEEKS in NEW MEXICO
LAND OF ENCHANTMENT
for You!

Turning the pages of this colorful booklet is like opening doors that lead to strange and enchanted lands. Here you will glimpse the charm and fascination of New Mexico—its sweeping *mesas* and majestic mountains, its magnificent Carlsbad Caverns National Park, its eighteen historic National Monuments, its ancient Mission churches, its quaint Indian *pueblos* and its thriving modern cities. You'll sense the salty tang of the real West, you'll feel the touch of sun-warmed breezes and the crisp coolness of midsummer nights under blankets away up in the High Country. You'll imagine the explorer's thrill in prehistoric ruins, you'll.... but why not send for the booklet and let it tell its own story? Use the coupon—now!

NEW MEXICO
STATE TOURIST BUREAU

New Mexico State Tourist Bureau,
Room 506, State Capitol,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Gentlemen: Please send your free booklet "Two Weeks in New Mexico" and your official 1939 Road Map to:
Name...
Address...

Chance is an Enemy

Continued from page 14

conservative shopkeeper. No one, as far as Kerrigan knew, had ever discovered his nationality, and the mélange of features he possessed made it difficult to guess. He spoke a number of languages fluently. He was as international as the sun and a tireless trader in the open espionage market.

KERRIGAN'S dark eyes chided him. "Remember, you're not speaking to Jack Kerrigan of Apex now. I couldn't buy the time off you. Or don't you know that Jonas Packenham, the head of Apex, blacklisted me in every newspaper office in the country?"

Ruell poured more wine. "I knew that practically as soon as you did. This is what I know."

He paused to watch Christophe as the latter walked to the front windows and stood at one, peering out between the curtains.

Ruell went on: "Yes, this is what I know. While in Paris in August of 1935, you employed a Frenchwoman named Adrienne Pelletier to transcribe on the typewriter a series of political observations you had made over a period of six months spent in Berlin. She worked in your apartment, using your own typewriter. At the same time she also wrote letters for you, which you dictated, and took care of minor details. She was at the time thirty-five and, unknown to you, in love with a German named Franz Auermann.

"Your writings had to do with conditions in Germany. If they were published, a number of heads would fall. We must assume that either she related the contents of your writings to Auermann or showed him the papers. At the end of August your writings were concluded and so, having no further need of Adrienne Pelletier, you dismissed her. Early in September, Auermann appeared before the manager of Apex's Paris bureau, Mr. Oldmorrow, and said that he had heard you were about to release a series of articles concerning high German officials. He told the manager that if you did so, he was prepared to produce a check, drawn on his American bank in the amount of five thousand dollars, as proof that he had paid you to destroy these articles.

"You of course denied it. The check was produced. Your signature of endorsement was on the back of it. And your bank showed that you had deposited it by post, as you were in the habit of doing with your checks."

KERRIGAN'S eyes were hard and lacquer-bright. "That check was originally for five dollars. While the Pelletier woman worked for me, this man came to see her one day. He said he was Frank Aronson, an American importer. He took a fancy to an etching hanging on one of my walls and asked to buy it. I didn't think much of it, so I said he could go ahead and take it. But he insisted on making some payment. So I said, all right, a hundred francs. He asked if a check drawn on his New York bank would be all right. I said sure. He made it out for five dollars and the next day, when the Pelletier woman was sending several of my checks to my American bank for deposit, she reminded me to endorse it. I did.

"What they must have done was this: after I'd endorsed it, Auermann—the way he wrote his name, you couldn't make it out; it looked as much like Frank Aronson as Franz Auermann—Auermann raised it from five dollars to five thousand. Then Adrienne Pelletier sent it off with the other checks. Auermann's superiors were willing to pay five thousand to break me, and they succeeded! The Pelletier woman was my only witness, and she had vanished. And then a month later she and Auermann were found bashed to pieces in a plane wreck in Poland. It was the check that ruined me." He took a drink. "That's evidence you can't beat, Ruell!" He chuckled dryly. "That job was probably better than anything even you could have done."

Ruell said, "But I can beat it. Today, I can beat it. I can produce the means to clear your reputation."

Kerrigan shook his head. "Nope. Not just by going up to Jonas Packenham and saying, 'Look, Kerrigan is innocent.' Remember, Auermann and the Pelletier woman are dead."

"But today," Ruell insisted, "I will produce the means of rehabilitating you. If you will do something for me."

Kerrigan was unreasonably angry. "I'll not play your dirty game, Ruell!" He smacked the table with his palm.

"You'd rather be a little clerk who makes so much money that his wife is forced to seek employment in order—"

"Shut up!"

Ruell brushed his thick fingers lightly together and was not offended. "You are touchy on that subject also, eh?"

"You figured I would be."

Ruell nodded amicably. "Very well, then. Let us change the subject. Let us change it abruptly." He clapped his hands gently. "Like that. Now." He leaned forward on his elbows. "What are your feelings toward Nicholas Santry?"

Suddenly there was a sharp, sibilant sound. Kerrigan twisted his head and saw Christophe's right hand gripping the window curtains, holding them together.

A chair scraped. It was Ruell's. Ruell was on his feet, grabbing up his hat and overcoat. All at once his voice was quick, clipped: "I will phone you at your home, Kerrigan. Do not be alarmed."

He turned and drummed his heels toward the kitchen. He slapped open the swing door. It clacked a couple of times afterward, then was motionless. Kerrigan remained seated.

The front door opened and a man stepped in quietly and looked around. He was about forty and wore a gray raglan topcoat and a limp brown hat cocked impudently over one ear.

Christophe bubbled, "Monsieur, I am sorry I am closing up."

"I'm not buying anything. I'm just looking around. For a friend. I guess he's not here. Okay." The man turned and walked out.

Christophe closed the door. "Please, Monsieur," he said, "I desire to close up! For one night, I have had sufficient!"

"Me too," said Kerrigan, rising, putting on his hat.

WHEN he got home it was half past eleven and Julia was propped up in bed, reading. He said, "Hello, honey."

Julia said, "I've been worried, Kerry."

"H'm?"

He walked across the small bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed.

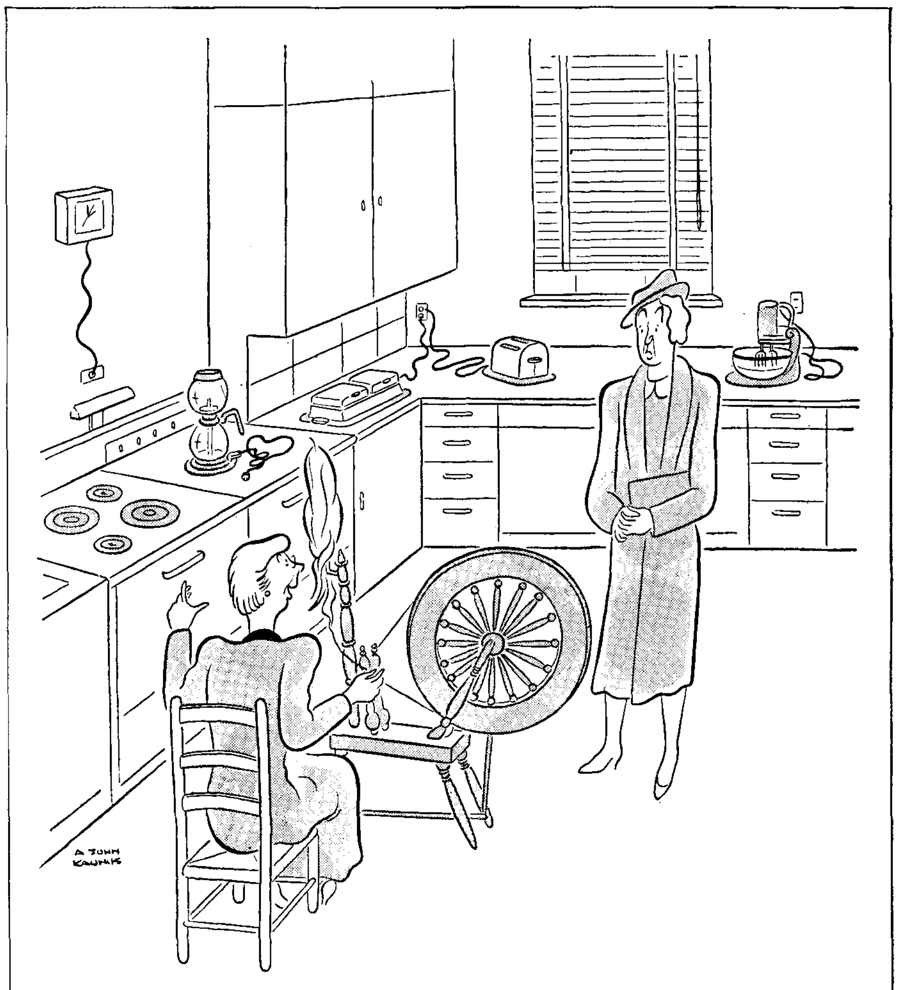
"H'm? Worried? About what?"

"The man Ruell." She took a deep breath, smiled. "I'm so glad you're back!"

He turned his gaze on the wall and was silent for a while. Then he said meditatively, "Ruell knows something." The fire in his eyes grew in intensity. Abruptly he turned to her and put his hands on her arms and held them tightly.

"What, darling?" she said.

He told her what had taken place at



"Thanks to these labor-saving appliances I can make my own yarn"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

Business Week · January 21, 1939

New Auto Headache Is "Varnish"

Engineers discuss ways of preventing the accumulation of gummy material on pistons and other parts. Oil companies seek a remedy.

A NON-ICING CARBURETOR for aircraft engines, to make high-altitude and cold-weather flying safer, was one of the matters discussed in Detroit at the annual convention of the Society of Automotive Engineers. Am

comfort in automobiles.

Some 2,800 engineers, and others interested in the automotive and allied industries, attended the convention, largely because of a session devoted to a relatively new automotive headache—"varnish" deposit in engines. What happens is that after some thousands of miles of operation, a varnish-like material is deposited on pistons, piston pins, piston rings, bearings, etc., accumulating in such quantities as to cause rings to "stick" (wasting fuel) and sometimes even causing engines to freeze so tight that the starter won't turn them over.

Affecting alike car designers, oil refineries, and car owners, the problem becomes increasingly serious, apparently, as engine efficiencies are increased, and therefore it is feared as a major service trouble on the more efficient 1939 cars.

etc.

Only point on which engineers seemed to agree was that the problem would not have been serious in older type engines and has become important mainly on account of the small clearances built into modern motors. Many were ready to admit that "varnish" formation may have been going on for years but was dismissed or overlooked as unimportant as long as it didn't cause operating difficulties. However, many engineers now believe that difficulties in car operation formerly imputed to such causes as vapor-lock, or to excessively lean mixtures, were probably due to varnish formation and incipient engine-sticking.

That's why you need *INSULATED* oil

YEAR BY YEAR, cars are changing. *And oils have to change to keep pace.*

The genius of the motor-makers who create engines that turn over ever more speedily and that work with ever narrowing clearances gives you more power, greater economy, better performance.

But these faster, tighter engines expose your oil to greater heats. Safe lubrication becomes a problem. Under hard driving, old-style oils may form a dangerous varnish—varnish that can actually "freeze" a modern engine.

Havoline will not form harmful varnish. It is insulated to give complete protection to the faster engines of today. It is ideal for any engine. You can't get a better oil at any price.

The clean piston is as good as new. It was lubricated with insulated oil. The varnished piston seized. It was lubricated with an old-style oil.

Stop where you see the Texaco Star. That's a sure sign of Insulated Havoline Oil, Fire-Chief Gasoline, dependable Marfak Lubrication, helpful, courteous service and clean Registered Rest Rooms.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 7:00 M.S.T., 6:00 P.S.T.

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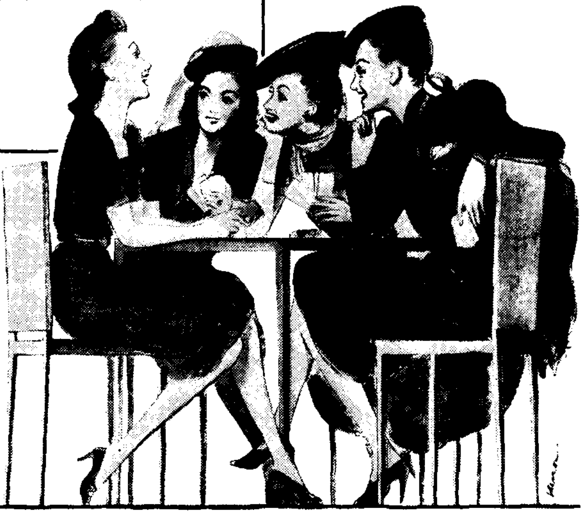
"Smart girl...
my mother-in-law!"

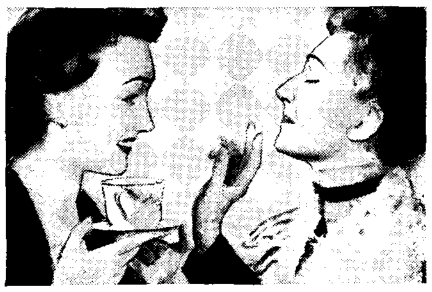


1. I knew John's folks were a bit old-fashioned, and I dreaded our first visit to his old home town. What an old-fashioned place it was . . . and my new mother-in-law fitted it exactly!

2. The first night we're there, mother-in-law served black coffee . . . at 11 o'clock! Now I *love* coffee . . . but I'm one of those who can't drink it. The caffein keeps me awake!

3. Of course, I knew I should never touch coffee at that time of night! But, I didn't want to embarrass her, so I drank a cup. And, glory be, was that coffee *delicious!*

4. I made some polite comment about how good it was, so mother-in-law insisted I have a second cup. "But, really," I protested, "one cup is all I dare take! As it is, I probably shan't sleep a wink!"



5. "Nonsense!" said mother-in-law. "This coffee can't keep you awake. It's Sanka Coffee—97% caffein-free!" "No! Really?" I chortled. "In that case . . ." Well, I drank two more cups . . . and I slept like a top!

6. Next morning, she told me: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'." Smart girl, my mother-in-law . . . to know that, too!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!
—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

Christophe's. It brought color rushing into her face and then all at once the color fled and she was white.

"Darling, don't get mixed up in anything!" she cried. "I don't like the sound of any of it. You've described Ruell to me so many times that I almost feel I know him. And I don't trust him. And what have you got to give, Kerry?"

He closed her hand between his palms. "I don't know. But he does. He asked me what my feelings were toward Santry." His lip curled. "I hadn't time to tell him!"

He stood up and crossed the room, braced his arms on the window sill and peered out across a hopeless jumble of rooftops. "We deserve more than this, Julia. I don't know about me. But you do. Smelly alleys and brawling neighbors."

She said, "I can understand what it all means to you, darling. But somehow I'm satisfied just having you; this way; any way."

The telephone rang and he went into the living room and picked it up.

"Kerrigan?"

"Yes."

"Ruell speaking."

"Oh. Who was that fellow looking for you?"

Ruell said, "Can you meet me somewhere tomorrow?"

"Remember, I'm a working man."

"You have a luncheon hour?"

"Between one and two"

"At ten past one, in the smoking room at Grand Central Terminal. Yes?"

KERRIGAN went into the Grand Central waiting room and walked down the wide aisle into the men's smoking room. It was five past one but Ruell was already there, seated in the far right-hand corner near the telephone booths. He did not rise. There was no change of expression on his face. Kerrigan sat down beside him and said:

"Christophe must have known who that guy was, to warn you."

"He merely suspected. While watching at the window, he saw the man stroll past several times and look at the door. When the man stopped, Christophe thought it best to warn me."

"He must be a good friend of yours."

"He does not want trouble."

"Who is the man?"

Ruell said, "I don't know. It is worth a great deal to me to find out. The night before last my hotel room was searched. In the lobby of my hotel I saw, prior to that, a man such as Christophe later described to me. It is important for me to know whether this man is an agent of the State Department or"—he put his palms together without a sound—"a man hired by Nicholas Santry."

Kerrigan's hands were clenched in his coat pockets.

He said, without looking at Ruell, "I get it. You want me to find out."

"Yes," said Ruell.

"Why are you worried about the State Department?"

"For reasons of my own."

"Or about Santry?"

"Also, for reasons of my own. By a regrettable coincidence, Santry was also a passenger on the Ionic, on which I crossed."

Kerrigan sat up straight. "Santry in New York?"

Ruell nodded. "He resigned two weeks ago from Apex. I think he fears that I know why he is in America. Besides, he fears me. He is a weak man, and dangerous."

Kerrigan said, "And if I find out for you, you'll produce the means to clear me." It was not a question but a statement peppered slightly with sarcasm.

"When you have found out; not before. I want to know if Santry is having me shadowed. If it is not Santry, then it is the State Department. You will not be required to do anything beyond that."

"Where are you stopping?"

"The address is unnecessary. The telephone number is here." He handed Kerrigan a slip of paper. "Santry is at the Hotel Cheltham."

He stood up and without a word, without a backward look, strode out of the smoking room.

Kerrigan crumpled the slip of paper and flung it under the seat. He plowed his hands deep into his coat pockets and tramped out.

Forty-second Street was bright and noisy and windy. Kerrigan headed west; turned north on Madison Avenue. What he would do, he would stop at the bookstore where Julia worked. He wanted to hear her say, "Stay out of it, darling." This was when you needed a wife, a wife like Julia.

It was twenty to two when he entered the bookstore. A gray-haired woman approached him; and looking around over her head, he said:

"Where's Mrs. Kerrigan?"

"Mrs. Kerrigan is no longer here."

"What?" he said gravely.

"Since a week ago. We were sorry to see her go. You know how it is when the management feels it must cut down on expenses. Can I do something for you?"

"No." He flipped the pages of a book. "No, thanks."

He walked down Madison. His chest hurt. She'd been out of a job for a week and hadn't told him. And over at the tourist agency there was rumor of a lay-off also.

He pulled up at Forty-fourth Street and waited for the traffic on Madison to stop. The agency was in West Forty-fourth. The traffic stopped but he did not cross. He was thinking, "These lousy, puny scruples of mine!" He turned and walked fast down Madison, swung east into Forty-second Street and was almost running by the time he reached Grand Central. Beneath the seat near the telephone booths in the smoking room, he recovered Ruell's slip of paper. Then he hurried back to the agency.

JULIA was broiling two small hamburger steaks filleted with bacon strips. She did not hear Kerrigan come in.

"Hi, Jule!" he called out. He tossed his hat and topcoat on the sofa and strode into the bathroom. He consumed an elaborate period of time washing his face and hands, combing his hair. When he came out, Julia was putting water glasses on the folding table.

"Smell good?" she said, nodding toward the kitchen.

"Beautiful." He gave her a kiss and a slap. "I'll make a couple of cocktails."

"There's no gin, Kerry. I plain forgot." She didn't look at him. "There's only a can of ale left."

"Okay. We'll split the ale."

"No; you drink it. I don't want—"

"We split it, sweetheart."

Well, she was still putting up a good front. He didn't have the heart to break it down. He wasn't going to tell her that he had stopped at the bookstore. He wasn't going to tell her anything.

After dinner he helped her with the dishes and when they had finished he said, "Well, I think I'll go out for a while."

She watched him put on his hat and overcoat. He watched her watching him.

"Ruell," she said, her lip quivering.

"Don't worry," he said, and went out quickly.

He remembered the cold, prim, matter-of-fact manner in which Santry had spoken to Oldmorrow, and the way Oldmorrow had dropped his eyes. Kerrigan, already deflated because of the damning evidence the endorsed check represented, had merely closed his eyes and sighed. He had thought, "You lie, Santry. But what does it matter now?" And he had heard Santry's quiet, pedantic voice say, "I am telling you this, Mr. Oldmorrow, because I feel it is my duty to Apex." Kerrigan had laughed suddenly and raucously and Oldmorrow had snapped, "Cut it, Kerry!" And then added, "You'll have to see Packenham in New York."

Striding into the Cheltham lobby, he knew exactly how Santry would look. He remembered clearly the white, round face, with mouth, nose and eyes concentrated in the very center of it; a small man's pointed features in the middle of a tall fat man's face. The small shell-like glasses. The plume of gray hair above each ear which should have made him look distinguished and didn't. The fat conical shoulders.

But Kerrigan told himself, "I must be nice to him. I must kid him into believing I don't hold anything against him." Into a house telephone he said, "Ring Mr. Nicholas Santry, please." And while waiting he wondered how he might be able to do this and at the same time discover if Santry were having Ruell followed.

"Hello," a man's voice growled.

"Santry?"

"No."

"Let me speak to Mr. Santry."

"He can't, right now."

"I'm an old friend of his. Tell him Kerrigan would like to see him."

THERE was a momentary pause, then the voice said, "Well, look, if you're a friend of his, come up and maybe help me straighten something out."

"What room?"

"Six-ten."

Kerrigan pushed the instrument slowly down into its cradle and walked thoughtfully to the elevators. The man who opened the door of 610 wore an expression that was half puzzled and half exasperated. He threw up his hands limply, said, "I can't do anything with him. See what you can do." His eyes, striking Kerrigan casually at first, hit him intently the second time. "Say, I've seen you somewhere before."

Kerrigan shrugged. "That so? What's the matter with Nick?"

"Plastered. What did you say your name was?"

"Kerrigan. I used to work with him."

"Was he always a screwball?"

"No. Pretty steady type."

"Say, I know I've seen you somewhere before!"

Kerrigan was walking slowly across the large living room toward an open door. The man suddenly jumped in front of him, saying, "Wait a minute! Just wait a minute!" He cocked a thumb. "Last night. In a restaurant in West Twenty— Now hold on, pal! There's something I don't understand here!" He jumped back and there was a gun in his hand. "Turn around. Put your hands up."

Kerrigan turned around and felt deft fingers race from pocket to pocket and up beneath his arm.

The man said, "Okay. Drop 'em."

Kerrigan turned, but the man was still holding the gun. Kerrigan said, "Since when has Nick been hiring gunmen?"

"Gunman your neck! My name's Farrell! I'm a private cop, damn it!" Abruptly he thrust his gun into his pocket. "Your friend hired me to tail a guy and get the address of every place he stopped at. I did that for four days. There weren't many. Then he had me bust in the guy's hotel room and see if there were any papers, or letters there, with his name in them. I did and there wasn't. He got dissatisfied. He said maybe I wasn't following him to all the addresses. Well, maybe I did miss some, but I sure walked off a lot of shoe leather. Then last night I tailed him to that French restaurant and hung around outside.

"In about an hour I walked up the street to a phone booth and phoned Santry and said, 'He's been in a restaurant called Christophe's, down here in West Twenty-sixth Street, for an hour.' This seemed to mean something, because he said, 'Go in and see who he's with.' When I went in, he was gone. And when I got back here, Santry was drinking. I didn't think he was a drinking guy. But there he was, guzzling away.

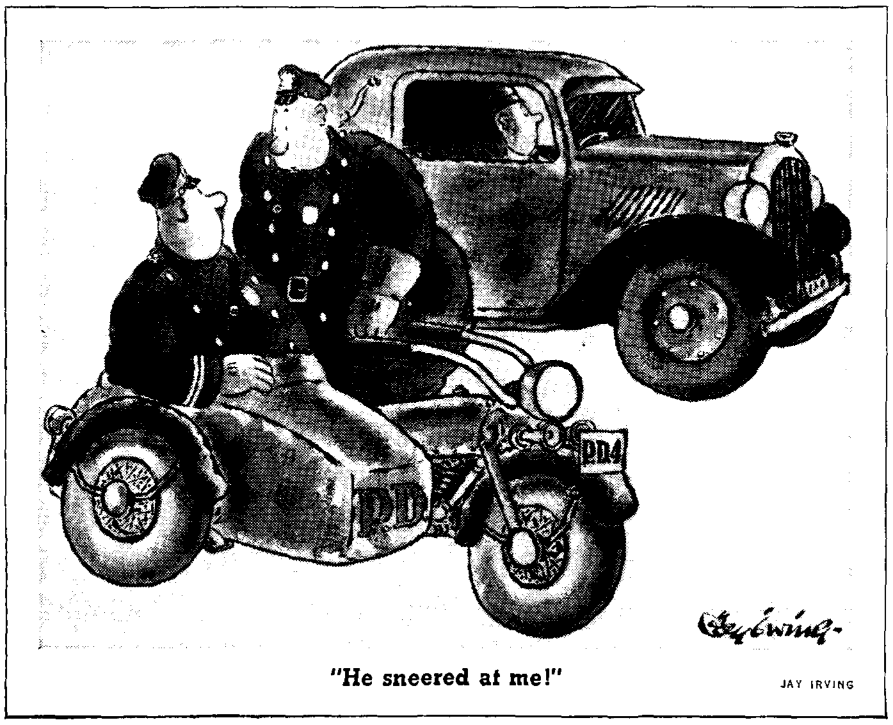
"When I told him the guy'd given me the skiperoo, he blew up. I got sore and went home. So tonight I says to myself, 'I'm through with that guy, but I'm going to get what he owes me.' So when I get here he's reeling around and shoving bullets into a gun. I take it away from him and he comes after it and I give him a slap. So then he goes back to the bottle again. Listen—he owes me forty bucks and I want it!"

Kerrigan said, "Keep your shirt on." He strolled to the bedroom doorway and leaned in it. Santry lay on the bed, fully dressed. He was drunk and less than semiconscious.

Crossing to the bed, Kerrigan bent over him, shook him, said, "Santry! Santry!" But there was no response.

"See?" said Farrell. "What did I tell you?"

Kerrigan turned. He felt that he was



"He sneered at me!"

JAY IRVING

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

IT makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years.

It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. By following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to have a monthly income guaranteed to you for life, beginning fifteen years from now.

Not only that, but if you should die before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives. Or, if you should be totally disabled for six months or more, you would not be expected to pay any premiums that fell due while you were disabled.

$150 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $150 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1. A check for $150 when you reach 55 and a check for $150 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2. A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3. A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

This Retirement Income Plan is guaranteed by the Phoenix Mutual, a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force and a record of more than 75 years of public service. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel at the time when every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men. Similar plans are available to women. It is not limited to persons of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages that you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

What does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

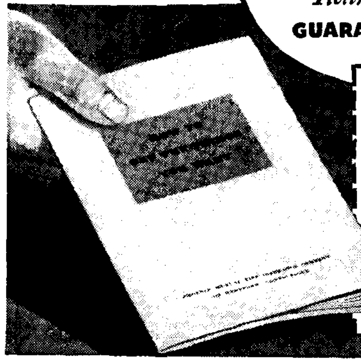
Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown at the left. It tells all about the Plan. Send for your copy of the booklet now. The coupon is for your convenience.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE



Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
347 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT PLAN.

Name ____________________

Date of Birth ____________________

Business Address ____________________

Home Address ____________________

Copr. 1939, by Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

"Adam—
if you know what I know—you'll fall for this label, too!"

Ever since Eve ate first from the tree of knowledge, women have known more about some things than men—about fabrics, for instance.

That's why—when a woman buys shirts for a man—she invariably chooses Fruit-of-the-Loom Shirts. She knows—as her mother knew—that Fruit-of-the-Loom is the sterling mark of fabric quality.

Beautifully styled, handsomely tailored—and SANFORIZED against shrinkage—these smart new Fruit-of-the-Loom Shirts, with their famous Cantwilt Collars, so completely reflect the peak of fashion and quality that they're *sold with a* MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. On sale, in white and plain shades and in a wide variety of distinctive fast-color patterns—at leading men's wear departments and haberdashers.

If, perchance, you are unable to obtain Fruit-of-the-Loom Shirts in your locality—write direct to us for name of nearest dealer.

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FRUIT OF THE LOOM SHIRTS

Tailored by Needles

P. S.—and for the last word in Nightwear—
FRUIT-of-the-LOOM PAJAMAS
FAIRMOUNT $1.65 *ROYAL FABRIC* $2.00

very close to the solution of those strange events which had caused the wreckage of his own career. Yet he knew he could get nothing out of Santry now or perhaps for hours longer. But he must, he also knew, keep Santry where he could find him.

He picked up the telephone and said to the operator, "Call an ambulance."

"What you doing?" Farrell asked.

"Hospital. He's in pretty bad shape."

WHEN they had taken Santry to the hospital Kerrigan telephoned Ruell from a mid-town booth, said, "Kerrigan. Where can I meet you?"

Ruell gave him an address in West Nineteenth Street. It took Kerrigan fifteen minutes to reach it. When he entered the vestibule he pressed the button beside the name, J. Christophe. It was nine o'clock. The door clicked open and on the second floor he found Ruell awaiting him.

"Christophe must be a good friend," Kerrigan said as they entered a small, comfortable apartment.

Ruell shrugged and sat down in an armchair. "Well?" he said.

Kerrigan looked at two traveling bags, side by side, with Ruell's overcoat thrown across them. He said, "Going somewhere?"

"That will depend on what kind of information you give me. Either I catch the Centralia, which sails in less than an hour, or I do not. Well?"

Kerrigan lit a cigarette and over the flame his eyes measured Ruell. He blew out the match. "A lot will depend also, Ruell, on what kind of information you give me. Why did Santry resign from Apex? What's he doing in America?"

Ruell frowned impatiently. "That is only incidental. It has no bearing on your case. It will not clear you."

"I'm curious."

Ruell shrugged. "He resigned for two reasons. One, because when he indicted you before Oldmorrow he lost, for some sentimental reason, the respect of his fellow correspondents. They cut him at every turn. He could not bear it. And then he found an opportunity to come to America as a Fascist propaganda agent. This he suspected me of knowing. He was right; but he was wrong when he suspected that I intended to betray him. There was nothing in it for me." He leaned back and his jaw was suddenly stubborn. "Come, what have you discovered?"

KERRIGAN was still measuring him. Presently he said, "It was not a State Department agent. It was a man Santry hired to tail you."

"Ah!" Ruell struck his thigh. "Good!"

"When the man reported that you visited Christophe's, Santry went to pieces. Now you talk, Ruell."

Ruell looked at his watch. "Yes. He feared I would meet a person at Christophe's whom he also knew. He was afraid I would use this person against him. I had no intention of doing this at first; later, circumstances forced me to do so. It was necessary for me to know whether I was being shadowed by Santry's man or a State Department agent." He stood up and put on his overcoat. He looked at his watch again. "Now I can sail on the Centralia, knowing that I will not be apprehended at the pier by a government agent."

Kerrigan rose. "Listen, Ruell," he said dangerously, "don't talk around me. You said you would—"

"Yes; produce the means of clearing you with Apex. I—" A buzzer sounded and Ruell said, "Ah, that will be Madame Christophe. She attends the cash register at the restaurant until nine. She loaned me her key." He pressed a button beside the door. He thrust a blue envelope into Kerrigan's hand, then opened the door and picked up his bags.

Kerrigan got in his way. "Listen, Ruell—"

"Madame Christophe!" Ruell exclaimed. "I did not expect you so soon! I am hurrying to catch a boat—"

Suddenly Kerrigan forgot about him. Standing at the head of the staircase, staring, her face draining slowly of all color, was Adrienne Pelletier. Ruell barged past her, toiling with his bags. His feet thumped down the staircase. Adrienne Pelletier's teeth closed hard. Her jaw shook. She took one step forward and then all the bones in her body seemed to collapse and she fainted.

Julia said, "Darling, you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"I haven't, Jule," Kerrigan said, scaling his hat across the room. "I've seen Adrienne Pelletier."

"But she's dead, Kerry!"

He shook his head. "No. She's alive. She's the wife, now, of a funny little restaurateur named Christophe." He took hold of Julia's hand and led her across to the sofa. They sat down. "The woman killed in that plane wreck was not Adrienne Pelletier. The man was Auermann, all right, but it was another woman traveling on Adrienne Pelletier's passport. Auermann had stolen it. The Pelletier woman didn't report it because she was afraid she would be thrown in jail for what she and Auermann had done to me. She was living under an assumed name at the time of the wreck. Adrienne Otard.

"Last year she met Christophe in Paris. He was back home, on a visit. He asked her to marry him. She said she'd think it over. He returned to America. The more she thought of it, the more she wanted to go to America. But she had no money and she had no passport. She'd heard of Ruell and went to him and asked if he could fix her a passport under the name of Adrienne Otard. But she had no money. Ruell told her that she might be able to get some by going to Santry and telling him that she proposed to tell just how she and Auermann had framed me. She did. Santry fell for it. He was afraid of losing his job. He gave her ten thousand francs to keep quiet. That was a year ago."

"Oh, darling!" Julia cried, gripping his hands.

"She came to America. She married Christophe. Then Ruell came over." He wagged his head. "It's probably the first time in his life that he didn't travel on business, or to escape capture. Ruell, of all people, had fallen for the Pelletier woman. But he found her married when he got here. All at once he was Ruell again. Hard. Tough. No quarter."

"But what about Santry?"

"I sent him to a hospital." He told her about Santry. "I phoned Jonas Packenham a little while ago. He'll see the Pelletier woman tomorrow—and Santry when Santry's sober enough."

Julia puckered her forehead. "But how do you know you'll be able to get her again?"

"Ruell was thorough," he said, drawing a blue envelope from his pocket. "Her passport's in here. The one Ruell fixed for her a year ago. He must have stolen it from her. At any rate, he gave it to me."

JULIA shivered. "I was afraid for a minute that you were going to say you'd taken pity on her—and after all she did to you."

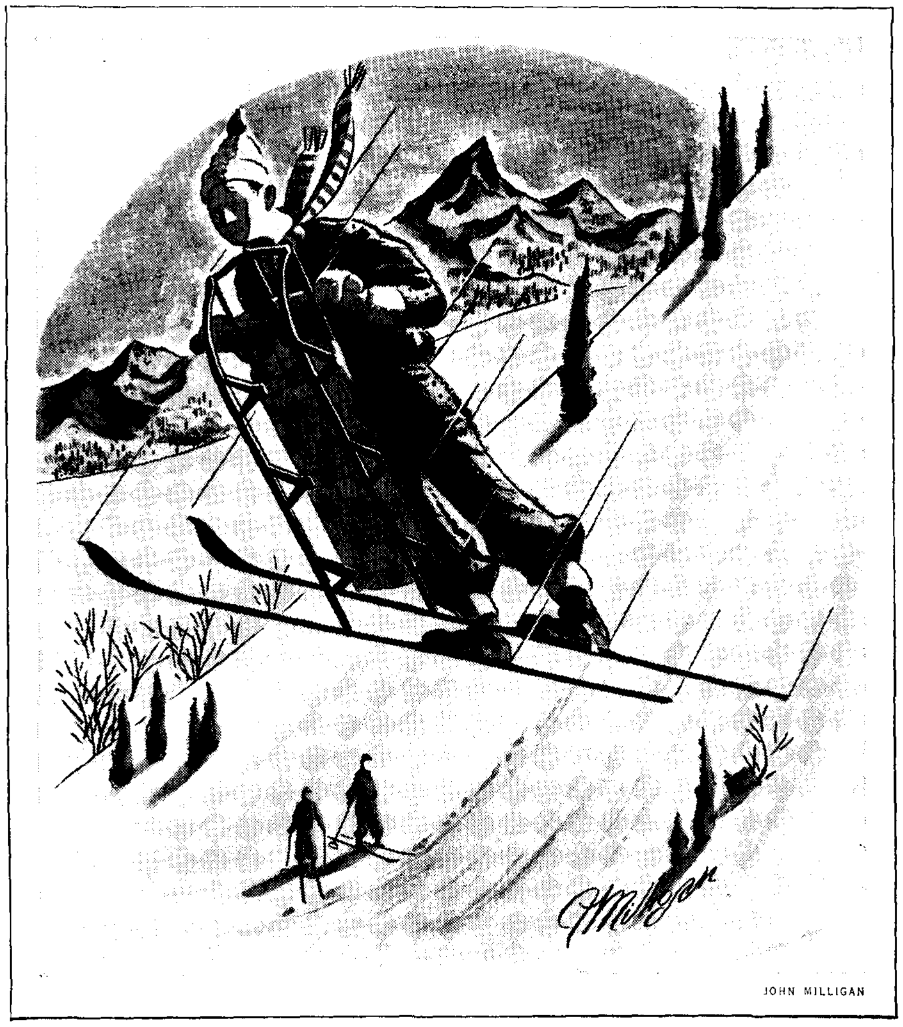
"She just got in deeper and deeper—took chance after chance." He stood up. "Maybe I might have taken pity on her." He was going to add, "But there's you, Jule! I won't have you living in a dump like this!" But he hid this by saying laconically, "I got tired of taking it on the chin," and wandered into the kitchen.

Julia called, "There's ale in the icebox. I went out and got six cans."

"What did you do, charge them?"

He opened two cans and when he turned she was standing in the doorway, her eyes round and grave. "Kerry, maybe I can tell you now—"

"I know. You lost your job last week. Forget it, honey. Santry's job is still open. Here, drink this. Make you sleep."



JOHN MILLIGAN

Fiery Little Flower

Continued from page 17

going to jump. Everyone knows that. I want those specifications now. Advertise your steel now."

The engineer hurries out and LaGuardia, fuming, lets fly a parting shot, "Tell that architect I want to see him. Today! He can't hold me up, the damned cadaverous dope."

Throughout the long day the mayor faces this procession of assistants, heads of departments, specialists in the city's business. He doesn't go out for lunch, except on a minimum of unavoidable occasions, but has a sandwich and a cup of coffee brought to his desk. He shouts and hits the ceiling for one visitor and a moment later is waiting like a summer's afternoon to greet the next.

No Inhibitions

The motion is eccentric and the rhythm is swing, but the energy knows where it is going. Whatever LaGuardia touches, he plays to win. And his time is not consumed on jobs and favors—the small change of those pay-rollers he likes to curse. He is working at the convenience and health of the city, driving a bargain for New York and, where an advantage can be had, winning it for New York.

The mayor got his start in politics just as any other apprentice, by ringing doorbells to bring out the vote. No one could be a better fit for Mr. Lloyd George's remark that "Pompous people who cannot attract the masses call those who can 'demagogues.'" LaGuardia has no inhibitions, no false dignity, and he gaily accepts his powers. He admits publicly, "I can outdemagogue any candidate I have met."

Long ago, in his first government job as Acting Consular Agent at Fiume, about 1903, he had given well-publicized notice as to where he stood and how he responded on a social issue. The Hungarian state railways and a steamship line had an arrangement concerning immigrants to America, and, naturally, the more immigrants the more fares collected. In the event that an immigrant on arrival was found to have some physical defect that barred his admission, that meant nothing to anyone but himself. His money was gone and he was dumped back on his native shore. It was a racket for exploiting the helpless.

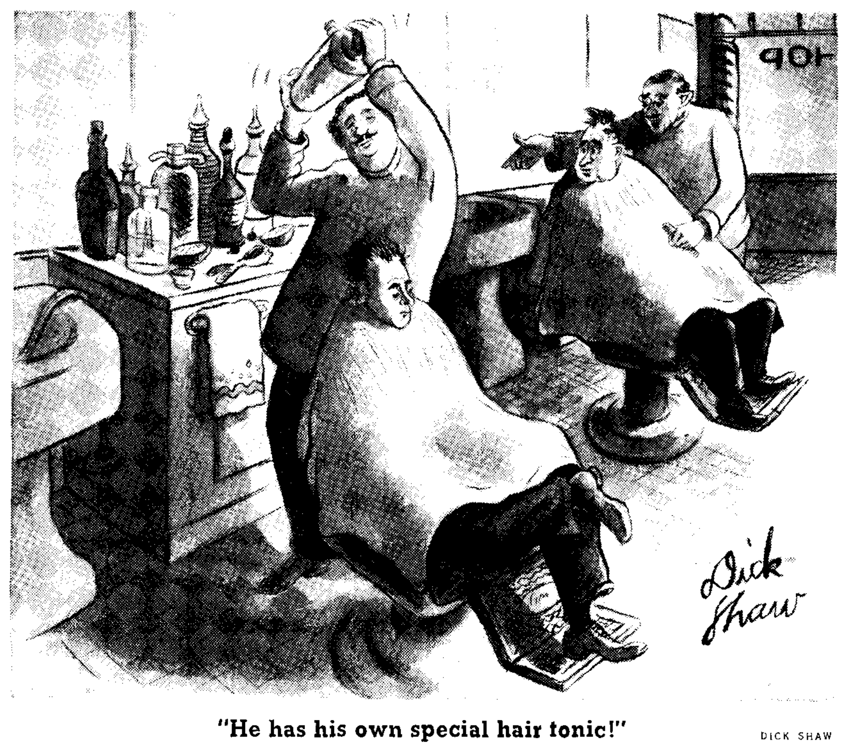
The novice consul loudly demanded real physical inspections before sailing in order to prevent such cases. He was tangling the traces for a great steamship line and the royal Hungarian railways. But also he had to put his stamp on the clearance papers before the ships could sail, and he refused to accept perfunctory inspections. So he enforced his reform and made it stick. Twenty years later in Congress he had the satisfaction of amending the immigration law to put in his old system as standard practice everywhere.

That was his first fight for underdogs, and he didn't stop there. His eye always has been one of the keenest for spotting things that could be made to happen. Just check off his forlorn hopes—repeal of prohibition, the anti-injunction act, the lame-duck amendment, a federal minimum-wage law, social security, direct aid to the unemployed, child labor, curbing the Supreme Court, his bawling out of Samuel Insull when Insull was one of the public's special pets, his attacks on all sorts of sacred cows and special interests, finally his climaxing knockout of Tammany Hall.

On this showing you might say, indeed, that LaGuardia is a champion jumper of band wagons and can recognize one coming over the horizon when it is no larger than a kiddie car. And the hesitation of others never has prevented him from climbing on board. Looking back now on these old issues, there is one common peculiarity to them. Almost every one is seen pressing up that long slope to humanitarian impulse that reached a peak in the New Deal. Politically, LaGuardia usually has strayed off the reservation. But in personal bias and objective he has been very regular indeed; in habit and style he hasn't changed.

The Republicans are bitter and the organization Democrats loathe him. He remains the man without a party, and while he may get away with it locally, for national scope it seems a man must have a label.

What does he expect? Here is the answer he gave in Texas last September when reporters tried to pin him down: "I couldn't get a gallery ticket in either party's convention. The man in



"He has his own special hair tonic!"

DICK SHAW

He Won
the Greatest Battle of His Business Career
-THE NIGHT BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

During sleep, tissues are rebuilt—minds are refreshed and energized. But for maximum benefit, sleep *must* be deep and sound.

His Sound Sleep Secret gave him a Clear Head, Steady Nerves and Vital Energy that carried him through with Flying Colors... Read why many people are adopting this "Sleep Insurance" Idea

ALL over the world, there is one "nightcap" that stands supreme. A *protecting* food-drink that thousands are taking each night before going to bed—as a sort of "sleep insurance."

It is called *Ovaltine*—and they take it not simply to help them escape restless hours of night-time tossing. But, more importantly, for the "morning freshness" and heightened energy that follow deep and *restful* sleep!

For of all the things that influence our lives, nothing is more vital than sleep! Loss of it can mean a body that's fagged—a mind that's listless and dull.

On the other hand, many of the most important "battles" in life are won *the night before*—as the result of deep, *refreshing* sleep.

How Ovaltine Acts

This *protecting* food-drink offers valuable aid when taken at bedtime, for the following reasons:—

(1) *Ovaltine* is *not* a medicine. Helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

(2) It provides certain types of food elements needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability that, according to some authorities, may cause night-time tossing.

Also important—*Ovaltine* is a *protecting food* with special elements to help build up vitality while you sleep. It helps replenish worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells to meet tomorrow's needs. And furnishes valuable minerals, proteins and Vitamins A, B, D and G.

That's why so many people awaken more completely *refreshed* after a night of "*Ovaltine* sleep." Not "dopey" as after taking drugs. But clear-eyed and vital—energetic and *fresh!*

See For Yourself

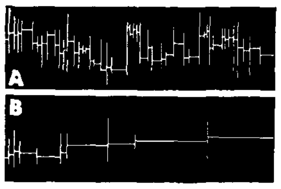
However, the best way to judge the merits of *Ovaltine* is to try it for a few weeks and *see for yourself*. You may be surprised at results.

At all grocery and drug stores. Get a can today.

NOTE:—*Ovaltine* was originated in Switzerland, now made in the U. S. A. Created as a restorative food for convalescents, it is used in 57 countries today. Doctors approve it. And over 1,700 hospitals serve it in America alone!

41% OF PEOPLE UNREFRESHED UPON AWAKENING!

. . . in Special Investigation Reported by Medical Magazine



Charts show how sleep is "charted" by a special apparatus attached to the bed . . . CHART A—shows excessive tossings, indicative of poor sleep. CHART B—shows more normal movements, indicative of *better* sleep.

In a 3-year series of scientific experiments, it was found that taking *Ovaltine* regularly at bedtime "tended to cut down tossing and give a feeling of being better rested in the morning."

2 NIGHTS' TRIAL CAN

OVALTINE, Dept. S9-C-3
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your trial size can of Ovaltine—enough for a 2-nights' test. I enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. (1 to a person.)

Name..

Address..

City..................................*State*..............

OVALTINE *promotes sound, natural* SLEEP

office who has his eye on another office is like the automobile driver with a pretty girl at his side. He can't keep his mind on his work. I've never worried about the next election."

The disintegration and realignment of both old parties is a fond theory of his, not yet worn out although often pressed into service. At least sixteen years ago he was making speeches about a reshuffling of the cards, and last spring in Oklahoma he waved his ten-gallon hat and announced again, "I believe that a vast shake-up of political alliances is nearing."

All right, Mr. Mayor, how about an answer today? Which party label will you be wearing in 1940?

"How can I tell?" he said. "I don't care anything about party. I am interested in issues. I'll tell you this. I'll be on the liberal and progressive side of it and against the reactionaries.

"I look at it this way. The progressives will settle on some man who does not immediately represent the desires of either extreme view—either the right or the left wing of the progressives. I'm doubtful of a third party. But I think the liberals of both old parties may be brought together. They've got to unite and not separate, while the old-guard Democrats and Republicans go against them."

Made-to-Order to 1940

This analysis leaves the door wide open for even a man without any party to win the nomination.

And it is safe to say he would love to be a candidate. Washington is his spiritual home. In speech after speech he says, "I look back on my fourteen years in the House of Representatives," and his voice grows soft. He has had uncommon experience in national and international affairs. And still, how possibly could a nomination for President of the United States be conferred in sober daylight upon this Manhattanese Latin non-Aryan son of immigrants with a name like Fiorello LaGuardia?

Yet it is a possibility, I believe, although I make no stronger claim for it. The chance rests upon one basic "if." LaGuardia logically might win a New Deal nomination for President in 1940 *if* President Roosevelt refuses to run.

To state it more clearly, say the President does balk at a third term. Then if there is to be a New Deal candidate at all, where is he coming from?

Search through the Cabinet, the remnant of the Brain Trust, the various bureaucrats in Washington or around the country. Who among them could hold the platform or face a crowd against LaGuardia? Where is one with the political finesse and experience, the proven ability as a vote-getter or the grip on popular imagination that LaGuardia could bring to the campaign?

But the question remains: How could he get it?

The purge of last summer certainly was a wedge, at least making possible the long-awaited liberal-conservative split. Now if the President in 1940 should find himself unable to control the Democratic convention, it is no flight to imagine a second Roosevelt insurgency as in 1912, with the New Dealers proceeding to put their own ticket in the field. That is one chain of circumstances that would give LaGuardia the realignment he talks about and in which he could function. And in such a case, if not Roosevelt, who but LaGuardia?

Whether he could win the nomination, however, would depend still upon his technical skill as a manipulator, and that can be measured only by the patterns of his past behavior. That is a separate story. But it is no fantasy to say that if progressivism continues as a coming thing, LaGuardia still may be the coming man.

For a lone operator without boss, party or machine, New York City is a great training ground because its complex racial and social structure creates rival allegiances that cut across party lines. All of the local politicians are extraordinarily alert to the Jewish vote, the Irish vote, and so on. One of LaGuardia's notable early efforts in Congress was for the liberation of Eamon de Valera, 3,000 miles away, in a British jail, and he did himself no harm at home thereby.

Juggling these diverse elements together and timing them to amalgamate on election day is no accident. It would seem that such experience might give a special fitness for uniting the southern farmers, western ranchers, wheat growers, industrial workers, local businessmen, restless intellectuals and other components in a new army of fighting liberals.

LaGuardia has a practiced head for such business. After his two years as president of the Board of Aldermen, the rowdiest years in the history of the office, he found himself, in the fall of 1922, quieted with a Republican nomination for Congress. He was given the Twentieth District, located in Harlem, a low-income section populated mostly by Negroes, Italians and Jews, and including most of the city's Puerto Ricans. It often went Democratic, and he was a stranger.

So what was Candidate LaGuardia's platform? Well, after looking things over he came out with his pet ideas for reform that the party regulars abhorred, all of it sweetened up for the district with planks demanding a more liberal immigration policy, the soldiers' bonus and light wines and beer.

He won. His margin was only 245 votes—even these being challenged in a bitter contest after the election—but he took the seat in Congress.

He also moved in vigorously on the district organization. Two years later when he bolted the Republican party there was little left to oppose him. It was all LaGuardia.

Everybody's Champion

Thousands of Italian needle-trade workers lived in Harlem, and they, along with the various Italian societies, were the first to line up for their compatriot. LaGuardia became the champion of a living wage for mail carriers, and since great numbers of post-office employees lived there he reaped their appreciation. As a lawyer he donated his services to organize the union of Pullman-car porters, another highly important group in Harlem. Furthermore, he discovered the Puerto Ricans. Year after year he served them well in Congress, introduced bills for fairer conditions of life in Puerto Rico, especially backing one bill to require the governor to be a native-born islander, elected by the people.

During one of his early campaigns the Tammany candidate, a Jew, raised the race issue, appealing on religious and racial grounds for sympathy votes. It seemed a fatal blow. But LaGuardia called in a crew of his faithful Italians and the next morning there was one of his handbills in every doorway with a challenge to a joint debate on questions especially affecting the Jewish population with one condition only—that the meeting be held entirely in the Yiddish language. The Jewish rival didn't speak Yiddish. But LaGuardia did, after being an interpreter at Ellis Island, and he held a rousing Jewish rally while his rival feigned illness.

Year after year the free-lance congressman beat off the opposition in his district and increased his stature in Washington. And then in 1932 he lost. That defeat, coming just when the Sea-

The advantage of not earning much money

THE MAN who earns a little has one advantage over the man who earns a lot. And it is this:

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Ask him to explain the plan of *Living Protection*—a plan which requires you to put aside part of your earnings regularly and persistently—a plan with a fixity of purpose—a plan that can not be abandoned without a financial loss as well as an evasion of a responsibility.

By means of this plan, people with a regular income and 10 or 15 years of earning power left—even a modest earning power—can accumulate $5,000, $10,000, $25,000, or more. By making regular and continuous payments over a period of years, they can accumulate money to travel, to buy a home or farm, to put a child through college, to make their later years financially secure.

More than 250,000 men and women are now following the plan of Living Protection . . . a plan backed by an institution nearly half a century old, *with a history of having met every obligation on time, when due.*

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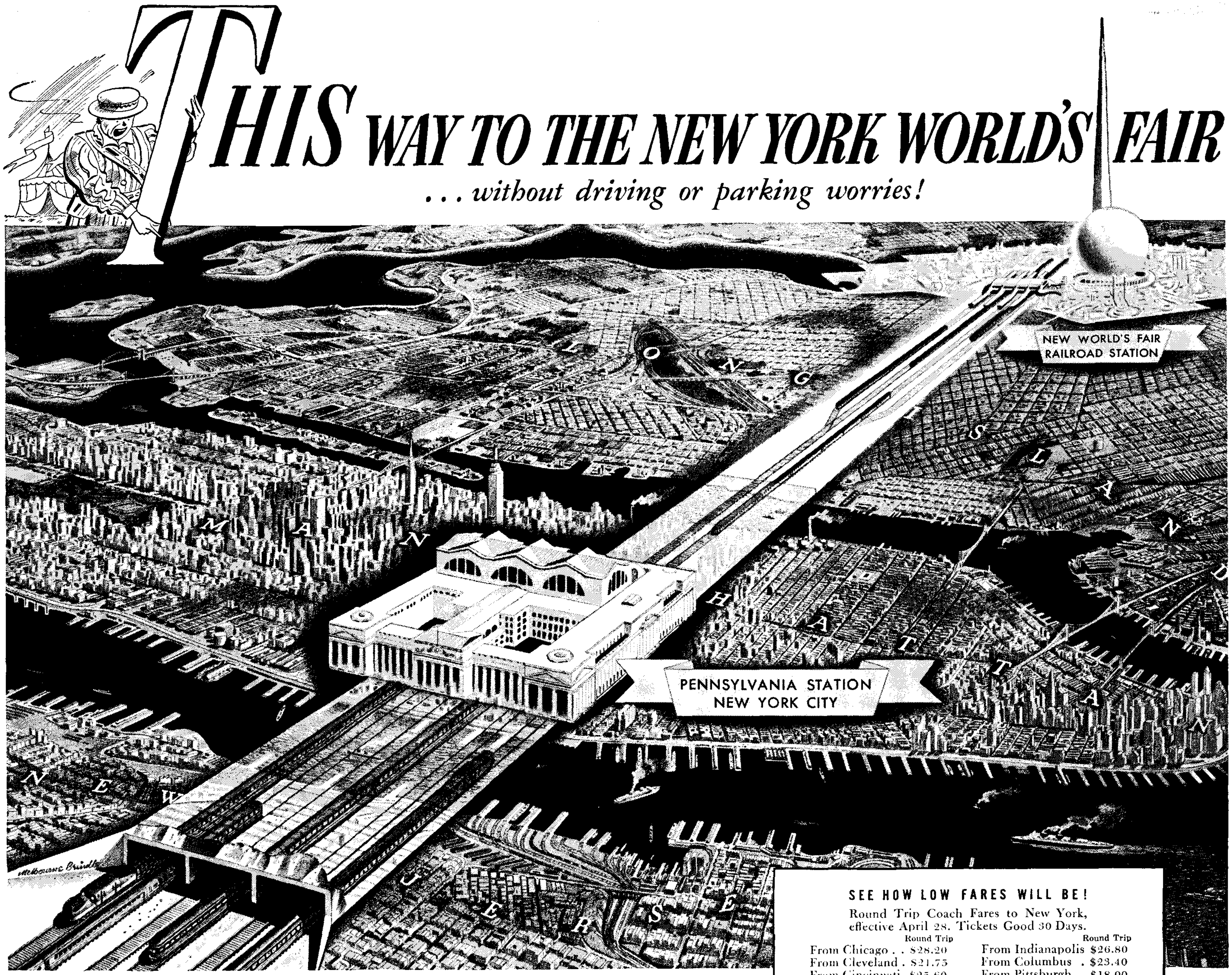
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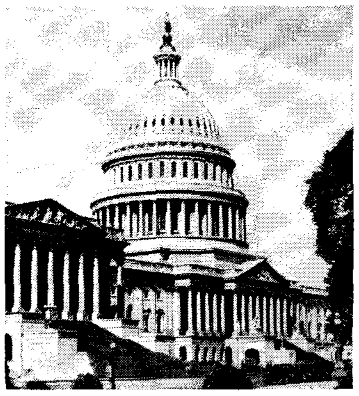

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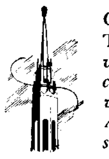

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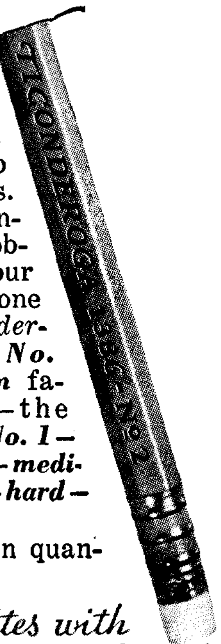

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bury Investigation had turned New York's mind toward decent government, LaGuardia seized as an opportunity.

Independent citizens inspired largely by Judge Seabury already were organizing against Tammany and looking for a candidate. LaGuardia, who had had the unwanted Republican nomination four years before, began presenting himself to public attention. He made important friends. He visited the Republican clubs. It was a time of maneuvering and confusion, and to LaGuardia the only job he had was getting the anti-Tammany nomination.

For a few days it seemed that he had lost, for the choice went first to Major General John F. O'Ryan. The morning afterward, one of the Fusion party leaders dropped into LaGuardia's office. He was met by scorching rage, accused of selling out, loaded with sarcasm, insult and scorn. Finally the man escaped to spread word that LaGuardia was disaffected and had tagged Fusion as hopeless. LaGuardia turned back to reading his mail, calmly noting to his secretary, "Sometimes you've just got to put on a show."

Personal Politics

LaGuardia's almost unbroken record of officeholding since first elected to Congress in 1916—defeated only for mayor in 1929 and for Congress in 1932—under any circumstances would indicate competence. But it stands out as proof positive in the face of party opposition.

There was never a time in Congress when he was in step with the majority, but he remained one of the most effective members. More than half of his first term as mayor he was at the mercy of a hostile majority in City Hall, but he got most of what he wanted, including personal credit.

Unswerving and absolutely consistent in support of humane causes, the mayor can be unblushingly devious in his tactics.

He is "money honest," acknowledged by his bitterest enemies, but his cold refusal to repay nonfinancial campaign favors has provoked many a charge of political dishonesty. Party means nothing to him. His politics is personal, and he is the person.

On the platform he makes himself the sweetheart of the crowd. In private he goads his faithful friends.

Again and again he complains of the "semicolon boys" who hold up progress by technicalities. But when he was trying to defeat the budget—to save nearly $1,000,000 for the taxpayers—he balked for two months because of a meaningless typographical error that made the year 1930 instead of 1939.

For all his rages at politicians, there is no class of men with whom he is more congenial, and this includes his congressional colleague, Christy Sullivan, the leader of Tammany Hall. Manhattan's oldest Republican boss, Sam Koenig, was in the discard when LaGuardia took office. Now he is flourishing again, is allowed occasionally to fill a job and more than once he has saved the mayor from embarrassment.

As an experienced political organizer, Mayor LaGuardia has utilized the same system that worked in his old district. He appealed beyond party labels to the unattached groups, just as he went after his Puerto Ricans and mail carriers. Tammany's strength had been largely in the city poor, in organized labor and a combination of the Jews and Catholic Irish. Before Tammany's very eyes, LaGuardia walked off with most of these groups.

The one group on which he never wasted time was the City Fusion party. The mayor had its number from the start. As a party it was amateur and obviously transitory. In a hundred years it couldn't match the network of machine clubs and disciplined workers in every section of the city. And although it was responsible for his first election, it received few jobs and less courtesy.

Labor was different. Usually it had endorsed Tammany or else kept silent. But in 1937 Tammany was left with only a shell of labor support while the president of the state federation joined hands with the C.I.O. chieftains to campaign for LaGuardia. He was, said the state president, "the first mayor in the history of New York who has given labor a fair deal."

LaGuardia for the first time—and Tammany shrewdness ought to blush for leaving that credit for him—put the union label on city printing. He settled strikes, from gravediggers to Metropolitan Opera. In one recent arbitration he kept the opposing sides in his office from early morning until 11 o'clock in the evening, sending out for lunch and locking the door when they wanted dinner, roaring angrily at both sides between reasoned appeals until at last both agreed.

Conservatives grouched during his last campaign that LaGuardia had given labor too much of a fair deal. A reasonable answer is that employers still were ready to agree to him as a strike arbitrator, and the gallant support given to him by the conservative mouthpiece, the Herald Tribune, was hard to gainsay.

From a political point of view, the primary objective of Mayor LaGuardia in his first term necessarily was to be re-elected. That was the rule for political success. But by all ordinary signs, the mayor plunged off from the start entirely in the wrong direction. At a rally of Republican campaign workers two weeks before his election he hammered his pet phrase of "nonpartisan government" into their ears and promised that when he took office, "I go out of politics in four years."

A Big Event at City Hall

Passed over at the time, the pledge became serious when the prize appointments were announced and there was only one organization man on the slate. The politicians sent their state chairman hurrying down to City Hall to intercede. LaGuardia sent out word that he was too busy to talk patronage at all and wouldn't see him. The best the state chairman could do was to promise to try again the next week. Two years later the Manhattan leader of the party, Kenneth P. Simpson, happened to be in City Hall on personal business and the mayor saw him, shook hands and led him into his office. It was the first time the reporters had seen the mayor speak kindly to a political leader or receive him privately, and they made it into quite a story.

The mayor, invited to address the most important Republican district club in the city, devoted most of his time urging support for President Roosevelt's social-security program. Again, at the opening of the Triborough Bridge, he praised the President as the "master builder." And in 1938 he went out aggressively campaigning for Mr. Roosevelt's re-election.

By this time his Republican leaders at home were so infuriated at him that many would have preferred a rattlesnake. After one local committee meeting that pointedly snubbed him, an angry leader sneered, "Why should we consult Mayor LaGuardia? He has never consulted with us."

Gleefully, LaGuardia shot back, "A prettier compliment never was paid to any mayor."

Such was the mayor's relationship to his party until midsummer of 1937, be-

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fore his re-election, the party bosses meanwhile diligently seeking another candidate. The American Labor party nominated him. Then at the last minute the climate changed. It was no longer a question of his getting the Republican nomination but of the party's getting him. The party had to have him.

Just after the amazing re-election, the news came out that LaGuardia had joined the American Labor party—burning another bridge ahead of him—and at the same time he was warning the laborites to expect no favors. At any rate he was no longer a Republican even nominally, although that would not prevent his accepting a Republican nomination if the party sufficiently needed his election-day magic.

Two Deadly Weapons

LaGuardia had been carefully cultivating two unique advantages such as belong to no other politician in America, fitting together and supplementing each other—the United States Conference of Mayors and the New York World's Fair of 1939. The conference is his network spread over the country, by which he may reach the remotest corner, while the Fair will bring the country to him.

The Conference of Mayors, when LaGuardia took hold, being elected to his first term as its president three years ago, was a weak and unheeded group, standing hat in hand to beg government favors for the cities. Under LaGuardia's touch it has become the most effective lobby in Washington. The mayors got behind CWA, PWA and WPA, got back of the Federal Housing Act and the bill for lower interest on federal loans, fought the cuts in money and relief jobs and took a major part in getting from Congress some ten billion dollars. Compared to them the bonus-seeking veterans were asking nothing at all.

If anyone outside the Administration is to reap political benefit from this spending, LaGuardia is the logical man, and with his ties of personal friendship with the mayors, there isn't a city in which he lacks a source of information or of help.

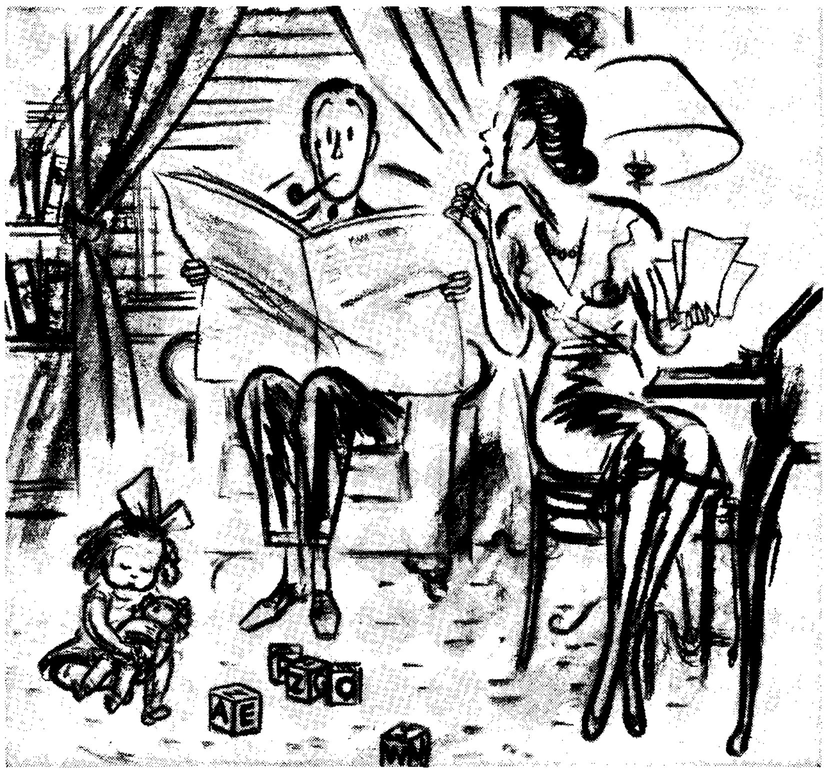
The World's Fair, on the other hand, is due to bring much of the population of the United States into New York to contribute to its prosperity and be thrilled by its sights. Visitors in 1939 will see the city at its best, obviously a well-run city, swept clean of the old-time grafts and neglects. And in the municipal exhibit at the Fair, every point of LaGuardia progress and accomplishment will be spelled out and underlined so that no one can escape the moral. The wonders of Gotham will be translated, properly and legitimately, into a sales talk for the mayor.

There has been occasional mention, to be sure, of the effulgent Grover Whalen, president of the Fair. Mr. Whalen is not opposed to publicity himself. But it is a practical certainty that in the Fair's big scenes the hero will be Fiorello and not Grover. The scenes belong to him, by right of personality and skill in showmanship. And if the expected 50,000,000 visitors to the Fair carry home a profound respect for LaGuardia's rule and for the mayor himself as a public servant by whose employment the whole country might profit, the impression will be only natural. And it will be thoroughly justified.

The mayor likes to talk at least half seriously of his "calm, cool temperament." But underneath there can be no doubt that today the fires are glowing. His natural availability, his widening horizon and his increasing readiness to speak on national topics all reveal a stirring ambition. During 1938 he traveled more than 16,000 miles about the country, excluding visits to Albany and Washington, and he is no man for idle pleasure jaunts. His vision points into the distance.

Here is a sample of his fancy. We were passing the site of the vast new Criminal Courts Building.

"When Eric is grown up," said the Mayor, "he'll walk past here some day with his little boy. 'What's that?' the little boy will say. 'That's the jail,' Eric will say. 'Your grandfather built it.' And the little boy will look up at the big building which won't have much use as a jail then because the slums will be cleared away, and he'll say of me, 'Extravagant old guy, wasn't he!'"



"Here's the list of guests for Dorothy's birthday party: the butcher's little girl—we owe him twenty dollars; the delicatessen man's daughter—eleven dollars; but I don't know who to invite from the telephone company"

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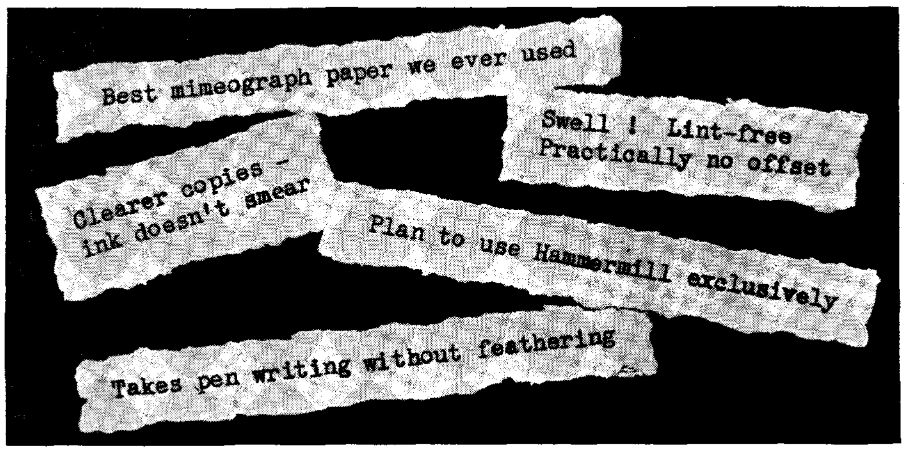

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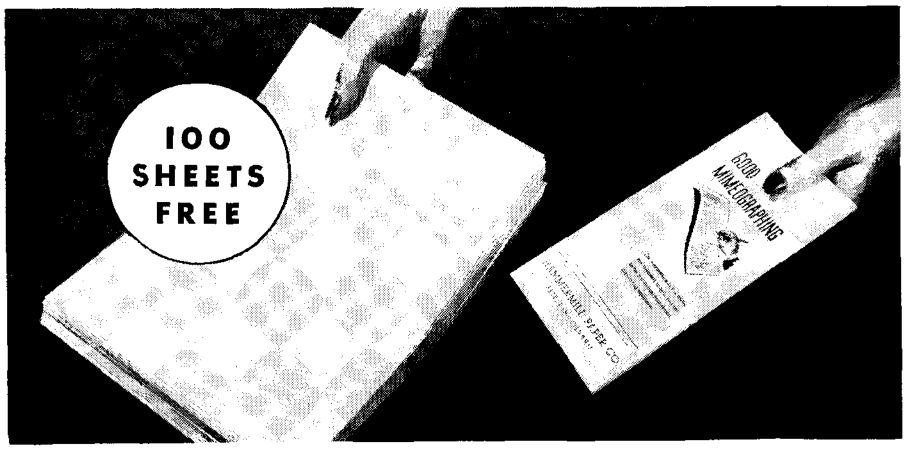

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The Green Angel

Continued from page 21

lines, and a brier pipe with the amber stem broken off close to the end of the bit.

Harmon looked at this collection of childish odds and ends with puzzled astonishment. He forgot he might be interrupted. He stared at the surprising collection of items in the blue-lacquered tin box and murmured, "Amazing. Absolutely amazing." Then it occurred to him that it might be dangerous for him to loiter here.

He replaced the floor board and the screws, picked up the box of toys and stood up. For a few seconds he stood in an attitude of indecision, playing the flashlight beam here and there and finally holding it steadily on the stage. In the thin white light he looked at the gloomy shack under the dismal tree. He went up to the stage and peered through the dusty window of the shack.

He suddenly glanced up and saw the great shadowy wings of some creature poised overhead. He sent the fluttering beam of light upward. The green angel, floating above him, with its outspread dusty wings, its smoothly lacquered face, with its closed eyes and its evil, enigmatic smile, shocked him so that he almost dropped the flashlight.

Then he opened the door of the shack and placed the box of toys inside, against the wall. After which, he returned to William Boone's room.

RODNEY Barnett sat on the edge of his desk and looked at Harmon's gray damp face as if he were faintly amused. The valet looked frightened, and his eyebrows, meeting in a peak, gave his eyes an anguished look.

"Yes, Mr. Barnett, I followed him up into the old theater because I knew he was *after* something up there. I saw him take up a piece of floor board about a foot long. There was a hole under it. He looked into the hole, and he seemed to be very pleased. He put the board back then, and went downstairs."

"What did he take out of the hole?"

"Nothing, Mr. Barnett. As soon as he was gone, I took off the piece of flooring. *There was a little blue-lacquered tin* box in the hole. It's full of toys." He paused, but Rodney Barnett made no comment and his expression of faint amusement did not go away.

"I put the piece of flooring back," Harmon went on hastily, "and I took the box of toys and hid them."

"Why?" the other man said dryly.

Harmon seemed surprised. "But aren't they valuable, Mr. Barnett?"

The amusement in Rodney Barnett's eyes seemed to increase.

"How valuable do you think they are?" he asked.

Harmon took a deep breath, to relax the awful tension of his diaphragm. His face looked grayer than before, and it was certainly more moist. He was suddenly quite as frightened as he had been when he became aware of the green angel. He had planned to demand a quarter of a million dollars for the box of toys. He faltered, "Would fifty thousand be satisfactory, Mr. Barnett?"

Rodney Barnett chuckled softly. "To you, perhaps. Just why do you think that box of toys is so precious?"

Harmon swallowed. His mouth was dry and it tasted brassy. His panic broke into his voice. "But I thought, sir— I thought—"

"I know what you thought," Barnett interrupted him. "You see, Harmon, you don't know what's going on. You think you know. Actually, all you know is one trifling little corner of the picture. You think you're being a clever opportunist, but you're not, Harmon. You're actually nothing but a greedy little man who can't see the woods for the trees."

He got off the desk. Harmon backed a step toward the door, wetting his lips and looking poignantly worried.

"Those toys aren't worth a dime, Harmon. Do what you want with them. Give them to Boone if you like. Throw them away if you like. Where are they?"

"I—I left them in the theater, Mr. Barnett, in the old shack on the stage."

"Well, do what you like with them."

"Yes, sir." Harmon had reached the door. He was feeling behind him for the knob.

"And Harmon—"

"Yes, Mr. Barnett?"

Rodney Barnett was looking at him quizzically, with one eyebrow a little higher than the other. With his crystalline, pale brown eyes, his long, lean, dark face, his slight smile, he looked so dangerous that Harmon felt ill.

"Stop being an opportunist. Don't ever try to double-cross me again. Get out of here."

Harmon went directly to Boone's room. The steel tapeline, the knife with the screw-driver blade and the flashlight were still on the bed. Methodically, Harmon put them away. Then he steadied his nerves with a generous drink of William Boone's fifteen-year-old Scotch, let himself out, and started with resolution down the hall. He must, he felt, put those toys back.

At the turn into the other hall, a slender, pretty girl in a maid's uniform stepped out of a doorway, looking at Harmon with steady hard brown eyes, and said, "Where are you going?"

"Back to the theater," Harmon answered with a shade of defiance. He did not pause. She fell into step beside him. She looked up into his face, searching it with impatience. She was eager and there was a birdlike alertness about her.

"What did he say?"

"Plenty. They aren't worth anything."

Yvonne looked up into his face a moment longer, *her soft red mouth forming* a round aperture. "Oh—" she began in a voice of dismay. Then, sharply, "What are you going to do?"

"Put them back."

HE OPENED the door just far enough to admit himself. He did not welcome Yvonne's alertness now. But she pushed past him and waited inside the door for him to close it.

"Put them back!" she cried. "You're joking."

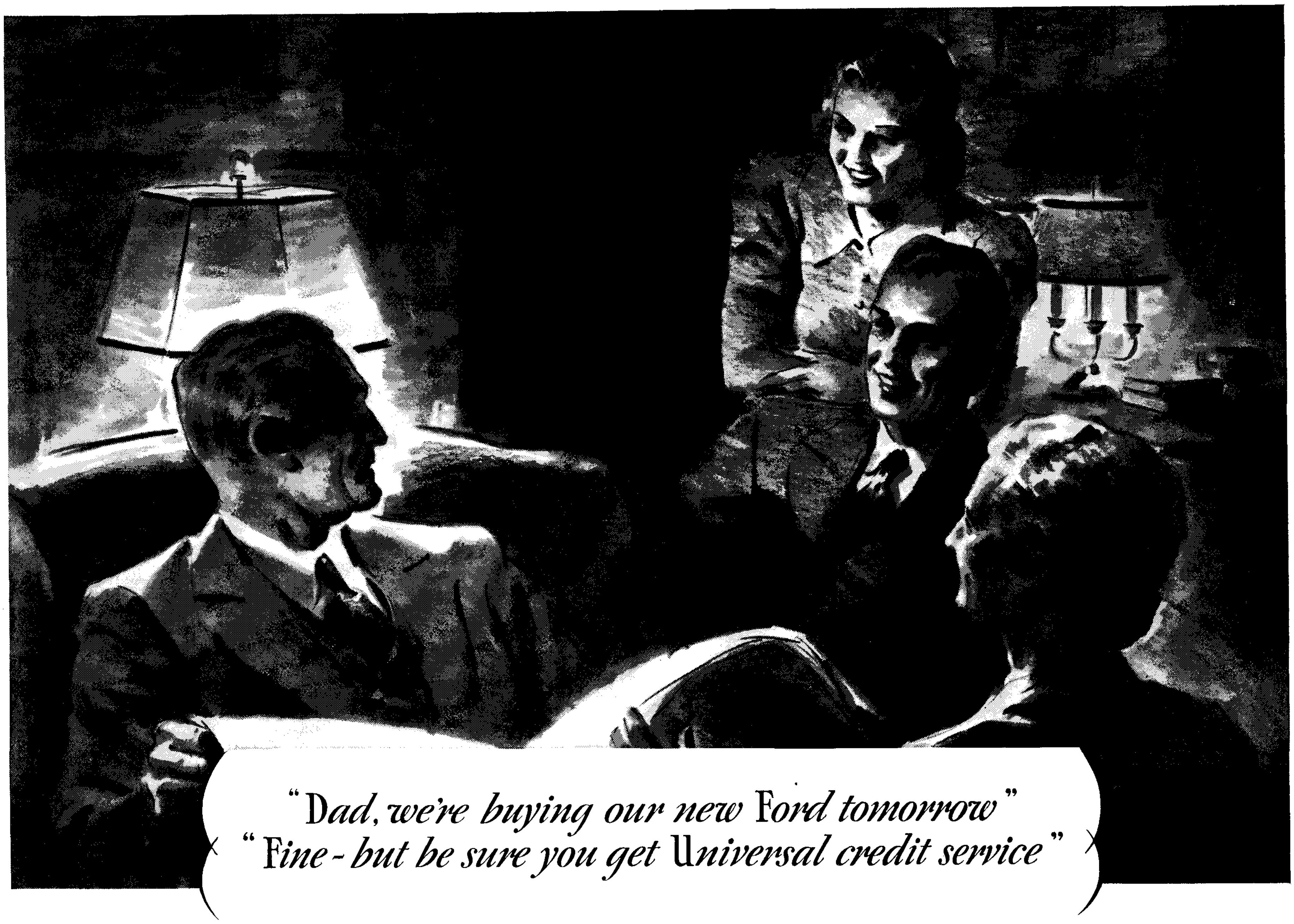
Harmon said doggedly, "I'm going to put them back."

She cried: "Why! You idiot! He was just bluffing you! I warned you he would. You know how smart he is. He is playing a game." Yvonne was excited, and when she was excited her accent became noticeable, and her gestures and even her appearance became French. "Don't you see? You made your move, then he made his move. Now it is up to you to wait for him to make the next move. He will come to you with an offer."

There was no light in the stairway except the faint glow from the flashlight beam striking the stairs.

"No," Harmon said firmly, "he won't."

He was going slowly up the steps. Beside him, Yvonne was taking step for step with him. She was frowning, and her bright hard brown eyes were occupied with speculations. When they reached the top of the stairs, she said, "All right, then. I know what to do. Maybe you're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right. Maybe Mr. Barnett doesn't want them. Maybe he doesn't realize their value. But Mr. Boone does."

"I'm going to put them back," Harmon said. "I'm not cut out for this sort of thing, Yvonne. I'm sorry. I've got a good job. Mr. Boone is a fine man to work for. I only hope he doesn't find out what I've been doing."

Yvonne kept beside him across the theater and onto the stage. "Stop being an idiot," she said. "He's sure to find out, and you'll be disgraced. We'll sell them to him. If he's gone to all this trouble, he'll pay a lot of money to get them back."

"No, Yvonne," Harmon said firmly. "I'm through with this sort of thing."

He went to the door of the shack, reached in and took out the blue-lacquered tin box. Yvonne's eyes were large and brilliant with excitement. She started to reach for the box, but he held it firmly. Her hand went out, not, however, to the box, but to fasten upon Harmon's arm. The warning was not necessary. He, too, had heard the sound of the door at the foot of the stairs as it was softly closed. He listened to the cautious sound of feet on the stairs.

Perspiration came out on his face again, and he began to tremble. He quavered, "It's Mr. Boone! He's coming back!"

Yvonne pulled his head down and whispered against his wet cheek: "Stop shaking, you idiot! I'll hide in here."

Harmon tried to subdue his trembling. He was ashamed of himself for letting Yvonne see how frightened he was. He heard the rustling of her dress as she slipped into the shack, and he tried to hear the footsteps coming up the stairs.

Then he heard a scratching sound near the head of the stairway.

RETURNING along the hall to his room, Bill Boone did not see the genial white-haired man who had been following him all evening. But if the white-haired man should find him now, it wouldn't matter. In fact, he would welcome him. He had nothing to conceal any longer. And he now needed a witness. The detective would do. Anyone would do.

Bill's lawyer had told him that if he found the toys it would be necessary to have at least one witness when he took them out of their hiding place so that a necessary legal link would be established. Lacking the detective, Harmon would do.

Harmon was not in the room, however. Bill Boone tossed the flashlight, the steel tapeline and the knife on the bed and waited for Harmon to appear. When ten minutes passed, he grew impatient. He wanted to get that box out of the attic and safely in his own possession. Wondering if Harmon had gone to the servants' dining room for a snack, he went down and made inquiries. But Harmon was not downstairs and had not been downstairs.

When Bill returned to his room, it was apparent that his valet had come in and gone out again. The knife and the tapeline were no longer on the bed.

He opened drawers, looking for them. He searched his luggage. He could not find them. Harmon's suitcase was locked.

He dropped the flashlight into his pocket and went down the hall to the attic door. He opened and closed the door carefully, and he went up the stairs cautiously. He did not flash on the light until he reached the top of the stairs. He first sent the beam in the direction of the short panel of flooring, which appeared to be just as he had left it. While he was looking at it, he became aware of an odor that had not been in the air when he was here a little while ago. How long had it been? A half-hour or forty minutes, at the most. This odor was faint but definite. It was the sweet, peppery smell of smokeless powder fumes.

He sent the beam in a full circle about the theater, then centered it on the stage. He walked slowly toward the stage and slowly raised his eyes. The green angel was moving.

The motion was so slight that it was all but imperceptible, and it might have been in his imagination except that, as he watched the dense shadow cast by the wings against the back wall, he saw the shadow itself move. He sniffed the air again. Above the dry weary smell of the dust, the trace of smokeless-powder fumes in the air was fainter.

His sense of uneasiness grew. Something had happened here in the thirty or forty minutes since he had left. At least one person had been here.

Not until he was almost upon the stage did he see the man lying on the floor near the shack. He wore a dark suit. His feet were toward Bill Boone. He lay on his side with one leg pulled up under him, the other stretched out to its full length. One arm likewise was drawn in under him and the other was outstretched. About four feet from the hand lay a blued-steel revolver.

The muralist went slowly up on the stage, holding his flashlight steady, holding his breath. When he saw the back of Harmon's head, he expelled his breath in a groan. He knelt beside Harmon and put his ear to his heart, but there was no beat. He gingerly picked up the revolver. It was a .32 caliber Benton and Smith. So far as he knew, Harmon had not possessed a revolver. He pushed the cylinder release and flipped out the cylinder. Two shells of the six had been fired. He flipped the cylinder back into place and laid the gun on the floor.

He was so shocked that he was hardly aware of distinct and somewhat heavy footfalls until a strange man's voice, deep and mellow, said just above him, "Who is it?"

Bill Boone turned the flashlight beam up into the face of the white-haired, pink-faced, genial-looking man who had been following him all evening.

"My valet," Bill answered. "He's dead. Someone shot him."

"What's his name?"

"Wallace Harmon."

"What was he doing up here?" The detective's voice was sympathetic.

"I don't know."

"What were you doing up here, Mr. Boone?"

"I thought I might find him here."

"You heard a shot, of course."

"No. I just had a hunch he might be up here."

"I see. But you don't know what he was doing up here?"

Bill said, "Why, yes, I think I know what he was doing here. I think he thought I was here. I was here thirty or forty minutes ago, and I think he followed me. I think he was inquisitive. At least, when I missed him downstairs, that was my theory, so I came up to verify it. Someone must have followed him up and shot him."

"You mean, someone might have mistaken him for you?"

"I hadn't thought of that. It's hardly—yes, it's possible."

"Have you touched this gun?"

"Yes. I picked it up to see how many shots had been fired."

"You shouldn't have done that. Come with me—I want to get to a telephone."

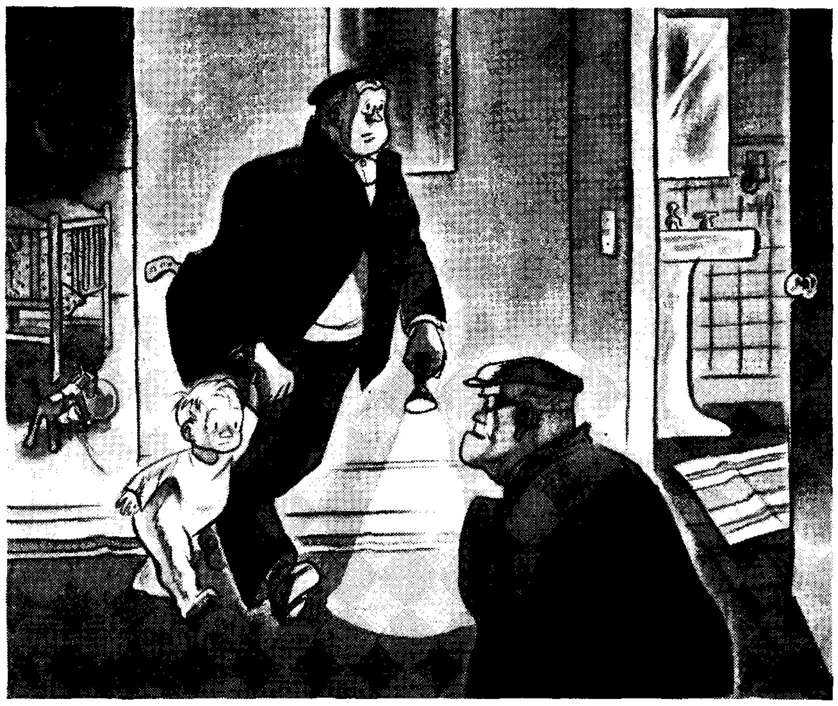
BILL BOONE preceded him across the theater and down the stairs and into the hall. He wasn't worried. He was still too shocked by Harmon's death to think very clearly. Harmon had been a perfect valet and Bill had been fond of him. And he was shocked by the implications of Harmon's murder. It was possible that Harmon had not been as loyal as Bill Boone had assumed, for certainly it was not curiosity that had prompted him to go to the old theater, for Harmon was not ordinarily curious. If Harmon had been taking part in some intrigue against him, Rodney Barnett was at the bottom of it, and it must follow that Rodney Barnett knew about the shooting. And if that were the case, the situation was really serious.

The white-haired man fell into step beside him as Bill Boone started down the hall. A footman came out of a room with a tray and the detective called to him. The footman stopped.

"Tell Mr. Barnett I want to see him in his study immediately," the white-haired man said. "Tell him it's Inspector Teeple. Tell him something has happened. And find two guards and send them there, too."

When Bill Boone and Inspector Teeple entered Rodney Barnett's study, the detective shut the door and said, "Now, sit down, Mr. Boone, while I do some telephoning."

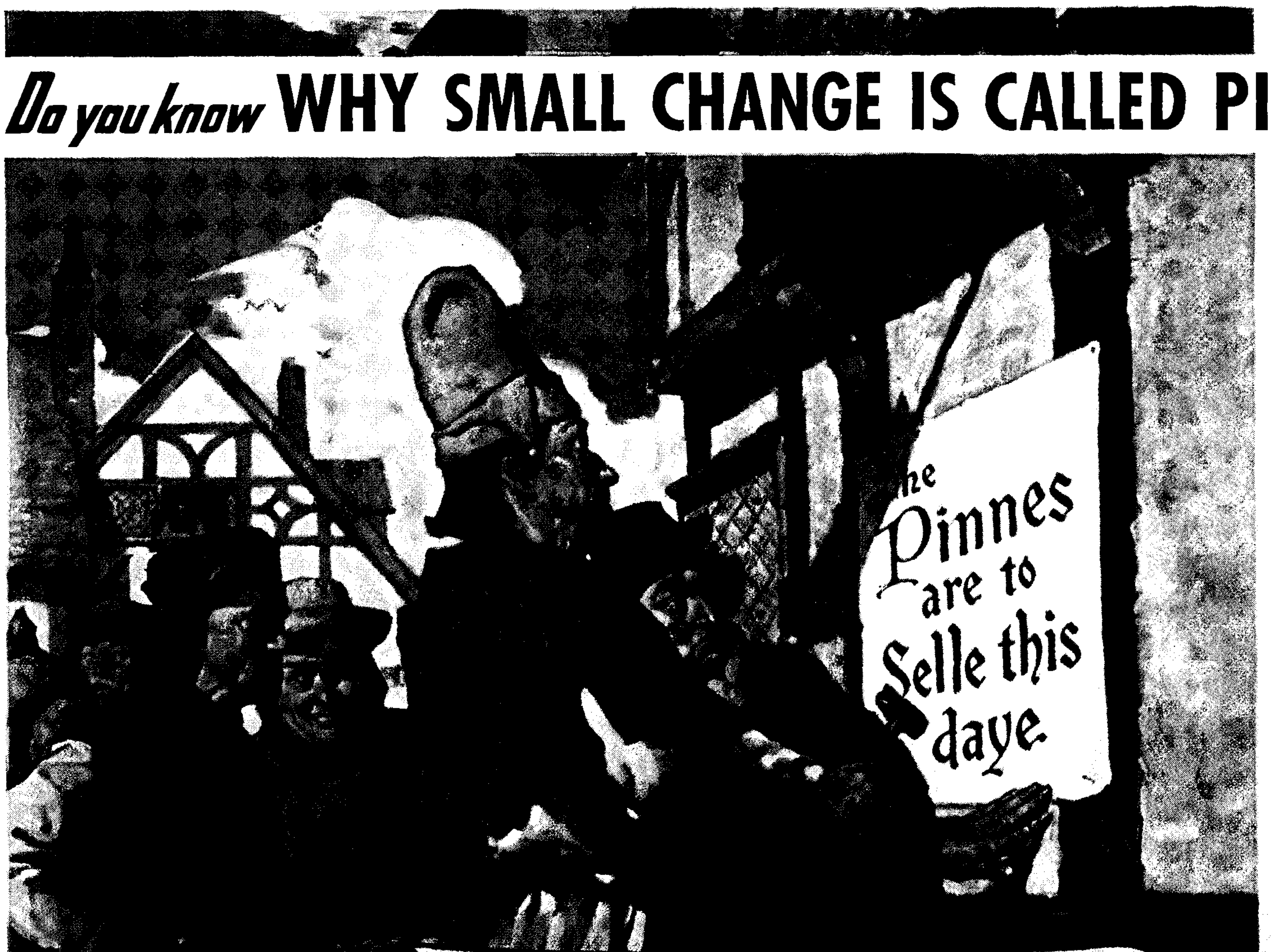
Bill dropped down on the settee and



"You get yerself into th' darnedest situations!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

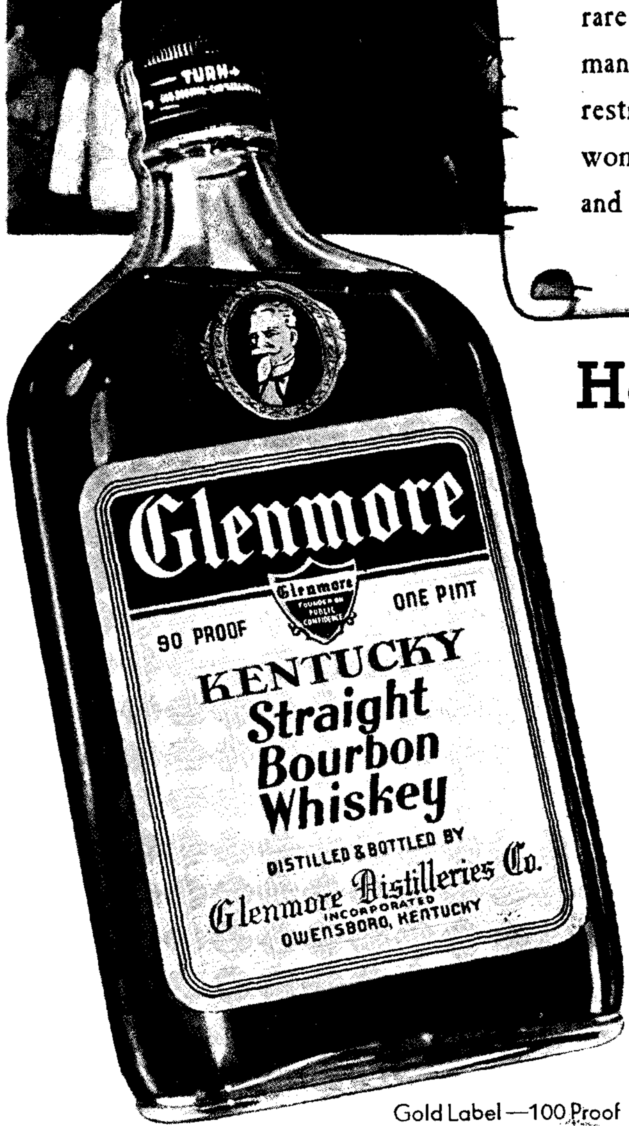
Do you know **WHY SMALL CHANGE IS CALLED PIN MONEY?**


The Pinnes are to Selle this daye.

No. 11 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS

In 14th CENTURY ENGLAND, when pins were very rare and expensive, the good wives so desired them that many a household budget was wrecked... so the men restricted the sale of pins to two days a year! Then the women began putting aside small sums against those days, and to this day "PIN MONEY" means small change.

A Free Booklet describing the origin of Human Customs sent on request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GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

GLENMORE'S
ONE PINT
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Change to MINT SPRINGS
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof

arranged his long legs and the detective sat down at the desk and pulled the telephone toward him. He looked amiable and sympathetic.

"There's one point I want to make before Mr. Barnett gets here," Bill said. "It's rather important. I know why you've been following me all evening. I know what you think. I know what Mr. Barnett told you. I can tell you to a decimal point what he told you."

Inspector Teeple said into the telephone, "Spring seven three one hundred." And to Bill Boone: "Can you, Mr. Boone?"

"You're very curious to know what I was doing in that abandoned theater," Bill Boone said.

"I am," the detective said. Then, into the phone, "Fingerprint bureau."

Suzette watched Rodney pour the bourbon, then she looked up quickly at his face. He looked tired and older.

He was drinking the bourbon, neat, when a footman came into the bar and said, "Mr. Barnett, a gentleman in your study wishes to see you at once. He said to tell you it's Inspector Teeple and that something has happened."

NANCY, who had just come in through the game-room door, walked to the bar, linked her arm through Suzette's, and said, "Was he alone, Williams?"

"No, Miss Barnett. He was with Mr. Boone."

Suzette felt a sudden electrical tingling in her wrists, a sharp sensation of alarm. She said, "Who is Inspector Teeple?"

"So you've done it," Nancy said. "All right, Rodney. Come on, Suzette. Let's all go and see the fun. It ought to be terrific."

Her stepfather poured himself another drink and drank it. "Is that all, Williams?"

"He told me to send two of the guards there, too."

"Did you do it?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Run along."

"Done what?" Suzette said. Her voice was husky, her green eyes were suddenly large and dark.

Nancy said, as the footman left, "You told me you hadn't imported Teeple to spy on him."

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I said nothing of the kind."

"You implied it." She turned to Suzette. "Of course, you didn't know about Inspector Teeple."

"No."

"He's supposed to be one of the smartest detectives on the New York force. Rodney brought him out here especially to watch Bill Boone and to help him frame Bill."

"Nancy, you know that isn't true," Rodney said impatiently.

"What's Bill Boone done?" Suzette asked.

"I don't know," Rodney said.

Suzette tried to remember what it was that Bill had said in Penn Station, over their cocktails. He had said he was about to risk imprisonment. She clearly recalled his saying, "If you see my haggard features beneath a very black headline over your morning coffee, you'll know I muffed it."

Suzette felt a growing tightness in her throat. She knew that, whatever it was, it was the climax of what Bill Boone had said to her in the station. Bill was in real danger. Whatever it was, he hadn't accomplished it. He'd been caught. And suddenly she was afraid of Rodney. She had disliked him. At times she had loathed him. But she had never before actively feared him.

Walking between the two girls, Rodney was looking down at Suzette. He touched her arm. She moved away so that he couldn't fondle it. She saw that the left side of his mouth was still swelling, and she again wondered what had happened to it.

He said gently, "This is apt to be unpleasant business. I'd rather you girls kept out of it."

Nancy was looking up at his eyes. Her cornflower-blue eyes were round and hot and scornful. "I know you would, but I won't. You're up to some of your fast work. You're lying this minute, or you're planning to. You're up to something."

Rodney sighed and said, with an air of resignation, "Very well, my dear. The simplest way to clear this up is to find out just what's happened, and my advice to you is to control yourself. Much as it will infuriate you to hear it, this man Boone is not quite what he appears to be."

They were approaching the study door, which was closed.

"I had Teeple sent out to keep an eye on him," her stepfather answered, "because he's dangerous. It's a long story. But I haven't the faintest idea what he's done."

"Our jewels, perhaps," Nancy said. "Something like that. Whatever it is, you're at the bottom of it. I've seen you hang out your 'Man At Work' sign before. I know every one of the symptoms. You've been gunning for Bill Boone and I want to know why."

WITH his hand on the knob, he said, "Nancy, you're going to find out why. It's time you knew. This man Boone is a dangerous impostor. I will let you sit in on this only on condition that you promise to control yourself. Suzette, I'd much prefer that you didn't go in."

Suzette didn't look at him. "I'm going in," she said.

Nancy brushed his hand from the knob. She turned it and went in and Suzette followed her.

Bill Boone was sitting on the settee, smoking a cigarette, and, except that he was slightly flushed, looking very much as usual. His eyes were less lazy than usual, his brown hair had a more careless look, and his air was more that of an alert cat than of a reposeful cat.

He looked around at Nancy, then saw Suzette and made a small, flipping motion with the hand holding the cigarette.

Nancy crossed the room to him and drawled, "Well, Bill, what are they doing to you? What's happened?"

"Enough," Bill said. "I just found my valet dead in the old theater upstairs. Shot from in back. Inspector Teeple thinks I did it."

NANCY stared at him a moment. She took a deep breath and held it until she glanced at her stepfather. He was staring at Bill. Suzette sat down. She felt ill.

The detective said: "Mr. Barnett, I followed Mr. Boone all evening until he gave me the slip about an hour ago. When I picked up his trail again, it went up to that old theater. I found him on the stage kneeling beside this man who had been shot. He was shot in the back of the head with this revolver."

He took it out of his pocket with his handkerchief and laid it on the desk and took the handkerchief away.

Rodney glanced at the revolver. He walked over to the desk and bent over it. "This looks like one of my guns. I have the serial numbers of all the guns I own in my safe. If you'll give me the number of this one, I'll check it."

Suzette was trying to think. The revolver looked like the one she had fired in the pistol range. Something stirred in her mind. She had been under such a strain that she could not recall all of that scene clearly, and her brain was all blind spots now. There was something that eluded her. It was tantalizing. She tried to recall what it was, but all she could clearly remember was the sudden opening of the door and the footman coming in.

"Bill," Nancy said, "I haven't the faintest idea what this is about, but Rodney is at the bottom of it. I don't care what he says or what he's told Inspector Teeple or anybody else. And I don't care how convincing it sounds. He's after you, and it looks to me as if he's got you."

"I was just thinking, dear, if you can't get away until June do you mind if I marry someone else in the meantime? I've never seen Niagara Falls frozen over"

REAMER KELLER

"I know," Bill said. "I've had experience with him in the past."

Rodney was walking slowly toward him with his hands in his trousers pockets. His height and his dark coloring made him look dangerous.

"Mr. Boone," he said, "I'm glad you've brought up this issue face to face with me at least. I'm glad of this opportunity to deal with you directly."

Bill Boone got up. His long arms were hanging at his sides. He looked relaxed. But it was the relaxation, Suzette knew, of a fighter between rounds.

"You know why I came here, don't you?" Bill said.

"Yes. To cause me more trouble and annoyance. You've done it."

"Yes," Bill agreed. "I've done it. I've a surprise for you. When I've shown it to you and when this killing is cleared up, I'm going to give you the beating of your life."

Rodney was looking at him gravely. "I'll be glad to give you that opportunity before or after these things are cleared up, Mr. Boone. I don't like the kind of person you are."

Inspector Teeple, still seated at the desk, had been watching first one man, then the other, with speculative eyes. He had a pencil in his hand and there was a pad on the desk before him with some notes on it. He jotted something down now and said, "Mr. Boone, please sit down. Mr. Barnett, I've telephoned the medical examiner to come, and I've asked New York for a fingerprint man, a photographer, and Sergeant Dutton, who works with me. They'll be here shortly. I talked to the police commissioner and he has put me in charge of the case. I want to ask you both some questions. Miss Barnett, I'm glad you came, too, because there are some things I want to ask you."

HE GLANCED inquiringly at Suzette, and Rodney said, "This is my fiancée, Miss Aberdeen, Inspector."

The inspector smiled and nodded at Suzette and said, "The situation is simply this, Mr. Barnett. Mr. Boone claims to have gone into that attic on a legitimate errand. We were discussing it when you came in. I want to finish clearing up this angle before we discuss anything else."

Nancy said indignantly, "But you're assuming that Bill did it. And that's perfectly ridiculous. Bill had nothing to do with it. This place is full of people who could have done it. There are more than thirty servants in this house. There are more than fifteen hundred guests at this party. I think it's very stupid of you to jump to the conclusion that Bill did it simply because you found him up there. That doesn't prove anything."

"I admit that. I haven't accused Mr. Boone and I'm not accusing him—"

"What have you done about other possibilities?"

"I've posted one of your stepfather's guards at the gatehouse to check the names, addresses and license numbers of all departing guests. I've posted another guard at the entrance to the attic stairway. Is there any other exit or entrance?"

"No," Rodney said.

"Did you know Mr. Boone's valet, Miss Barnett?"

"No. But that doesn't mean I'm not entitled to my suspicions."

"I'll be glad to hear about them, Miss Barnett," the inspector said hastily, "just as soon as—"

"Bill," she interrupted, "do you suspect anybody?"

Bill had taken out a package of cigarettes. He extracted one and lit it. His actions were slow and deliberate. He looked at Nancy, then at Rodney, and said, "Yes. Either your stepfather did it or he knows who did."

(To be continued next week)

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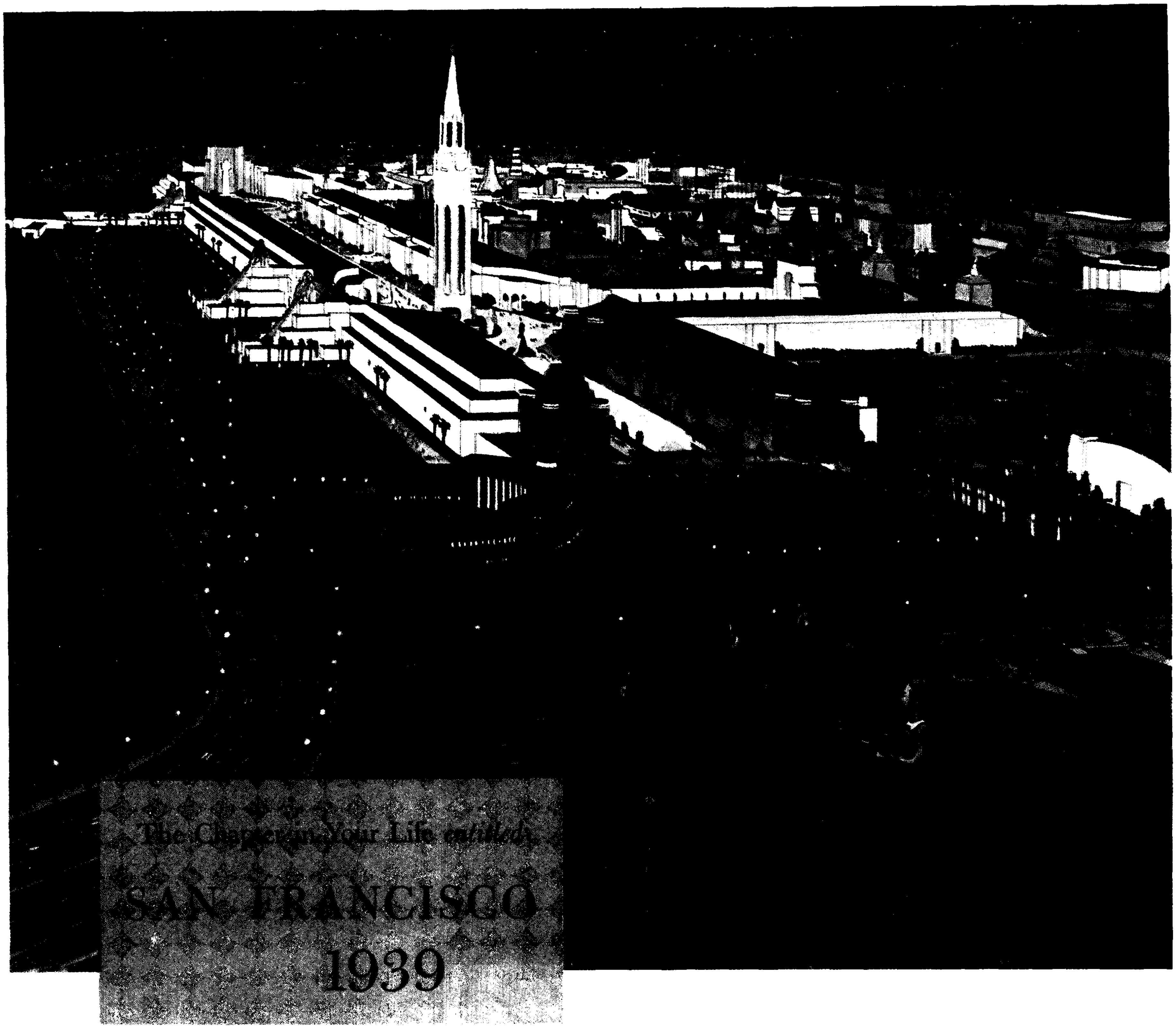

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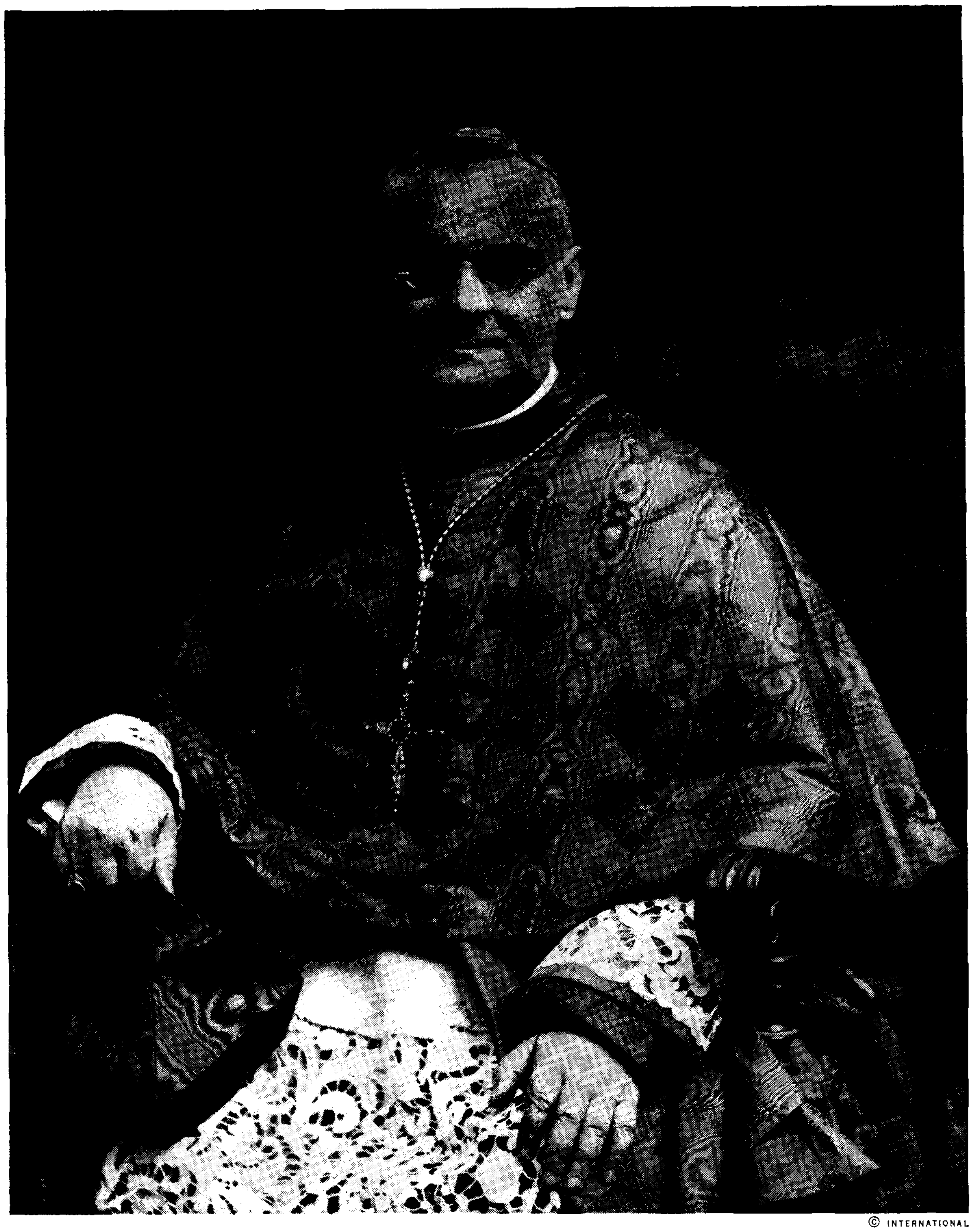
The Man Who Wouldn't Be Pope

By Thomas B. Morgan

The late Pope Pius XI began his reign as supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church under circumstances as dramatic as they were unusual. He was elected Pope after one of his colleagues in the College of Cardinals had declined, for the first time in history, the highest office of the Church. This is the story of that memorable event



The late Camillo Cardinal Laurenti, who in 1922 was elected Pope to succeed Benedict XV and whose refusal to accept resulted in the election of Achille Cardinal Ratti as Pius XI. Below, the stove in the Sistine Chapel in which the ballots are burned after each vote

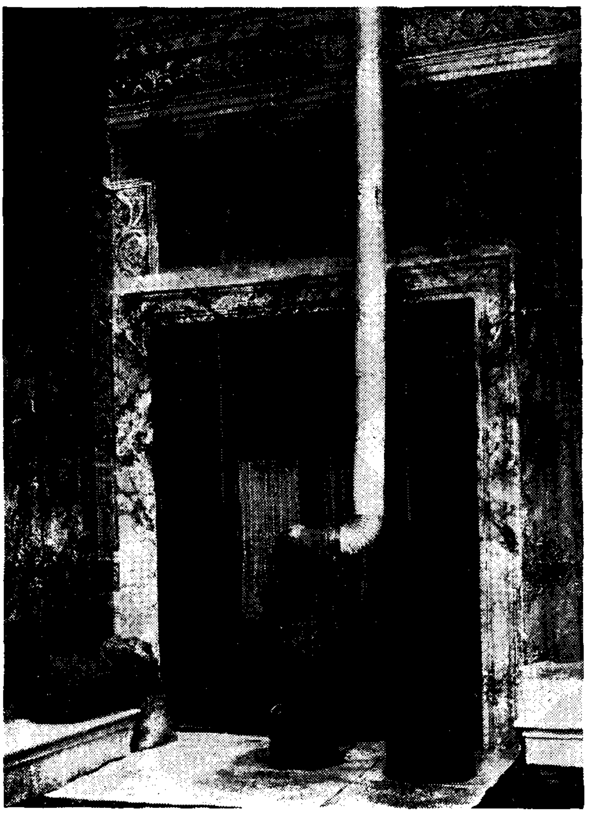
© INTERNATIONAL

THE bejeweled tiara was to be placed upon his head. Where he sat was to become the papal throne. Fifty-two cardinals in solemn and secret conclave had elected him Pope, ruler of 400,000,000 Catholic souls. In the breathless silence and to the awed amazement of them all, he had said "No."

He was known endearingly as "Piccolo" to his colleagues and intimates. American prelates and students in Rome had spoken of him as "Little Laurenti." Standing in all his cardinalitial dignity, he only reached five feet four, but what he lacked in height he made up in girth—and brains. In chunky build and low stature he resembled Senator Hiram Johnson, glasses and all; though unlike the stormy Californian, his face was placid and benign. Formally he was Camillo Cardinal Laurenti. Now, at sixty, he had refused the highest ecclesiastical office in the world. That chance would never come again.

He could wisecrack on occasions, smile nearly always, but his greatest qualities lay in his profound scholarship and in his knowing how to treat the exposed nerves of human nature. Every ounce of his energy had been given to his ecclesiastical mission. He had remained fastened to his work in the Propaganda Fide congregation for thirty-seven years. Many of these he had spent as a professor there. He had not traveled, though he had gained a rare insight into the personal deadlocks of mind and spirit, for, while he was professor, students of all races and from all parts of the world came to him. He discovered the threads that made the whole world kin.

Born in the abject humbleness of the Italian rural village of Monte Porzio, which was hidden in the isolated recesses of the Alban Hills, twenty miles from Rome, he had passed his boyhood among the vineyards, the herds of sheep and goats and the terraced gardens on the backbreaking slopes. It was an eleventh-century hill town, built for defense, and in its unspoiled entirety could offer the little Camillo at his birth in 1861 only what it had offered boys born when it was founded in 1078. As a child, therefore, he lived eight centuries ago.



Like many a medieval antecedent, he donned the cassock as a boy of twelve. Though the thought of the skirt would have proved a nightmare for a modern American boy trying to climb a fence or steal a base, it was not so bad even though regulations required that he keep it on. American students in Rome today often play baseball in their cassocks and, while it seems a quaint, albeit nostalgic, performance, they do play. And in that same way Camillo played, but his sports were limited to long walks, with his classmates from the Frascati Seminary, over the hills, where on every clear day they could look to the north and see the dome of St. Peter's. He had been to Rome on a primitive cart to see the sights. When he reached eighteen he went to live there as a student of the Capranica Theological College. He was indeed a country boy harassed by uncontrollable blushing and rural shyness, but he distinguished himself in all his scholastic studies and was graduated with the highest honors in theology and philosophy. At twenty-three, he was ordained priest.

It was following his ordination that the College of Propaganda Fide congregation appointed him professor of philosophy. Little *(Continued on page 77)*

Horizontal Champions

Continued from page 26

perpendicular for fifteen rounds with Dr. Ludwig Hayman in London the same year, but also won the decision, is explained by apologists as having been due to the circumstance that the "brutal" encounter was held on May Day and Scott decided to stage a one-man uprising against capitalism.

His other victory that year was achieved over Vittorio Campolo, the Sitting Bull of the Pampas. There was more than a dash of Ferdinand in this lanky, sleepy-looking pharmacy gaucho from Argentina, who loved nothing better than to sit in an easy chair under an oak tree at his training camp and plunk-plunk on his guitar. As this sky-scraping South American Joe always collapsed in two sections, the plunk-plunk sound simulated for him the noise he made in falling at the conclusion of a bout. The sitting and horizontal champions remained upright through ten appallingly boresome rounds when they met and Scott won a questionable decision.

With the grains of rosin still smarting his chafed spine, Scott finally reached the most perpendicular point in his horizontal career, in a match with Jack Sharkey in Miami. The winner was to fight Max Schmeling for the heavyweight title Gene Tunney had relinquished after slaughtering Tom Heeney.

Histrionics and Hysterics

For one minute and five seconds on the sultry night of February 27, 1930, in Miami, Scott's horizontalism was close to yielding him the reward of a bout for the championship with Schmeling, who was to win it on his back the following summer by rank resort to Phil's favorite device. After flooring Scott once in the second and twice in the third, Sharkey landed a left on the Englishman's right hip and Phil went down like the Lusitania, Maine, Titanic, Hesperus and stock market combined.

Referee Lou Magnolia, since deceased, stopped the fight, giving the impression that he had awarded it to Scott on a foul. At this, Sharkey stormed around the ring, bawling like a spoiled brat. Meantime, the crowd which had been warned by the press to expect such a dénouement, was giving an imitation of a mass escape from a filbert foundry.

Through all this hubbub, Philip lay in his corner. A doctor, summoned by the perplexed referee, examined the felled fireman and found a slight red mark on his hip that might have been caused by Sharkey's punch or Philip's failing for falling. In either case, the doctor said, the injury was about as painful as a blackhead.

Thus reassured, Referee Magnolia gathered his scattered wits and ordered Scott to get up and fight. Reluctantly and with many a groan, Phil obeyed the first part of the command. He got up but there was no more fight in him than in a wounded rabbit. A moment later, Phil's horizontal empire faded into the balmy semitropical night. The next punch the lachrymose Lithuanian landed, a left to the short ribs, sent the Phading Phireman down to find his level and keep it.

After attempting a comeback against Young Stribling in London later that year and being flattened like a bobby's instep in two rounds, Philip opened a tea shop down Surrey way, where he sipped tea to his heart's content as he reclined on a chaise longue and let his waitresses attend to the customers. When the tea business went flat on the horizontal king, he opened a beauty parlor. Flopping in that, too, Scott next bobbed up in Egypt as boxing instructor for the Cairo police.

Scott wasn't the first horizontal British heavyweight nor the last. He was merely the most famous of the lot. Long before Phil had acquired the first canvas burn on his bunion-infested shoulder blades, Bombardier Billy Wells and Joe Beckett had demonstrated to the geometry students of Great Britain what constituted a blarsted plane.

The Bombardier (accent on the "bum") began his career as a boxer while serving with His Majesty's forces in India, back in 1909. Participating in a mixed bout in London a few nights after Scott's horizontal debacle recently, Wells, now fifty-one, scandalized the Horizontal Heavyweight Guild by winning the match perpendicularly, thereby wiping out credits earned in the numerous bouts in which he had wound up parallel to Mother Earth.

Beckett, already a man of standing in the Horizontal Heavyweights' Guild, clinched permanent membership in 1923 when, in the presence of the then Prince of Wales at Royal Albert Hall, London, he was crowned with a single punch by Georges Carpentier. Frank Moran, an artist, who wielded a potent brush which he called his Mary Ann, put Beckett on canvas in another down-to-earth masterpiece. Several heavyweights of that era who never knocked out Beckett explain this puzzling circumstance now by stating that Joe retired to his horizontal bar in Southampton before their turn came. Joe, a gruff, ill-mannered fellow who scowls a much better fight than he ever fought, is now on exhibition at his pub and three drinks entitles a customer to feel the chin those other heavyweights loved to touch. A round for the house will induce Joe to warm up and strike the pose he struck before Carpentier struck him. Often, when the motorman of a tram clangs his bell, passing Joe's jernt, the Great Leveled One will drop his bar rag and fall to the floor out of sheer force of habit.

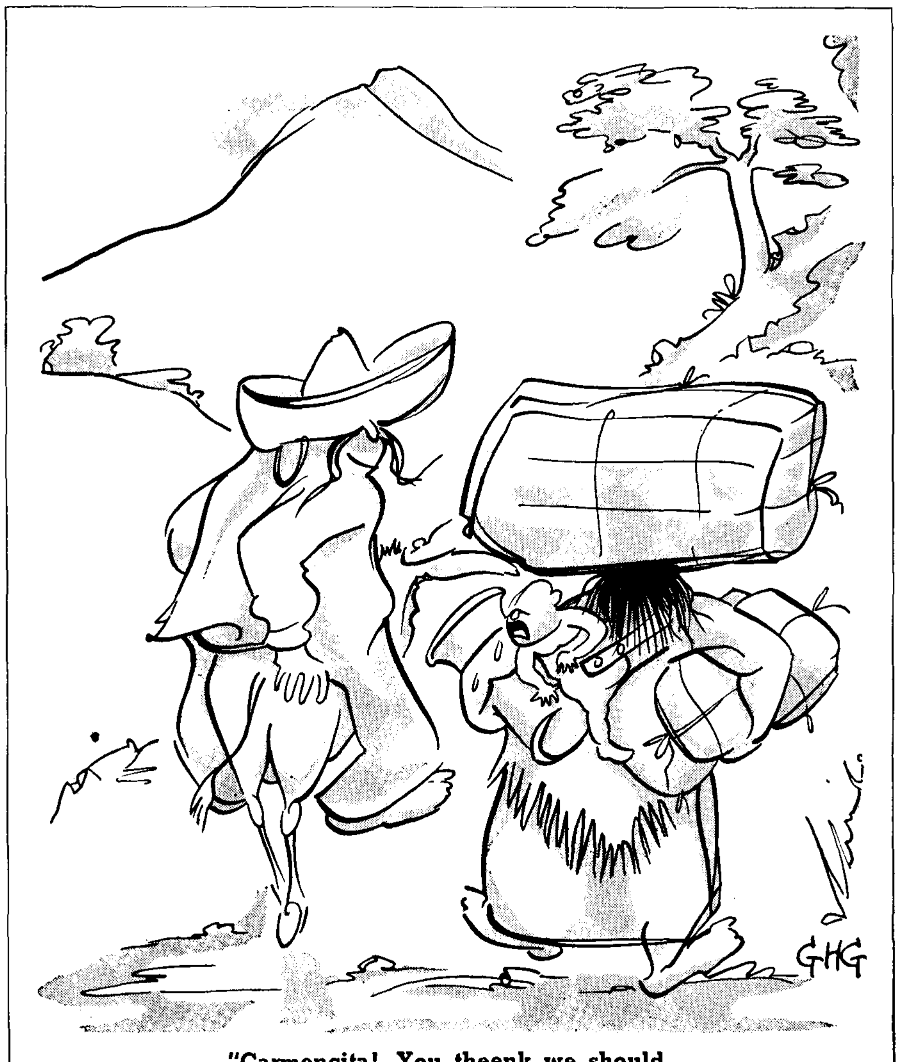
Flatter and Flatter

The dominions of Britain occasionally contribute an outstanding horizontalist. Such a one was Boshter Bill Squires, whom Australia sent over as a challenger for Tommy Burns' title in the summer of 1907. Advance reports on Squires represented him as being so tough he had to be handcuffed before going to bed every night so he wouldn't knock himself out in his sleep.

His record in the boxing books revealed the fact that Boshter William had won all seventeen of his fights in Australia, sixteen of them by knockouts!

Came July 4th in Colma, California, and Boshter Bill, finally revealed in the flesh, climbed into the ring. The flesh was goose-pimpled, despite the heat of the day, for the Australian Terror was terror-stricken. Bad Bill was Woebegone William now. The bell rang and those who lingered over their programs or newspapers missed the battle in its entirety. Squat Tommy hit Boshter and then the crue-yell floor came up and did the same thing.

Was that the end of Boshter Bill Squires? No, egad, it was not. Tommy Burns was nobody's duck-billed platypus. Jack Johnson was chasing him around the world for a match and as



"Carmencita! You theenk we should stop a while and let the mule rest, no?" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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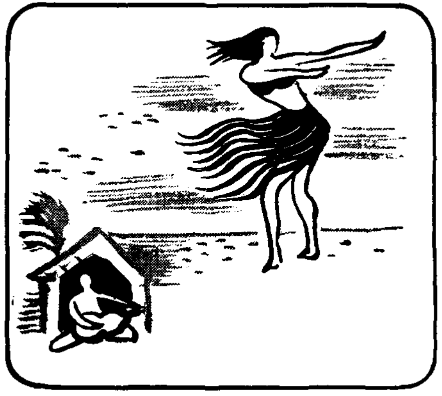

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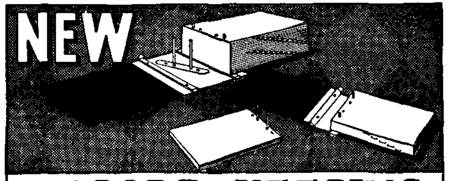

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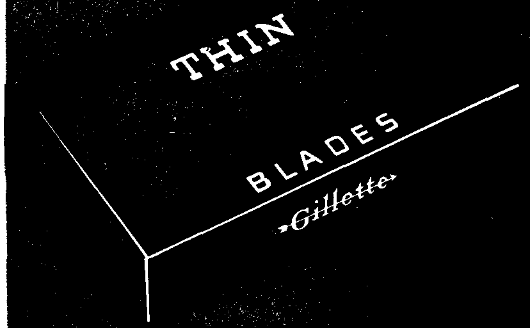

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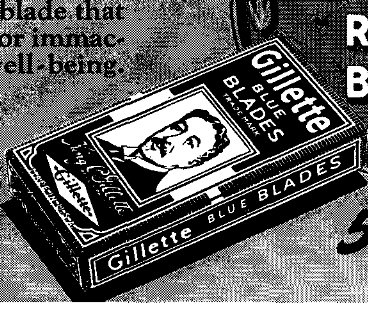

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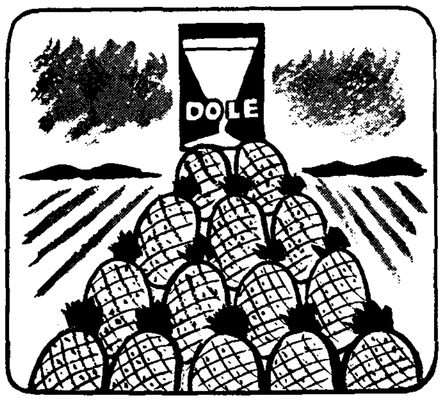


This pyramid of luscious ripe pineapples in Hawaii is dedicated to Dole Pineapple Juice. Rich in easily assimilated fruit sugars. No other sugar is added by man. Dole Pineapple Juice is *unsweetened.*

long as Tommy was defending his title, as he shyly referred to it, against Boshter Bill Squires, he couldn't fight Johnson, too. Twice the following year, therefore, Tommy bashed Boshter Bill again.

The mystery of Squires' remarkable Australian record has never been cleared up, though an explanation is long overdue in view of the fact that in the eight fights he had after Burns knocked him flat for the first time, the Walloped Wallaby wound up horizontally seven times, winning only a four-round setto with Jem Roche, the Horizontal Hibernian.

Fred Fulton, the Plastered Plasterer, was one of the leading disciples of the horizontal cult in America during the Dempsey era. In fact, Dempsey's 18-second knockout over Fred in Harrison, New Jersey, the year before he won the title is one of the quickest knockouts on record. Fulton wasn't a tanker, however. The bloke really could fight, as knockout victories over such worthy foemen as Gunboat Smith and Frank Moran attest, but the poor plasterer's jaw was as glassy as the eyes of his knockout victims.

Illustrating the peculiar fear complex fighters get is the classic story of Fulton's bout with Bartley Madden in New York. Bartley was a roughhouse Irishman who had enough heart to serve a cageful of lions but very little fighting equipment to back it up. Fulton was slamming Bartley all over the ring one night and was about to finish him when the Irishman, in a fit of rage at his own helplessness, muttered: "Wait till I catch up with you on the street, you big bum! I'll knock your brains out!" The thought of being licked in the hazy future by the man he had at his mercy in the very real present was enough to cause fainthearted Frederick to relent with the result that Bartley lasted the limit and the fight was called a draw.

Tankers and Horizontals

There is a fine line of distinction between a tanker and a horizontal heavyweight. A tanker is strictly a businessman engaged in building up young heavyweights' self-confidence by simulating knockouts. Experts in such matters say that no matter how promising a fighter is, he needs some of these pseudo-knockout victories to acquire faith in himself. The technical terms for the service performed by the courage-bolstering guildsmen are "taking a dive," "going in the water," or "doing a Kellermann." A horizontal heavyweight, on the other hand, wants to win and often does but has such a high-strung nervous system and such a weak jaw that he topples over at the slightest gust of wind.

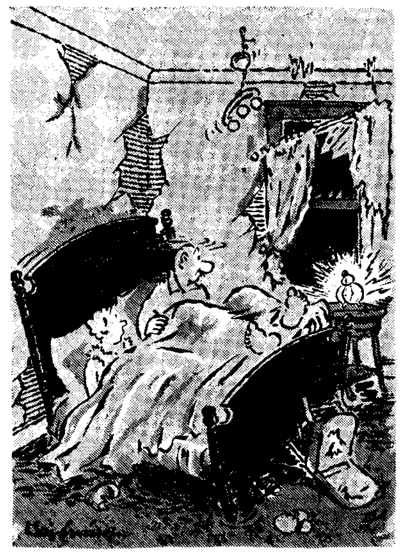
Tankers have always been used extensively in building up heavyweights. The most barefaced example of a tanker-built champion in the annals of boxing is Primo Carnera. The boys all but invaded the graveyards to dig up tank fodder for Da Preem. Most tankers don't believe in prolonging the agony. They go out in the first or second round. Carnera's record reeks with one- and two-round "knockouts." Twelve of his first thirteen bouts in America lasted less than two rounds.

A horizontal champion named Jack Doyle deals out the most cruel punishment he is capable of inflicting only when he chooses to sing. Doyle is the most amiable humbug the prize ring has ever known. In vocal circles, he represents himself as a fighter and when he moves in the pugilistic set, he palms himself off as a singer. Critics of each art say he is neither, but everyone agrees he's an expert in the art of blarney.

Doyle trains for his fights, such as they are, in night clubs. He does his roadwork in the custom-built cars of heiresses. And only twice have bouts in which he engaged gone over two rounds. If his opponent is still vertical as the second round is closing Jack either fouls out unintentionally, of course, as he did against Jack Petersen, or knocks himself out as he did in his recent bout in London with Eddie Phillips.

On this history-making occasion, Doyle swung a right at Phillips, missed him by a foot and fell chin downward on the ring apron with such force as to knock himself out. Still punch-drunk, Jack ducked out of the fight club, got aboard an ocean liner and was off to America, lured by a phony cablegram, sent by his American managers who wanted to lay their fins on him and collect some of the dough he owed them. They signed the name of one of Jack's wealthy lady loves, who had turned cool on him, and when Jack presented the cablegram and announced he was her knight-errant, ready to slay any dragon she named, the irate heiress threatened to have him tossed in the brig if he didn't stop annoying her.

Picking himself up after this figurative knockdown, Jack was flattened literally the next evening in a night club when a lovely entertainer named Elinor Troy, whose publicity man had cameramen planted all over the place, hauled off and fetched the ground-thrush a pretty polthogue in the puss, as they say in Cork City.



"The salesman SAID it goes off with a bang!"

JAY IRVING

"He can run out on those jab-jolly jasboes he's always threatening to fight," lisped Elinor spiritedly, "but he can't take a powder on me, when we have a date. Our engagement is broken!"

The most famous of all American horizontal fighters was Fred McKay, who reached the nadir of his career in the era before the World War. Fred, a fine figure of a man, six feet five and 240 pounds of muscle, bone and sinew, was a brother of Vic McLaglen, the movie star, who also was a fighter for a while.

Fred's strength was prodigious. One of his feats was to hold a half dollar between his teeth and then break it in two with his thumb and forefinger. A more likable fellow never drew a breath because, in addition to a weak chin that made him popular with opponents and brought him a steady income, Fred was gifted with a rare sense of humor and had a million-dollar grin.

One day he and another fighter named Johnny Kelly, a lightweight, arrived in Baltimore where both were booked to fight and, noticing a billboard sign advertising the fight card, stopped to read it.

"Can you imagine that bum!" snarled Kelly after reading a few lines. "My manager, I mean. He told me I was booked for ten rounds and this says I'm to go twelve."

"What are you worrying about?" asked McKay. "It says down farther that I'm going to go fifteen rounds but I know I'm only going one!"

A Horizontal Hero, Too

Fred's brother, Vic McLaglen, was fighting in Tom O'Rourke's heavyweight tournament one night and in the first round floored his opponent, Sailor White, three times. Learning Vic had no one to do his business, every piece man and manager in New York was in his corner by the end of the round, trying to sign him up. As the second opened, Sailor White biffed Vic on the chops and, going down on one knee, the tough guy of the movies allowed himself to be counted out. His hundred managers faded like the mist and Vic was bringing his water pail back to his dressing room when Brother Fred presented himself.

"If you had my heart with your build," said Fred, "you'd be the champion of the world."

McKay was in with Battling Levinsky one night at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn. The troglodytes of the Borough of Churches, accustomed to seeing McKay go out in the first round, week after week, thought it would be a neat whimsey to have him go the limit for a change, so they set up a community howl to that effect. Catching the spirit of the thing, Referee Billy Haukop and Levinsky fell in line with the idea.

In the first round, McKay leaned over the ropes to Dan Morgan, Levinsky's manager, and shouted so all could hear: "Hey, Dan, tell this bum of yours to lay off my face. I don't like it there!"

Morgan complied. The next round, in a clinch, when Levinsky was belaboring his ribs, Fred pleaded: "Have a heart, Bat. You know I don't like 'em down there."

"Then where am I going to hit you?" asked Bat, perplexed.

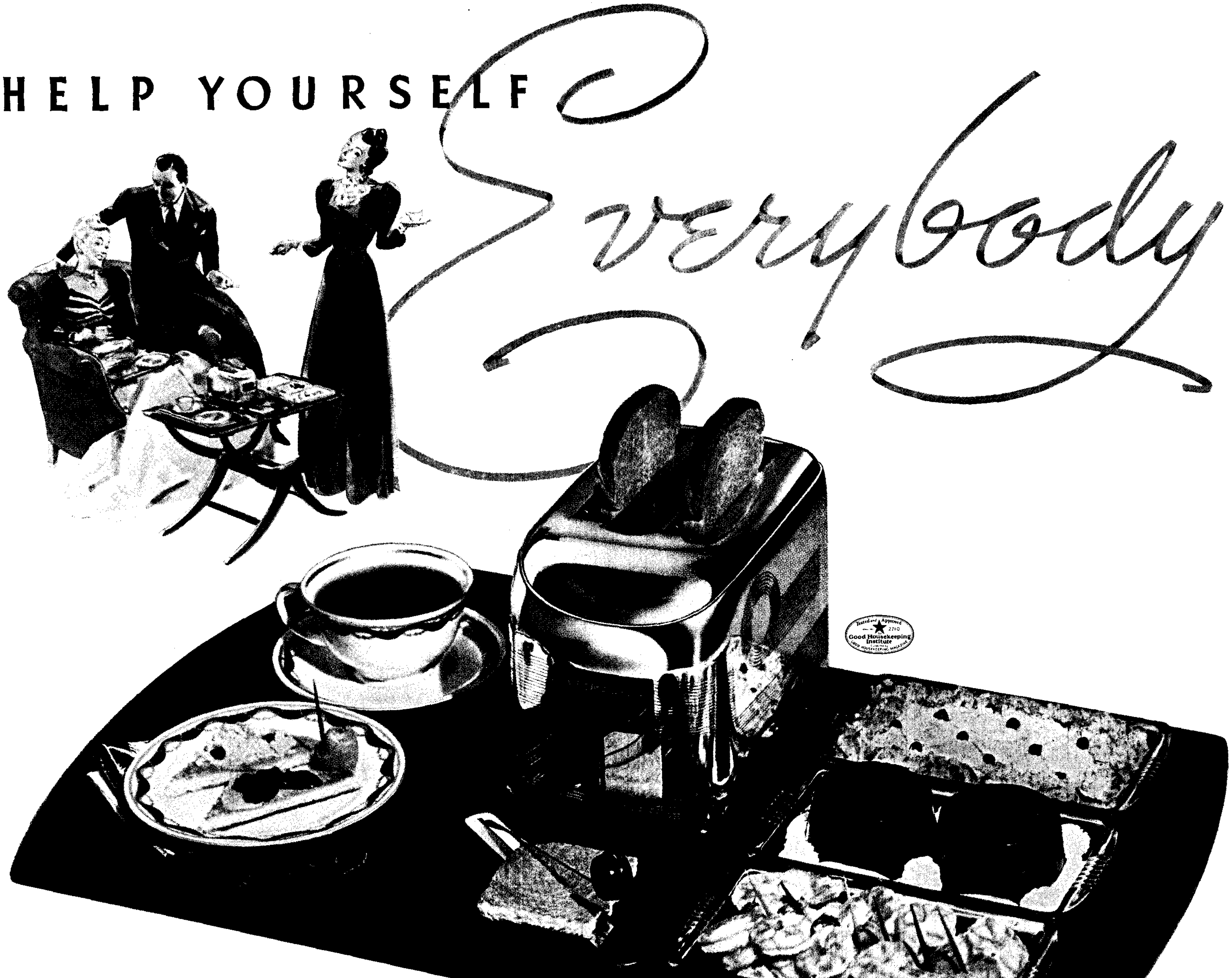
"Nowhere!" said McKay, going down without being hit.

Referee Haukop refused to count over him, ordering him to get up. Eight more times during the "fight" the same thing happened. The crowd howled its appreciation of its own little joke as McKay, unaccustomed to going more than a round, puffed, groaned and grunted through the ten-round nightmare. When the thing finally ended, the house sent up a mighty roar of mock applause for the champ of the tanks, who heard the final bell for the first time in his career.

Today, boxing men speak reverently of Fred. They'll tell you he enlisted in the Princess Pat Regiment of the Canadian forces during the World War and was among the first to see action. In the only real fight of his career, the timid tanker proved himself to be a real man, winning citation after citation for bravery. The horizontal champ was flattened for the last time as he was leading a charge across No Man's Land. They found big Fred, lying face downward, his broad chest punctured by a dozen German machine-gun bullets, but the same old grin on his face. And when they laid him away for eternity, in the position he had assumed so often in the prize ring, a Victoria Cross rested over the heart omniscient boxing writers used to compare with a rabbit's.

So, be not harsh in your judgment of horizontal fighters. The next time you see one go into his tailspin, remember that there, but for a World War to put him to a real test, may lie another hero like Fred McKay.

HELP YOURSELF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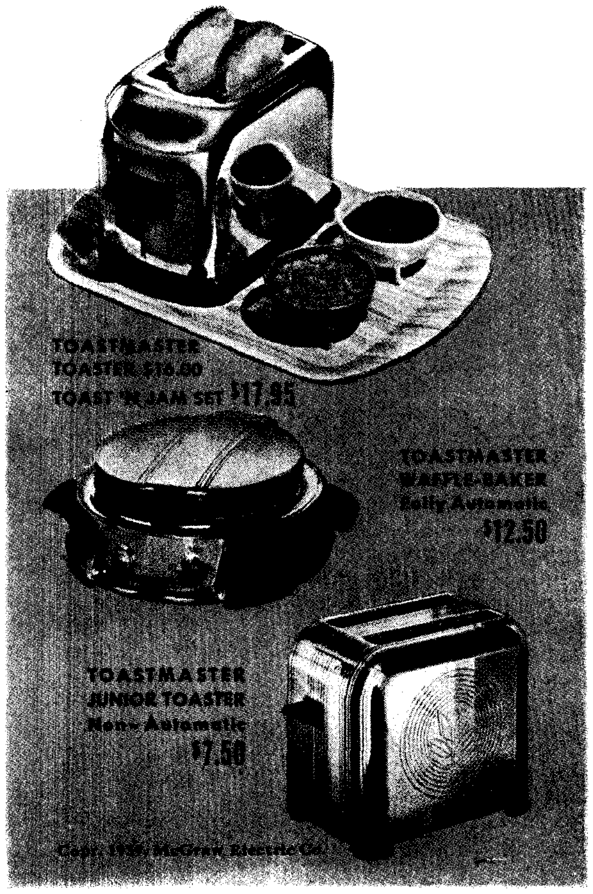
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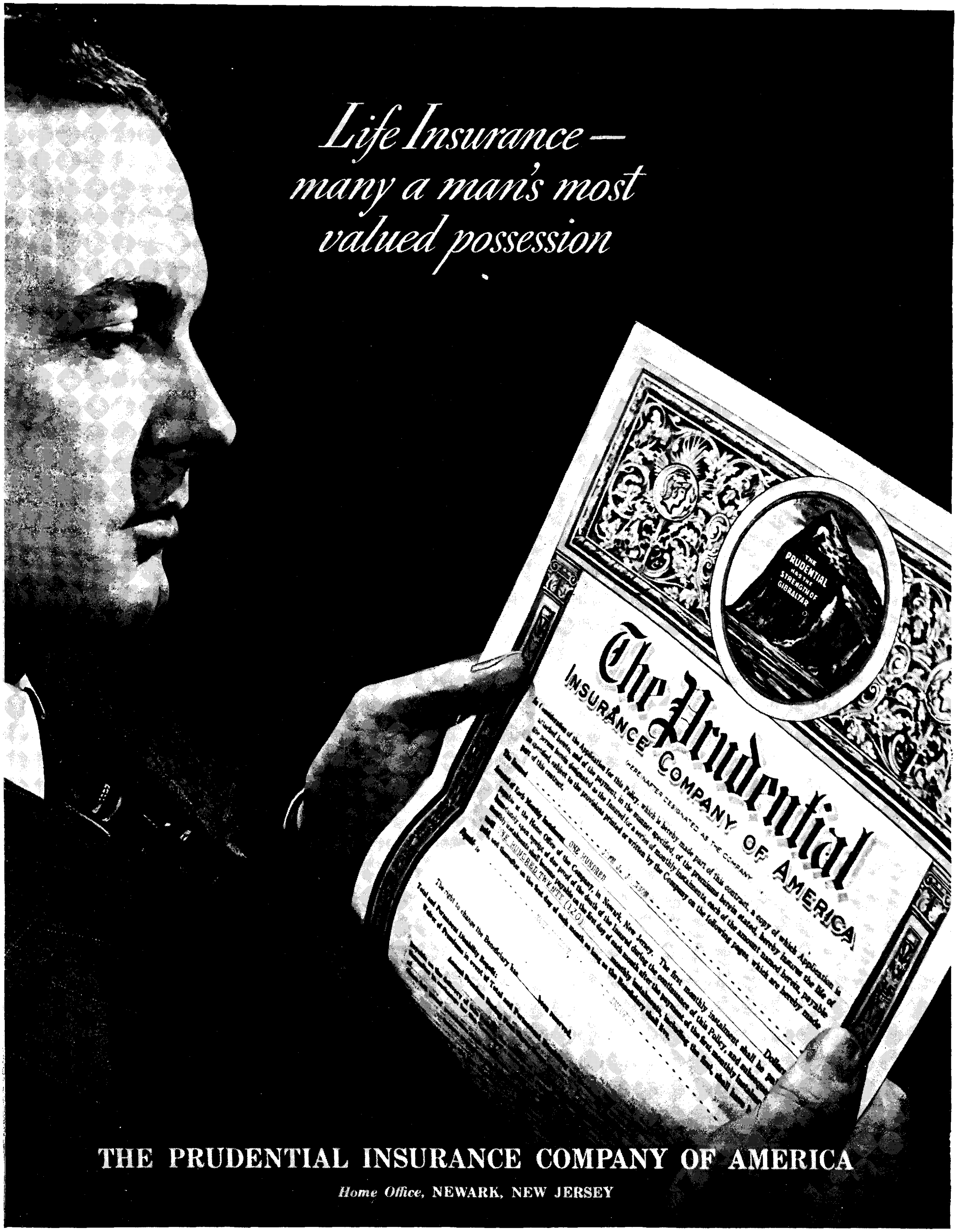
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The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 22

on Doc Janvier tonight if we have to get him out of bed. Come along, Joe?"

"Sure," said the comandante. "*Con mucho gusto*."

Dr. Janvier was not at home. He had been recalled to the hospital by gangrenous developments in the case of a Jamaican checker who had been pretty thoroughly chopped in a payday argument. The doctor was in the second-class ward, a huge barracklike room devoted to the ailments of native fruit-cutters, backers, mule boys, and other plantation and dock workers in the lower pay brackets.

"I'll join you in a moment, gentlemen," he said, dropping a handful of bandages into a basin and bending over the black shoulder of his Jamaican patient. "Wait for me in the office."

TEN minutes later the doctor joined them, wiping his hands on a towel as he entered.

"No doubt," he said, "you have come to ask about the case history of Mr. William Bossert. No?"

"What makes you say that, Doctor?"

"Ever since last night I ask myself if there is perhaps some connection between the death of the vice-consul and his last request to me for the Bossert case history."

"Only since last night, Doctor, has Bossert been on your mind?"

"Only," said Dr. Janvier, opening a drawer of his desk. "Before I am not suspicious. Only since last night do I ask myself, why does the vice-consul want to know where was Bossert when he first developed symptoms—before he was admitted to the hospital, I mean."

"And did you have the information?"

"Part of it." Dr. Janvier patted the point of his gray beard as he studied the card in his hand. "Bossert was admitted on a Saturday. The previous night he worked on the river pickup, spotting barges until daylight, then collecting fruit from the independent plantations on the left bank of the Rio Sangre. He felt drowsy and low in vitality, but thought this was due to lack of his sleep. He had two cups of black coffee laced with rum, with one of the independent planters—"

"Which planter?" Lane asked.

"I think he said it was at Adolf von Graulitz's farmhouse."

"Go on."

"The coffee made him feel better for a while," the doctor said, consulting his card, "but during the morning, before the pickup was finished, he developed a painful headache, and was convinced he had a touch of sun. He had lunch at his own farm with the overseer, Hind, but was not hungry. Everything had a bizarre taste, he said. He had a nap after lunch and felt refreshed. Late in the afternoon he rode his mule to Rio Sangre district headquarters, had two highballs with Cecil Holliday, and rode to port on Holliday's motor."

"I can go on from there," said the comandante. "I remember the evening quite well. There were cocktails at the Alcotts', a buffet supper at Perry's, and there was to be bridge at the Bannisters' afterward. Bossert didn't play bridge, however. During the supper he got sick as a dog, and we rushed him to the hospital."

"And the nurses who gave Bossert his quinine, Doctor—you have their names, of course," said Lane.

Dr. Janvier shook his head. "I did not prescribe quinine for the patient," he said.

Lane sat forward tensely on the edge of his chair. "Then you knew, Doctor, that Bossert was not suffering from blackwater fever?"

"No, no. But he was. That was the diagnosis, blackwater fever," Janvier insisted, with a wave of the card.

"Isn't blackwater fever a pernicious form of malaria, Doctor?"

Janvier nodded. "Malarial hemoglobinuria," he said.

"And you mean to tell me that you didn't prescribe quinine for malaria?" Lane's voice was challenging.

"You do not understand," Dr. Janvier countered quietly. "In true blackwater fever, the red corpuscles of the blood are dissolved by some unknown hemolysin which seems not to be associated with the malarial parasite. Many authorities on tropical medicine believe that this hemolysin is produced by quinine. Therefore, the treatment presents certain difficulties—"

"You performed no autopsy to confirm your diagnosis?"

"No."

"You sealed the casket, in fact, to prevent an autopsy?"

"We always seal the caskets we ship north," said Janvier.

"WHAT would you say if I told you a post-mortem examination, weeks later, revealed decided traces of arsenic?"

"That is possible," said Dr. Janvier absently. "Arsenic remains a long time in the body. I always remember Dr. Jeserich's classic case of the schoolmaster who took arsenic and did not die. And a year later they still found traces of arsenic in his hair. There is—*Nom d'un nom!*" The doctor's owlish eyes suddenly opened wide, as though he had realized belatedly the import of Lane's statement. "You mean that Bossert died of arsenic poisoning?"

"Yes," said Lane.

Dr. Janvier raised his hands, slowly turned them over, stared at his palms pensively. He seemed to expect some answer to his puzzled, questioning gaze to reveal itself as to a palmist. Suddenly he clenched his fingers.

"No, no!" he declared. "My diagnosis was correct. Yet"—he hesitated—"it could have been correct for arsenic poisoning, too. There are many similar symptoms. Small, rapid pulse. Dry, hot skin and intense thirst. Vomiting. Diarrhea and tenesmus. They are all symptoms of blackwater fever, and they are all symptoms of arsenic poisoning, too."

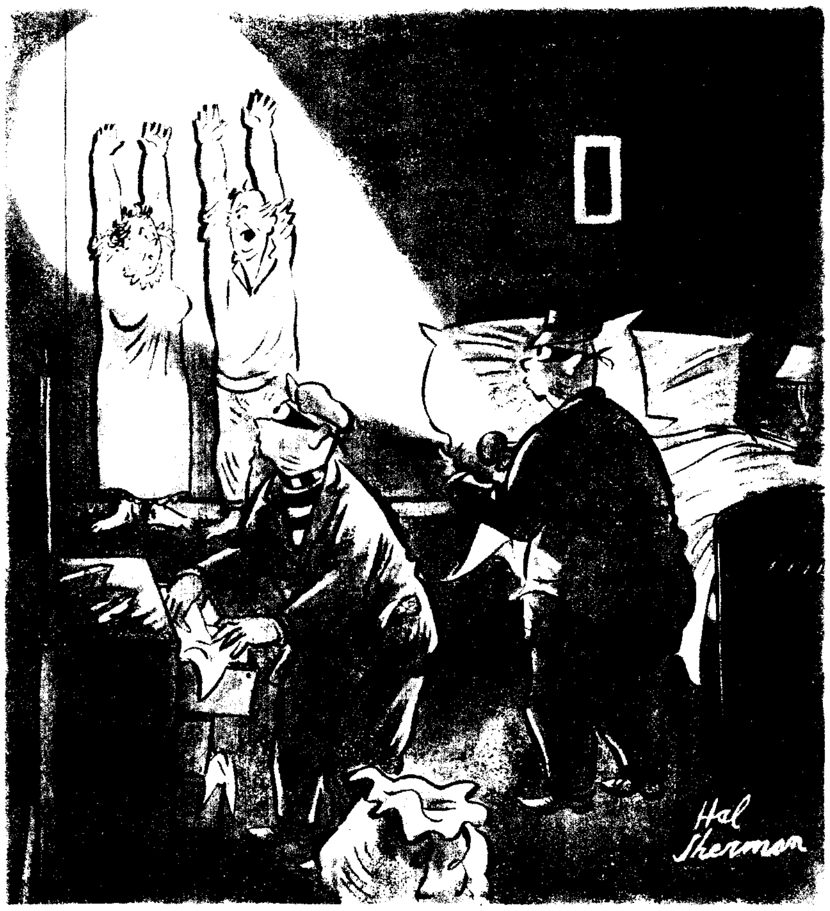
"You counted on the similarity, didn't you, Doctor?"

"If there had been convulsions," continued Dr. Janvier, ignoring Lane's implied accusation, "I might have suspected. But there are not always convulsions. Or if I had noticed any photophobia. . . . Still, the patient did not complain of his eyes. . . ." He turned to the comandante with an appealing gesture. "I perhaps made a colossal error of diagnosis, Coronel," he said, "but it is comprehensible, is it not? We have frequent blackwater fever down here, and we have never had a case of arsenic poisoning before. So, when a given set of symptoms present themselves . . ."

He unclenched his hands, again stared at his palms.

Lane stood up. "I'd like to have a look at your X-ray equipment, if you don't mind, Doctor," he said.

THE moon had come out from behind the clouds, and its low-slanting beams were shining through a breadfruit tree into Muriel's bedroom. Wide awake, propped high on her pillow because it seemed useless even to try to sleep, Muriel lay staring at the shifting pattern



"I wish you'd stop apologizing and telling them how awful you look without any make-up!" HAL SHERMAN

A definition becomes REALITY

re-fine' (re-fin'), v.; -FINED' (-find'); -FIN'ING [re+*fine* to make fine; cf. F. *raffiner*.] 1. To reduce to a fine, unmixed, or pure state; to free from extraneous matter; to free from dross; to free or cleanse from impurities.

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DENTYNE
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of moonlight and shadow, closing her eyes only when parted branches flung the dazzling whiteness of the moon full upon her face. What was the legendary affliction that was supposed to be visited upon those who slept under the brilliance of a tropical moon? Moonblink? That was it—moonblink. You slept in the moonlight and you went blind.

Well, she had been blind to a lot of things lately.

She sat up very straight in bed, listening. She thought she had heard footsteps—light, rapid steps, that might be made by bare feet running along the path by the side of the house. She heard the crunch of gravel, then a faint step on the veranda steps. She sprang out of bed, crossed quickly to the door to the living room, stood for what seemed ages, listening to her heart thumping wildly in her throat. Her hand was on the knob, but she was without the *strength to turn it. Then she heard the* screen door to the veranda closing softly, and she hesitated no longer. In an instant she was across the threshold, her hand groping over the wall of the living room for the light switch.

The sudden flood of light halted Nita Fenwick in the middle of the floor. Nita was clutching a man's raincoat about her slim waist, and the empty sleeves dangled grotesquely from her shoulders. Her mop of dark hair was in mad disarray, and her narrow, languid eyes were open wider than Muriel had ever seen them.

"Nita! Where have you been?" Muriel exclaimed when she had recovered from the first shock of surprise.

"Since when are you night watchman around here?" snapped Nita. Her drawl was gone. She took three long strides to the divan, sat down tensely, reached for a cigarette on the end table. As she leaned over, the front of the raincoat gaped wide, and Muriel caught a flash of pink silk and the whiteness of bare skin. Muriel's startled gaze traveled downward. Nita was in her stockinged feet.

"Nita, you're practically naked!" Muriel gasped.

"So what?" Nita struck a match, inhaled greedily.

"That's a man's slicker, Nita. Whose is it?"

NITA leaned back, allowed the cigarette smoke to stream from her nostrils. Her face relaxed. She was herself again.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"That's not Walter Lane's coat?"

"Of course not."

No, it wasn't Walter's slicker. She would recognize it if it were. But the thought of Walter's coat started a new train of ideas in Muriel's head. She began, haltingly:

"Nita, last night . . . when I went out looking for Cecil Holliday . . . Walter left his raincoat here, and . . . Well, you were here too, and . . . Nita, you didn't put two hundred-dollar bills in Walter's pocket?"

"Where would I get a hundred-dollar bill, darling?"

"From Dave Perry's safe."

Nita snorted smoke.

"That's one for the book!" she said. "Nita steals hundred grand. Nita nonchalantly brings hundred grand home in pocketbook. What would I do with it, ninny? Do you think I'd put it in my dresser drawer, with Blanco and his chocolate soldiers going through the town with a fine comb?"

"You could hide it outside someplace, Nita. You've been out tonight. . . ."

"You would say that. You couldn't think of anything but money that might make a gal sneak out at night, could you? No, you couldn't. Not you. Even if you were crazy about a man and he was crazy about you, you wouldn't give. And if the poor crazy egg was a seventy-five-a-month timekeeper, or there was some other reason he couldn't marry you, it wouldn't make any difference. You'd hold out on him anyhow. You—Oh, what's the use of talking. I'm going to bed."

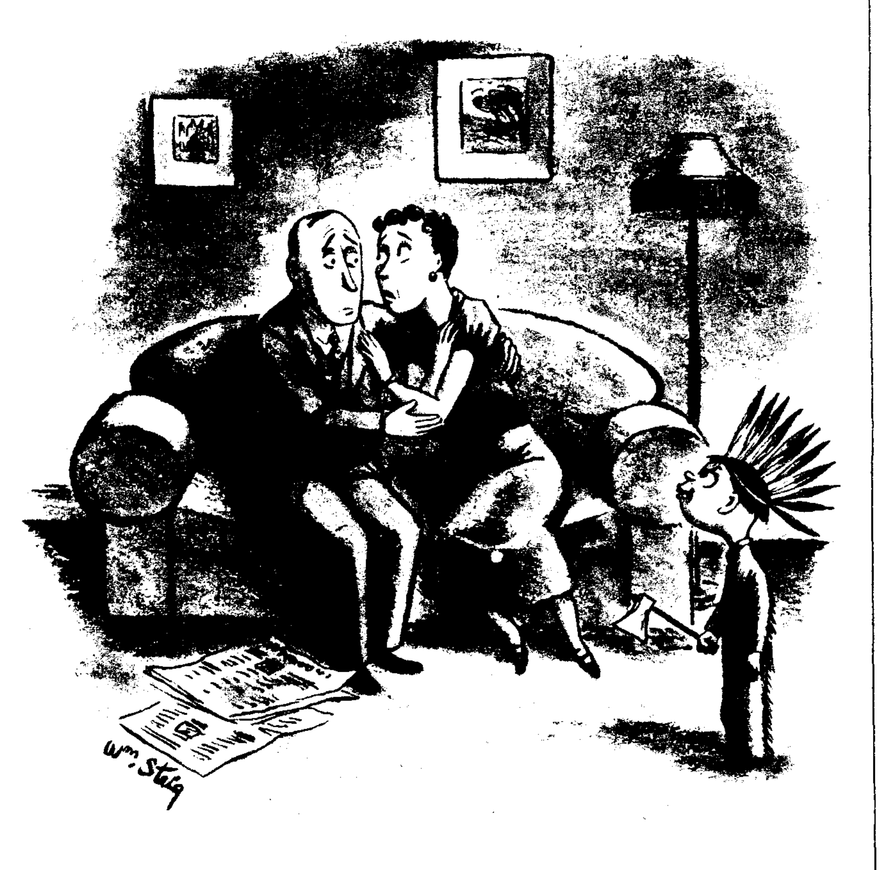
Muriel came over to her, put a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

"You're a fool, Nita," she said. "An awful fool—but I like you. And I don't like seeing you in a jam. Can't I help, Nita?"

"No." Brusquely Nita shrugged off the sisterly hand.

"What is it, Nita? Tell me."

"None of your damned business," Nita almost shrieked. She fled to her own room and slammed the door.



"He's been looking at me that way all day" WILLIAM STEIG

MURIEL sat down to the breakfast table and looked with distaste at *the peeled orange, impaled on a fork,* that lay on her plate. She had scarcely poured hot milk into the black coffee essence at the bottom of her cup when the telephone rang. Dave Perry wanted her at once. It was urgent.

Muriel gulped her coffee, powdered her nose, and hurried to the division office. It was only six-thirty, but men were rushing in and out of the building with an air of undisguised excitement.

As she opened the door to Perry's office, the superintendent of agriculture scurried out and passed her without speaking. Perry was yelling into his telephone and did not acknowledge her presence. She saw a sheaf of telegrams on his desk, picked them up, ran through them. It was as she had suspected. A blowdown was on the way!

There were radiograms from captains of fruit company ships at sea, data from company weather observers on small Caribbean islands in the regular storm tracks, reports from Jamaica and the Caymans. Yes, there was a blowdown on the way, and it was a lulu! Somewhere out on the blue Caribbean, innocently calm in the golden morning, a violent storm was racing for the coast. It was moving fast, the message said, and it was a hundred miles wide. It would strike the coast in twenty-four hours, probably, and it would strike hard. If it missed Puerto Musa, there would be a miracle to chalk up. And if it didn't miss, there would be a scene of devastation such as every banana planter knows and dreads.

Muriel sat down at her desk and began sorting the telegrams. She knew exactly what to do. Twice before she had seen blowdowns wipe out vast sections of plantations, roaring havoc that swept from the sea without warning, to wreck half a million stems of fruit in twenty minutes. . . .

Perry jammed down the telephone receiver.

"No word from Rio Sangre?" Muriel asked.

"No word yet." Perry closed his eyes wearily, ran his hands through his bushy hair. "We had to have something like this, didn't we?" he groaned. "It wasn't enough that Stilton is murdered, that *the third vice-president is on his way* down to raise hell, that the hundred thousand is still gone, that New Orleans refuses to send more money, and that we've got to stall the Minister of the Interior. And on top of this, a blowdown."

"Maybe it won't hit us," Muriel said.

The superintendent of agriculture burst in.

"Dave, where's the new man Lane?" he demanded.

"I fired him last night," Perry said.

"WELL, hire him again. Holliday needs him. They're shorthanded at Rio Sangre. Pinky Hind is out."

"What do you mean 'out'?"

"I mean out—out cold," said the superintendent of agriculture. "He's been on a bat for 36 hours, and he's still drunk. He says he's quit his job. He's been throwing money around like a—"

"What money?" Perry barked. The weariness suddenly went out of his face.

"How should I know what money? Hind claims he won in the lottery, that he's rich and he's through with bananas. Holliday says there's no use arguing with him. Even if we got him to stay until he got his fruit out and stacked, he's not sober enough to work, Holliday says."

"Ye gods and little alligators!" Perry groaned again. "All right, I'll try to get

Lane back for you. Where is he, Muriel?"

"I think he slept at the comandancia last night," the girl replied.

"Go out and look for him," Perry ordered. "Find him and tell him he's hired again. Apologize to him for me—if you have to. Put it strong. He'll probably do what you tell him. And tell him to get out to Rio Sangre right away. Take him out yourself in my car. Tell the dispatcher I said to give you a clear track. Now hurry."

The girl needed no urging. She was smiling to herself as she went out the door in a flurry of crisp white linen.

Perry was not smiling. His perpetual frown was chiseled deeper than ever as he picked up the phone.

"Try to get me Rio Sangre again," he told the operator.

Then Mrs. Alcott came in. She entered without knocking, and stood leaning against the door when she had closed it. There was an unfamiliar light burning deep in her eyes.

"Edith," said Perry, the telephone receiver in his hand, "if you've come looking for apologies for what happened last night, consider yourself apologized to. It was a shame and we're all sorry. I haven't time to be more abject this morning. We've got a blowdown and a third vice-president due at the same time. Go on home, Edith."

Mrs. Alcott did not go. She came farther into the office and sat down, her fingers tightly clasped in her lap.

"This isn't about last night," she said. "Not about the dinner party, anyhow. Do you want another murder on your hands, Dave?"

Something about Mrs. Alcott's white-lipped earnestness gave Perry a queer start. He didn't like the mad look in her eyes, the strained tautness of her angular body.

"What's on your mind, Edith?" he asked.

"Murder," said Mrs. Alcott in her high-pitched monotone. "If you don't want any more killing down here, you'd better get Nita Fenwick out of port by the next boat."

Perry dropped the receiver back in place. "Are you accusing Nita of killing Gerald Stilton?" he demanded.

"I don't know anything about that," said Mrs. Alcott, "although I wouldn't put it above her. But I do know that if you don't send Nita Fenwick north right away, *I'll* kill her. I'll kill her with my bare hands!"

THE calm fury of the woman was frightening. Dave Perry got out of his chair and came around the side of his desk.

"See here, Edith," he began, "be yourself. You—"

"I am myself, Dave. And I'm not going to let that hussy get away with stealing my husband."

"There's some mistake, Edith, I'm sure. Henry is—"

"No, there's no mistake. Henry's been playing with that little tramp for months. I've got proof, Dave—material and definite proof."

Perry leaned back against the edge of his desk. He lifted one hand in a bewildered gesture.

"Can't you and Henry work this out together?" he suggested.

"There's no use talking to my husband about this," Mrs. Alcott said. "Henry's always had a roving eye and I suppose he can't help it. But the brazen effrontery of this woman! In my own house! Dave, bring her in here."

"But, Edith—"

"Send for her, Dave. We're going to settle this right now. And if she denies it, I'll show you proof!"

Resigned, Perry picked up the phone and called Bannister's office. A minute later Nita Fenwick came in. She wore a filmy gray dress that allowed an accurate appraisal of her most intimate wardrobe.

"Hello, Mrs. Alcott," she drawled. "I saw you come in, and I thought you'd be needing me. Is the ultimatum ready, Mr. Perry?"

Perry was visibly embarrassed. "Nita," he said, "Mrs. Alcott claims that . . . Well, she says . . ."

"She accuses me of breaking up her home?" prompted Nita.

"Exactly." Perry was grateful for the help. "So, I thought, Nita, that you . . . well, you ought to get a chance to explain. . . ."

"What's there to explain?" drawled Nita. She was watching Mrs. Alcott through half-closed eyelids. "The explanation is right here. Take a look at Mrs. Alcott."

"You see, Dave? She admits everything. You'll send her home, won't you, Dave?"

"Take a good look at her," Nita continued, still studying Mrs. Alcott, "and you'll understand what happens when a good egg like Hank Alcott finds he's married to a dowd who starts going hag on him at thirty-eight. Look at her hair, Mr. Perry, and then thank God *you* don't have to look at a rat's nest across the breakfast table every morning. If—"

"You can't insult me!"

"I WOULDN'T even try." Nita was warming to her subject. "Of course, there isn't much choice down here—otherwise he probably wouldn't have picked me to fall in love with."

"He doesn't love you!" Mrs. Alcott was losing control of her voice.

"Doesn't he?" Nita shrugged. "He'd marry me if you'd give him a divorce."

"I'll never give him a divorce!"

"I guess I'd probably marry him, too. I like him a lot. I admire him. I feel sorry for him. I must love him some, too. Yes, I'd probably marry him!"

"You'll never marry him!"

"Then that's that. If you think you can hold a husband by force—"

"Dave, I'm not to listen to any more of this. Are you going to send her north, or aren't you?"

There was a long pause. Dave Perry looked helplessly at Nita. Nita laughed briefly.

"Sort of puts you on a spot, doesn't it, Mr. Perry?" she said. "How are you going to keep peace in port without offending Westchester Fruit Distributors? If you fire the wayward daughter of a good customer to keep the honor of the company intact, you might lose the customer."

"Nita, why do you make such a mess of . . . of . . ."

"Of my life? It's my own—more than yours is yours, Mr. Perry. I like you, Mr. Perry. You're a good guy, and I don't want to make trouble for you—any more trouble." She paused, and a flicker of gravity came and went in her eyes as she looked at the division manager. "You won't have to fire me, Mr. Perry. I'll quit."

"I'm sorry about this, Nita." Perry was visibly relieved.

"What's the first boat out—the Tio Juan?"

"The Tio Juan gets in this evening," Perry said, "but the Fonseca is due before dark and will probably start loading first. If we can get enough fruit on the dock, she'll sail before daybreak—and try to beat the blow."

"Miss Fenwick will take the Fonseca," said Mrs. Alcott.

Nita came over and held out her hand to Perry. "Does my resignation take effect immediately, Mr. Perry?"

"If you want, Nita."

"Then I'll take the rest of the day off," she said. "I've a few things to do, packing and what not. Sorry I won't have time to show you how to use a lipstick

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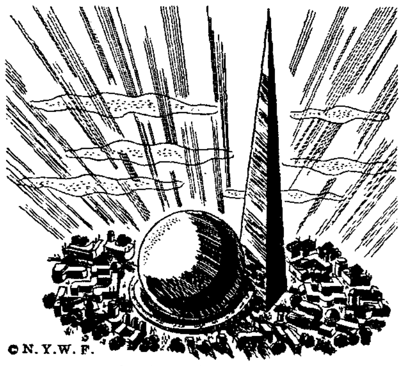

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properly, Mrs. Alcott. Or to give you lessons in—"

"Get out of here!" shouted Mrs. Alcott. "Get out, before I—"

The phone rang.

"Get out, the both of you!" ordered Perry.

"Exit smilingly," said Nita, holding the door open for Mrs. Alcott, with a display of exaggerated politeness.

But Perry was no longer watching the women. He was talking on the phone to Rio Sangre.

WALTER LANE was not at the comandancia when Muriel came to get him. He had been out since daylight, after only a few hours' sleep, digging for more information with the industry of a terrier who has misplaced his bone.

The examination of Dr. Janvier's X-ray equipment had not been particularly revealing. True, the fruit company hospital had the best of modern roentgenological apparatus. There was ample electric power for a person bent on jamming the air waves, and there were transformers to step up the potential sky-high, and more transformers to vary the frequency. It would take very little additional apparatus to transform the X-ray laboratory into the source of interference that Lane had been seeking. He found no traces of connections having been made, however, nor any sign of an outlet for the surreptitious wave energy. Of course, such signs would have been removed when Adolf von Graulitz discovered Lane's mission in Puerto Musa. And Mme. Janvier did have coral fingernails. . . .

Mme. Janvier's fingernails lost a good deal of their significance as the result of Lane's early-morning investigation. The manager of the company commissary told Lane that there had been an error in the last shipment of nail polish from the States. Instead of the usual assortment, the shipment had contained only one shade: coral. As the corrected order would not arrive for another week or ten days, five or six complaining ladies had been forced to buy polish which was not their regular shade.

Lane also spent half an hour at the company's wireless station at Manaca Point, talking to the operators on duty and making mental notes on the equipment. It was not a particularly illuminating half-hour—with the possible exception of a five-minute talk with Bob Neptune, the young operator who was carrying the torch for Nita Fenwick. Neptune told Lane he had been in the tropics only a little more than a year, and that before that he had been a ship's operator. He had served for fourteen months with a steamship line that called regularly at Hamburg and Bremen—which might mean much or nothing. At any rate, Neptune disclaimed any knowledge of German and insisted he had made no friends in the German ports.

Lane was on his way back from Manaca Point when Muriel intercepted him.

"Hello, banana herder," she said.

"Ex-banana herder," Lane corrected her. "Double ex. I've resigned and I've been fired."

"YOUR resignation hasn't been accepted, and you're hired again," said Muriel. "Dave Perry says you're to get out to Rio Sangre immediately. The division's scheduled to be blown flat in twenty-four hours, so we're loading two ships with whatever fruit can be cut."

"I imagine the division's been blown down before without me. Can't they get along without Lane this time?"

"They're shorthanded at Rio Sangre," the girl said. "Pinky Hind is ossified. His number came up in the lottery, so he thinks he's rich. He won't work or draw a sober breath as long as the money holds out. . . ."

"How much money was it?"

"I don't know. But the reports are that he's throwing it around by the fistful."

"Maybe I had better go to Rio Sangre," said Lane, half to himself.

"Mr. Perry said I was to offer you his apologies—if necessary."

"And if I don't consider them abject enough?"

"Then I was to use my feminine wiles."

"Turn them on," Lane said, "but gently. It's very early in the morning."

He stopped walking. They had reached the edge of the fruit company settlement. The girl turned and looked up at him. A traveler's tree spread its great green fan peacock-wise behind her. It was like a fantastic headdress of huge emerald plumes, and it made her look smaller than ever. Lovelier than ever, too, if that were possible, Lane mused. The sun glinted upon her golden hair as she lifted her face to him with playful coquetry. She curled her lips in a flirtatious smile, but the smile faded when she caught the look in his eyes. He had suddenly become very serious. He took both her hands.

"Remind me to tell you sometime," he said gravely, "how terribly much I love you."

"Tell me now, darling."

"I wish I could. I don't know the words. I love you much too much."

"I adore you."

"More than Perry?"

"You know I do."

"More than Holliday?"

"More than anything in the world. I guess I've always loved you, darling. I guess—"

She said no more. Lane had swept her into his arms, lifted her off the ground, crushed her tight against him as he kissed her tempestuously.

FAR at sea a storm was lashing out for the coast. Near by, hundreds of men were hurrying to stave off its destruction. Nearer still, in the hospital behind them, two dead men lay in sealed caskets, with the mystery of their killing still sealed with them. But for the moment none of these things existed. For Lane all the universe was locked in his arms, all of time was reduced to an instant of tender sweetness that lay in the pressure of his lips against hers, in the fragrance of her hair and the touch of her fingers against his fevered temples.

It was Muriel who broke the spell. Slipping gently from his embrace, she reached her toes to the ground.

"It *is* very early in the morning, Walt darling," she said with a breathless little laugh. "And we both have a big day ahead."

"Have we?"

"There's a blowdown coining. . . ."

"Damn the blowdown!"

"You will help out at Rio Sangre?"

"All right, I'll go up. I'll go up with the comandante later."

"Dave said I was to take you." Lane passed the back of his hand across his face as though to rub a dream from his eyes. He looked about him slowly to collect his thoughts. "I can't go now," he said. "I've got a few things to look into down here first. I'll meet you in an hour."

"At the comandancia?"

"Better come for me at the dispatcher's office. I've got a little research to do there and it might take me some time."

"I'll be there in an hour."

"Tell me, darling. That house just beyond those palms, the one with the fancy radio antenna in back, is that Perry's?"

"No, that's Mr. Bannister's. Dave Perry's is next to it."

"On the other side?"

"No, on this side. The house on the other side is Mr. Alcott's."

"I think I'll walk over and have a look at that antenna," Lane said. "I'll see you in an hour, darling."

Muriel was waiting outside the train dispatcher's office when Lane came out. She had news for him—about Nita Fenwick. She told him that Mrs. Alcott had made Perry send Nita north, by the Fonseca, probably tonight. She also told the story of Nita's strange nocturnal appearance in stockinged feet and a gentleman's raincoat.

"In view of what happened," she said, "I guess the coat was Henry Alcott's."

"I suppose so," said Lane, abstractedly. He had listened to Muriel with only a few preoccupied interruptions, as though he were thinking of something else. "Doesn't the comandante object to Nita's going?"

"He's going to make her open all her baggage before she takes it on the ship," the girl said. "Do you think Nita has the hundred thousand?"

"I don't know," Lane replied. "What does the comandante say?"

"You can ask him. He's going to ride up with us. He wants to talk to Cecil Holliday."

"Yes, of course." Lane moved like a sleepwalker as he climbed into the car beside Muriel. The comandante was already sitting in the rear seat.

A STEAM locomotive snorted impatiently on a siding, waiting for Muriel's motor to pass before proceeding into the plantations with its long string of empty red fruit cars.

The steel wheels of the detired sedan screeched against the rails as Muriel stepped on the accelerator, rounded a curve, passed the last manaca huts of Puerto Musa, and headed down the long green cloister of arching banana fronds.

They had passed Kilometer 5 before Lane roused himself from his brown study and spoke. He half turned in his seat to address the comandante.

"Joe," he said, "just what time did you estimate that Bill Roland was killed the other night?"

"Between one and one-thirty," the comandante replied. "Probably between one-fifteen and one-twenty, the way I figure it. I talked to him on the phone about one-ten."

"Muriel said he was at the comandancia before that. How long before was it, Joe?"

"About half an hour, I'd say. Maybe only twenty minutes."

"Who else was there at the time?"

"Well, Miss Monroe was there. And Perry and Bannister."

"And Holliday?"

"Yes, Holliday was there, too."

"What about Pinky Hind?"

"No, Hind left about twenty minutes before Roland came in. He was so tight there was no use trying to get anything out of him, so I let him go."

"Did they all leave the comandancia together—with Roland, I mean?"

"No," said the comandante. "The vice-consul stayed for about five minutes after the others left. I think Perry was the first to leave. Do you remember, Miss Monroe?"

"Dave left first," Muriel said. "Cecil Holliday followed him. Then Mr. Bannister and Mr. Alcott left together. At least they walked together as far as the Plaza. Then I left."

"Did you go right home, Muriel?"

"Not right away. I started after Cecil, but Mr. Von Graulitz stopped me and talked for a minute."

"Was Graultiz waiting outside the comandancia?"

"Not waiting exactly. It wasn't far from the comandancia that he stopped me, but he seemed to be coming from the direction of the small boat landing."

"Joe, are you sure that was Roland you talked to when you phoned the consulate afterward?" Lane asked.

"Pretty sure," said the comandante. "Of course I didn't pay much attention at the time. I took it for granted it was his voice. He only said a few words. I think all he said was 'No, decidedly not. Never heard of him.' Not much more than that, anyhow. His voice sounded a little sleepy, but then it usually did."

Lane lapsed into silence again. At Kilometer 20 the girl stopped the car opposite the dispatcher's phone booth.

"I'll get the *via* for the Rio Sangre spur," she said.

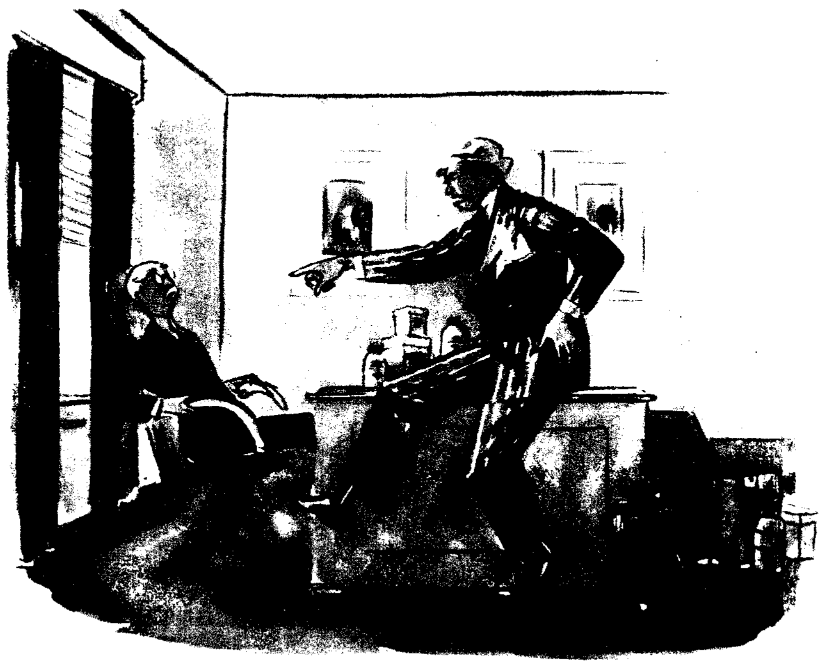
Lane took her arm as she was about to open the car door.

"Don't bother," he said. "We'll roll the car off the tracks just below here. That looks like Holliday standing near the empties on the siding. I'd like to talk to him."

"You, too?" the girl said, a little reproachfully.

Lane did not reply. He looked uncomfortable. He was under obligations to Holliday for helping Muriel get the skiff for his escape from the *juzgado* last night, yet there was certain data he had secured from the train dispatcher that needed clarifying.

(*To be continued next week*)



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Nine Until Three

Continued from page 10

"Who is he?" Floyd's voice was sharp.

"A sweet little youngster by the name of Red McDonough," the captain said, "and I'm thinking that a couple of years in the reformatory will be good for his soul."

"Timothy," Floyd pleaded, with horror in his voice, "the lad is thirteen!"

"Breaking and entering is first-degree robbery if he's seven, Mr. Smythe. Assaulting an officer in the performance of his duty is assault, if it is by a baby."

"Timothy, you mustn't. Send him over to me first." Floyd knew the boy well. Knew him for a high-spirited youngster, bright, but not very amenable to discipline. "Let me talk with him first. Who owns that store?"

"Mr. Emanuel Ely, and he's here now and right angry he is, Mr. Smythe."

"Let me talk to him, Tim." The storekeeper got on the phone and Floyd talked rapidly. He talked for five minutes and then got the police captain on again.

"Tim, send the kid over, please. Stretch a point or two. Send him over with the cop who arrested him. I'll send him right back, if you want me to."

"I'll bring him over meself, Mr. Smythe."

Floyd hung up and then stared ahead of him for a moment. A year in a reform school would point out the way to crime for this boy. Yet . . .

"Miss Towle," he called. "As I remember, a youngster named McDonough played on our baseball team. Is that right?"

"Oh, yes," it was her job to be able to answer any question he asked, and in five years she had never missed. "He was our best player. He was captain of the team."

He nodded thoughtfully. The kid had broken into a sporting-goods store. Why? He thought for a few moments, and then he thought he had the answer.

RED McDONOUGH looked a little frightened as he walked into the office. He had sandy hair and a lock of it kept falling over his right eye. He didn't meet Floyd's eyes, but he stood there, frightened and defiant, with the huge bulk of Captain Timothy O'Hara looming over him.

"Too bad, Mr. Smythe," the captain said, "but we caught him and he's off to prison."

"What did you want in that store, Red?" Floyd got up and put an arm around the boy's shoulders.

"Nothin'." The boy's voice was surly.

"You didn't want a couple of bats? You didn't want a baseball for you boys to use? Did you, Red?"

The boy looked at Smythe with suspicious eyes. "What's the difference?"

Floyd sighed. "You know, Red, I once played baseball myself. I played at school and I had only one ambition. I wanted to be a big-leaguer some day. But I wasn't good enough. Now, you are. You might have become a big-league player. You might have become another Lou Gehrig."

Sudden tears welled to the boy's eyes. "That's why I stole the ball and the bat. My gang didn't have a good bat and all we got is ten-cent rockets, and you can't play ball with them."

"Now, Red, you're on our team, and our team, like the Yankees, doesn't start training until the spring. Then we furnish balls and bats. Now, if Captain O'Hara will let you go, I know you'll never break into another store."

O'Hara started to say something, but Floyd stopped him.

"Timothy," Floyd said softly, "I talked to old Emanuel Ely. He's willing to forget the charge."

Captain Timothy O'Hara looked at Floyd with sad eyes. "You're making a man look the other way, when his duty calls."

"You wouldn't be a captain if you hadn't looked the other way lots of times yourself, Timothy. Now sit down and tell me about the family."

"No," O'Hara shook his head. "I'll get back to my workshop. I must keep that flatfoot quiet about this—it was big Tom Kerrigan, by the bye. Imagine that youngster goin' after Kerrigan with a bat!" The captain's laugh roared through the office and then he left and Floyd sat down and bent once more to his desk. . . .

"Mr. Smythe, Mr. Marino is on the phone."

"Marino? Who is he?"

"Why, Mr. Smythe!" Miss Towle's voice was incredulous. "Mr. Marino, the leader. He's the district leader here."

He nodded. "Yes, of course. I remember. Put him on."

WHAT would Mary be doing now, he wondered? Drawing pictures of fur coats, he reflected; fur coats that he couldn't buy her, because he was a failure. . . .

"Yes, Mr. Marino. Of course, I'm fine. . . . Yes, we have a class here to teach English to foreigners. . . . No, we haven't filled the vacancy. . . . Miss Leventhal? I've interviewed her, Mr. Marino. . . . No, she won't do. Her English is too faulty, Mr. Marino. I'm very sorry. . . . You'll what? You'll accuse me of race prejudice? I'm prejudiced because she is a Jewess? . . . You'll tell the newspapers and you'll write to Albany? . . . Write to Washington, Mr. Marino, but don't ever phone me again."

His face was white with anger when he hung up. "Miss Towle, get me Miss Cohen."

Miss Bertha Cohen was listed as assistant principal. She was fifty-five, a veteran of the school system and an efficient, brilliant Jewess, who attended to details which he, himself, was too busy to bother with. While he waited for her, he reflected bitterly that Marino, political leader of one of the biggest districts in New York, could make trouble for him. The school system was honest and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred merit alone counted. But sometimes "pressure" was brought to bear. Apparently, it was about to be brought. He could see the papers seizing avidly on the story of a principal who refused to appoint a teacher because of her race.

"Now what is it, Mr. Smythe?" Miss Bertha Cohen's eyes twinkled at him through thick glasses.

"Trouble," he said briefly.

She sighed. "But we'll find a way." Her eyes laughed at him. They had been through a lot together and they had a great deal of respect for each other.

"You and I interviewed several girls who were after that job teaching English to foreigners," he said. "One was a girl named Leventhal. Do you remember her?"

"Very well. Really, she was quite hopeless. Very pretty, though. Do you want her address?"

"Some day," he said casually, "I will probably kill you, Bertha Cohen. All right, Miss Leventhal is out. As I recall it, there were two other applicants we rather liked. One was a girl named Constance Madison and the other, as I recall, was a bright youngster, named Ida Schlussman. Jewish, I imagine."

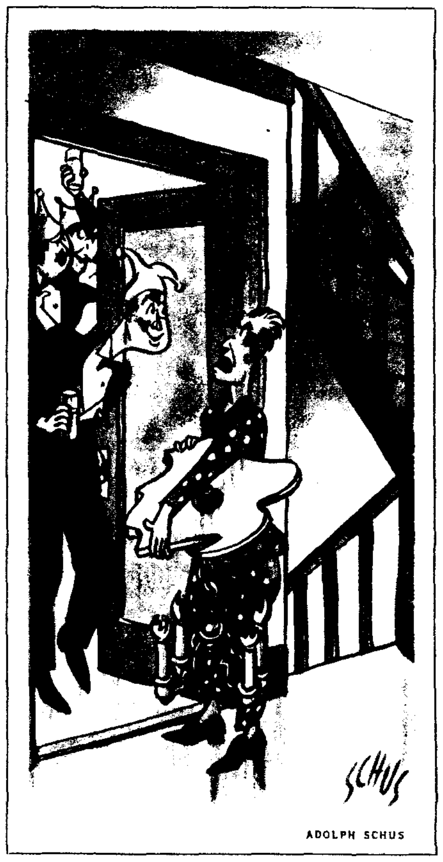
Bertha Cohen nodded. "Fine record," she said briefly. "There's not much to choose between the Madison girl and her."

"Well, let's appoint one of them," he said. "I think perhaps the Schlussman girl would be better. I'll accept her on your recommendation, Miss Cohen."

She looked at him with shrewd eyes. "Not at all, Mr. Smythe. Have you by any chance been talking to some of our political friends?" She turned. "Why, Doctor Ebinger, good morning."

Dr. Earl Ebinger was stout and hearty. One of the most brilliant minds in the school system, he had always thought a great deal of Floyd.

"Bertha Cohen, you're getting fat," he said. "So am I, thank goodness. My ambition is to get so fat that people won't bother saying, 'Aren't you putting on a little weight, Doctor?' That's why I'm here today. I want some blintzes and I want some marinated herring, and maybe, too, I want some gefuellte fish with horse-radish."



ADOLPH SCHUS

"Fine meal for a Yankee," Floyd laughed.

"I'm only a Yankee when I'm in New England on Thanksgiving. When I'm on the lower East Side in February, I'm strictly lower East Side, and I eat East Side food."

"I'll leave you two gentlemen. I have things to do." Bertha Cohen flounced her ample bulk out of the office.

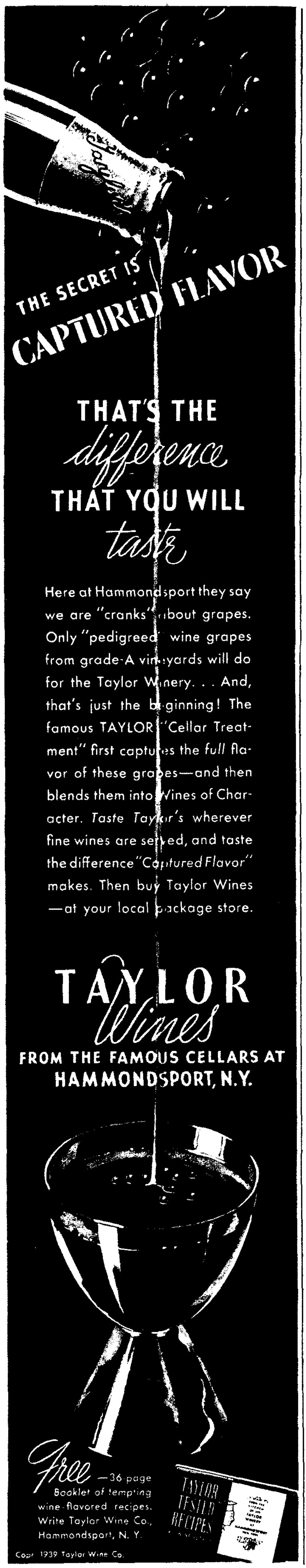
"HOW are things, Floyd? You look tired." Ebinger looked a little anxiously at his friend.

"Tired?" Floyd laughed. "I never felt better. I was never happier. I was . . ."

"Don't say it so loudly," Ebinger said calmly, "then maybe I'll believe you. Well, if there's trouble, tell your old friend, and incidentally your old boss. But that can wait. You have a few teachers here I suppose I must examine. Damn' nuisance"—he sighed. "I wish they had elevators in schools."

"Who do you want to look at?"

"I don't care. Let's spend five minutes in three or four classrooms and then have lunch. I find that as I get older,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I get hungrier earlier. But digging your grave with your teeth is a lot more pleasant than digging it with a pick and shovel."

Together, they inspected half a dozen teachers at work.

When they had finished, Ebinger said, "Floyd, how do you do it? Your teachers all seem to have the idea that teaching youngsters is an exciting adventure."

"I know my job," Floyd said simply. "I like it. It's my life."

THE afternoon had been fairly well taken care of by routine. Smythe looked at his watch. It lacked half an hour of closing time.

"Phone, Mr. Smythe," his clerk interrupted his thoughts. "It's Mr. Puccini, the father of little Anthony Puccini. He wants to talk to you."

He nodded absent-mindedly and picked up the phone. He heard: "Mr. Smythe, this is the father of Anthony Puccini, who is in the fifth grade. Tony's mother has been taken very sick. The doctor does not hold out much hope, says it is a matter of an hour or so."

"I am sorry, Mr. Puccini. If there is anything I can do?"

"Could you please let Tony come home right away? I will send for him. . . . Yes? Thank you, Mr. Smythe. Could you have him at the front door in fifteen minutes? I will send a car for him. . . . Thank you. Thank you. . . ."

He hung up slowly and said automatically to his clerk, "Get the Puccini youngster. Have him ready to meet his father in fifteen minutes at the front entrance."

He bent over the desk looking at reports, but some corner of his mind refused to concentrate. He didn't know the reason, but something kept asking, "Why?" Something worried him and he didn't know what it was.

"Why, if that child's mother is dying, did the father say he'd come in fifteen minutes?" he reflected. "Why not right away? Why did he have to send a car? The boy can't live far from school." Then he called sharply, "Miss Towle, where does the Puccini boy live?"

"You know Puccini's restaurant, Mr. Smythe," she said. "It's just a block away. The family lives over the restaurant. Puccini is very wealthy, you know. During prohibition he sold . . ."

"Where is the youngster?" he broke in.

"I sent a messenger, telling him to report at the front entrance."

"Hurry and get him. Bring him here."

SHE left, and now he was thinking, sharply, clearly. The East Side vendettas were as much a part of the East Side as were the pushcarts that lined Delancey Street. It might be . . .

The youngster, obviously puzzled and a little frightened, was brought in.

"That's a nice coat you have on, Tony," he smiled.

The boy raised large, limpid eyes to him. "Mamma bought it yesterday for me, before she went away."

"She went away? She isn't sick, is she?"

Tony Puccini shook his head. "No—Mamma and Poppa went to the beach yesterday. They went to Florida."

"Miss Towle, take Tony into your office," he said sharply, and he picked up the phone. Captain Timothy O'Hara listened while Floyd talked. Floyd hung up and then looked at his watch. The phone call had come ten minutes ago. Whoever was calling for the boy would be at the front entrance in five minutes. Smythe smiled grimly, then walked into his clerk's office adjoining his.

"Come on, Tony," he called gaily, "let's take a walk."

Smythe took the boy's arm and, talking easily, led him out of the office. They walked down one flight of stairs, then another. Smythe stopped the boy by the door leading out of the main entrance.

There was a small window to the right of the huge door. Smythe peered out of it, and as he looked a large black sedan rolled up smoothly in front of the building. A squat, bulky man got out of the sedan and then turned to talk to someone inside of it. Floyd felt a tingle of excitement. In a moment perhaps he would be proven a fool, but . . .

"Come on, Tony," he smiled and took the boy's hand.

"I am a friend of Tony's father," the man said, and Smythe smiled as he noticed that the man kept one hand in his overcoat pocket.

"I am Floyd Smythe, the principal. I thought I'd bring Tony down. I hope his mother is all right."

The squat man shook his head sadly. "She is very sick. The doctor says she cannot last long. Come, Tony." His eyes shifted nervously as he reached out to take the boy's hand. Floyd clenched his hands. Where was Timothy? Timothy had insisted that, if it were a kidnaping, the men be caught in the act. He had said he'd be there in five minutes with his men. He had said . . .

"No, just a minute," Floyd said. "Naturally I have a responsibility to the pupils here. It's just a matter of form, but have you a note from Tony's father?"

From inside the car a cold voice said, "Give him the note and get the kid."

The squat man stopped smiling.

For the first time in his life, Floyd felt the sensation of having the muzzle of a gun in his ribs.

"Shut up, schoolteacher," the squat man snarled. "Get in that car, kid. Get in that—"

FLOYD brought his knee up very quickly and it hit the squat man hard. Floyd dove for the gun the man had dropped and it was then that two cars roared up in front of the school. There wasn't even a shot fired. Captain O'Hara and four of his men were on the squat man and his companion at the wheel before they knew what it was all about.

"Well, now, if it isn't my old pals Johnny Raiso and little Bobby Minton," Captain Timothy said jovially. "Trying to snatch Puccini's kid, hey? Puccini wouldn't play ball with you, hey? You couldn't shake him down so you were for snatching his kid. You bad, bad boys."

"Tony, you run home," Floyd said to the bewildered youngster. "Run home, right away."

Captain O'Hara nodded. "Yes, let him go. He's all right now. I know these two babies. They work alone. Well, we'll take them down to the cellar and show them how we treat bad boys who try the snatch racket."

Now that it was over, Floyd wondered why he didn't feel nervous; why he hadn't felt nervous. Well, it was part of school routine; just another problem to be met and, if possible, solved.

Floyd turned back into the building. There was a large stack of papers on his desk, waiting his final okay.

"Miss Mary Brown phoned," his clerk said a little primly. "She left no message."

He nodded. She had phoned? She was kind, he reflected a little bitterly. She had wanted to soften the blow. He thought of the first time he had met her. He was teaching at Columbia summer school and she had been one of his pupils. Day after day he was conscious of her large, questioning eyes and he knew that here was one who had the same thirst for knowledge that he had. Then, incredibly he had met her at a faculty tea.

"Mary Brown?" he had said, "I've seen you in my class."

"Mary Brown," she had mimicked. "You should remember that name. It's about the most common name there is."

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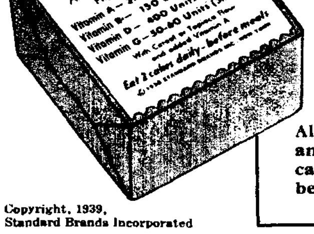
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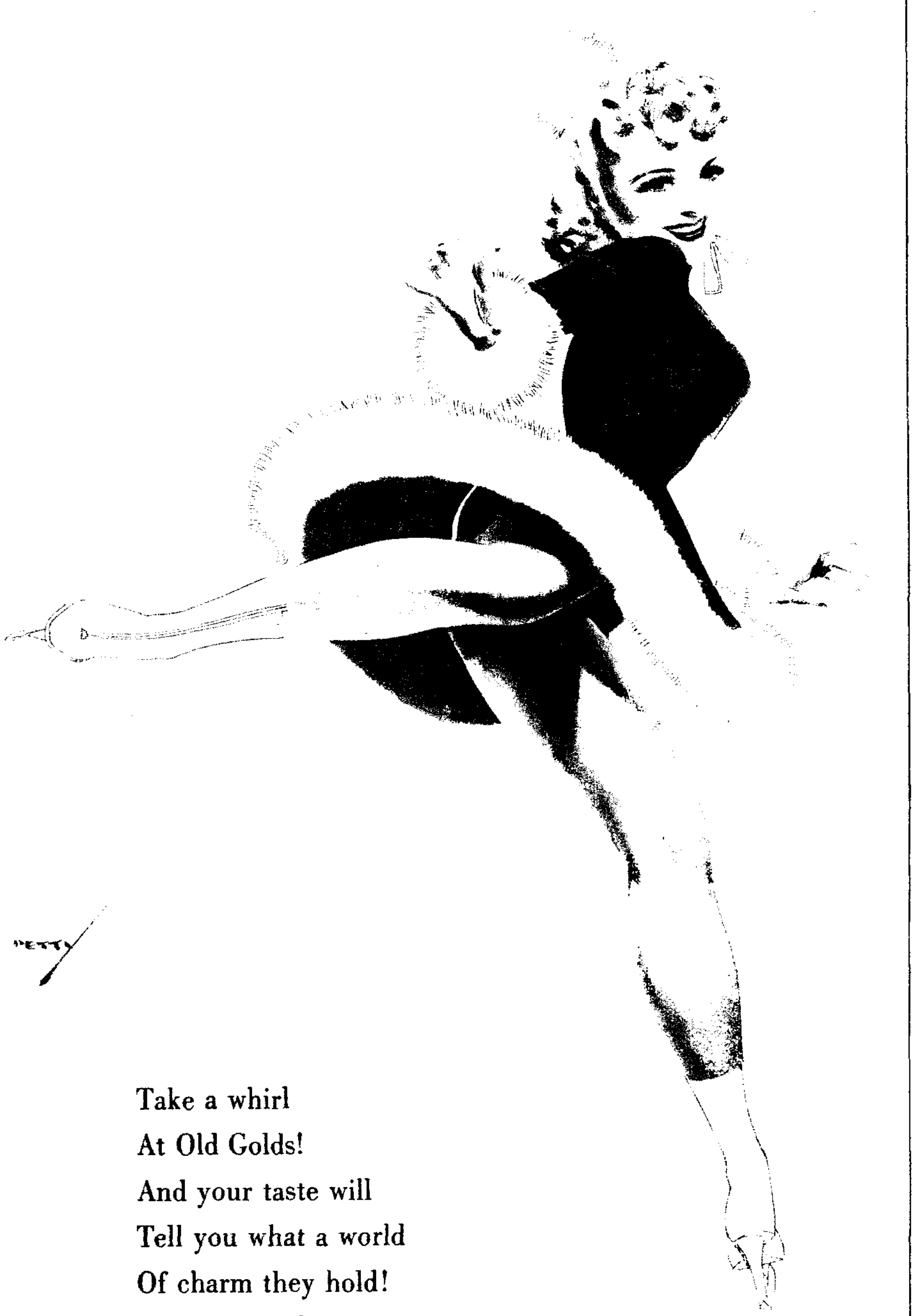

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"Oh, no," he had smiled. "There are half a million names in the phone book and only seven Mary Browns."

"How do you know?" She had smiled, and then he had said simply, "I looked it up the first time I saw you in class."

He found out that she was doing postgraduate work, not to get a degree, but from sheer pleasure in learning. Like himself she felt that science and literature and knowledge were challenges to a mind. They were all landmarks in a strange and beautiful world. Only those who took the time to learn were privileged to enter that world. They had wandered into the outskirts of this world together. It was a glorious intellectual adventure.

Floyd shook his head and turned back to the papers on his desk. It was late when he left the school and walked toward the subway; walked through the now heavily falling snow. He was away from the school now. He wasn't a little tin god any more. He wasn't the man who held the destinies of three thousand children and two hundred teachers in his hands. He was Floyd Smythe, a little tired, a little discouraged, a man who was in love and who had, he might as well face it, virtually been refused by the girl he loved. Idly, he took the newspaper that a boy handed him as he entered the subway. Automatically he gave the boy three cents, and automatically he looked down at the headlines. Then he froze.

There was his picture. There blazoned in an eight-column streamer was the headline, "School Principal Foils Kidnapers." He stood there oblivious to the throngs hurrying by him into the cavern of the subway. He read the story of what he had done less than three hours before. He read it as though he were reading about another person. He read the paeans of praise from Captain Timothy O'Hara and he read of the record of the two really dangerous gangsters whom O'Hara had captured.

HE READ it with curiosity, feeling strangely unrelated to it all, as he would have read the story of a robbery in Chicago or a jail break in San Francisco. He came to the end of the story and then he read something more about himself in an adjoining column. This was what was taken out of the newspaper morgue. It was what would be printed when he died. He read:

"Floyd Smythe, whose alertness saved nine-year-old Anthony Puccini from the hands of kidnapers this afternoon, has been recognized for many years as one of the most brilliant members of the educational system of the city. A graduate of C. C. N. Y., he received his master's degree at Columbia University and immediately embarked upon a teaching career.

"In 1927 he took the principal's examination and was No. 1 on the list. A vacancy occurred almost immediately and Smythe, despite his youth, was put in charge of the largest school in the city. He has been responsible for a great many pedagogical reforms. His books on methods of teaching and his research into visual education, as well as his pioneering into the field of education for backward children, have made him a national figure in the field of pedagogy.

"His school, situated in the heart of the East Side, has three thousand pupils, nearly all of them children of foreign-born parents. At a dinner tendered to him by his teachers a year ago, Mayor LaGuardia said, 'Men like Floyd Smythe make boys into men like Floyd Smythe. He takes hundreds of foreign children each year and makes Americans out of them.' "

Floyd stood there reading about himself. He finished and stood there for a moment looking straight ahead. He felt neither pleasure nor dismay at the article. Slowly he considered what had been said about himself. Standing there, with crowds brushing by him, he judged the article; judged it as though it were an essay by a pupil. Was it true? Was he the important figure in New York life that the article had indicated? Thoughtfully, academically he turned it over in his mind.

Suddenly, Floyd threw the paper down. His shoulders straightened and a calm look of purpose came into his eyes. Unhurriedly he walked to a cabstand and gave Mary's address to the driver. During the drive uptown he sat motionless. He had been, he reflected, a fool. There was no doubt about it, he was for Mary and Mary for him, yet he had let a few words, dropped by her brother, almost destroy the intangible but none the less definite thing they had built between them.

He paid the fare and, too impatient to wait for the elevator, ran up the two flights of stairs to the apartment.

"Is Miss Brown in?"

The maid nodded. "She's in the study working, Mr. Smythe."

HE HANDED the maid his hat and coat. He walked into the study. Mary was bent over a desk, drawing sketches. Even now, after hours over a drawing board, she was lovely to look at.

"Darling?"

She lifted her head sharply.

"Floyd, you startled me." She was a little breathless. She saw something in his face she had never seen before. He was smiling a little but there was a confidence and a sense of strength in his gaze that was new.

"Still drawing fur coats? Aren't you tired of fur coats?" There was a touch of laughter in his voice.

" . . . I am a little tired of fur coats." She arose wondering just why her hands were trembling a little, wondering why there was a catch in her voice.

He walked to her and put his hands on her shoulders. He looked into her eyes and then put a hand under her chin and tilted her head up.

"Fur coats are for your brother and for people like your brother," he said gently. "I was a fool to take what he said last night seriously, Mary. You and I are important people. We are above fur coats and what they stand for. You and I have something that most people haven't."

"What? What have we?" she asked.

"We can look at sunsets, darling, and laugh when the sunbeams laugh. We can laugh when clouds scurry across the sky and we know why they do it. We can be alone and still have a thousand friends with us, friends we have made through years of study. We have a land to live in that only a few may enjoy. The whole bright land of learning is ours, my darling."

Her eyes were soft with understanding now, and a tremulous smile touched her lips. Then she closed her eyes.

"Say it, Floyd. Say it."

He threw his arms around her and pressed her close to him and he buried his face in the dark beauty of her hair and he whispered, "And I love you. I love you above all things and we were made for each other. I will love you forever and even after that, and . . ."

But she had turned her head and stopped his lips with hers. And finally she said, "And I love you, too. And I am so tired of drawing fur coats. I'm so tired of hearing about them."

It was a little later that Floyd held her at arm's length, and said laughing, "Your brother is really a very silly young man."

Her eyes laughed back at him and she nodded. "He's nice. But you're right. He really is a very silly young man."

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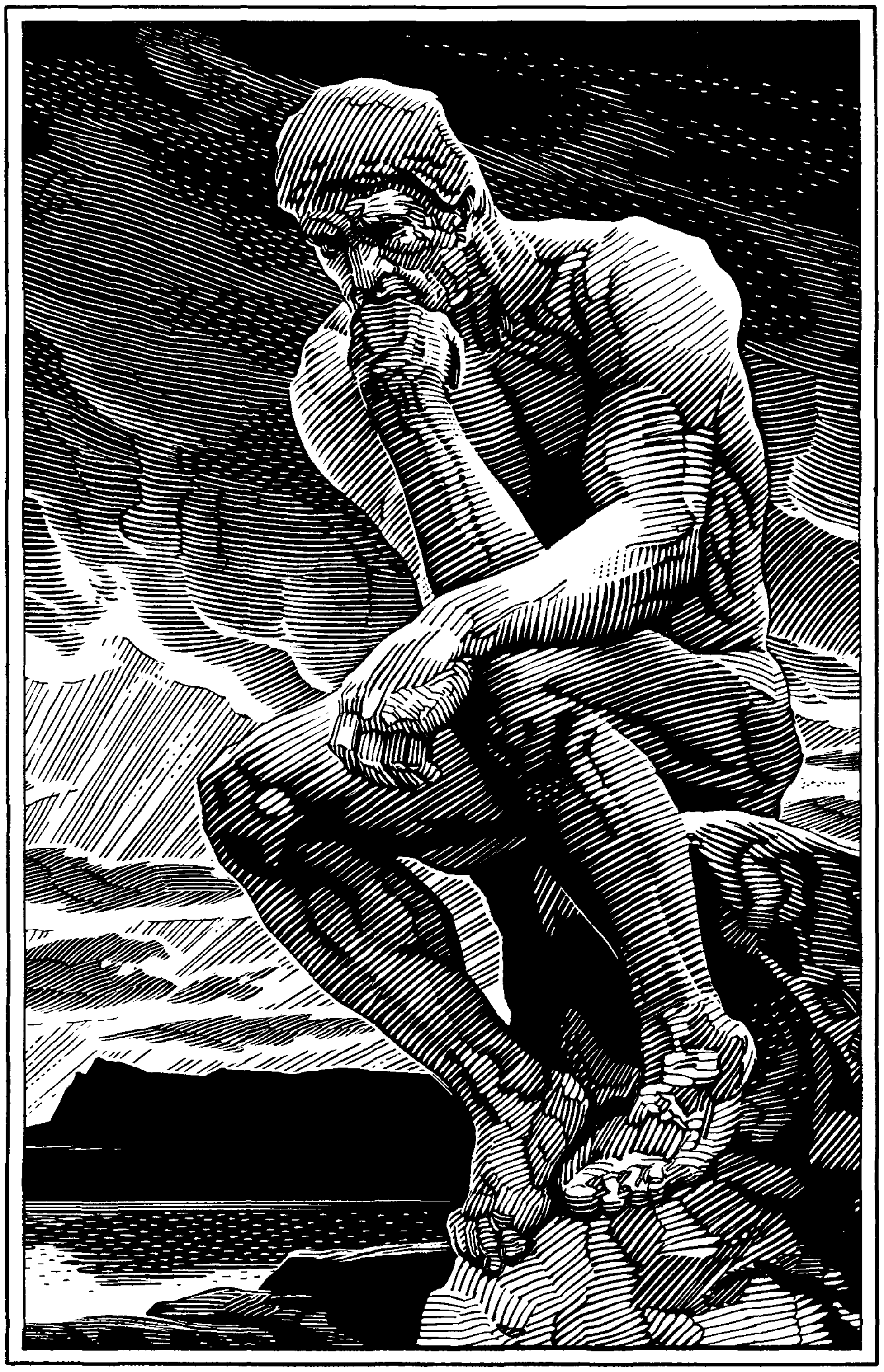

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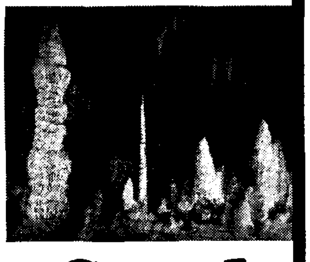
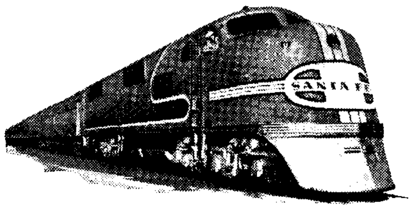


Grand Canyon

Yosemite



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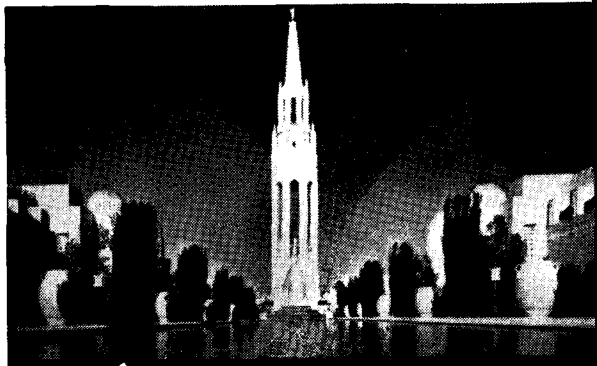

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Scared Dollars

Continued from page 13

Some of the explanations, of course, are utterly preposterous. One of them is that capital is on a strike, that the men who control the flow of savings are sitting on them, holding them back in order to wreck the Administration and discredit Roosevelt. The bankers won't lend money because they want to destroy the New Deal. This is foolish on its face. Bankers are businessmen and live by profit. There is nothing they enjoy doing more. They may not like a President, but no matter who is in power it is incredible that they would destroy their own enterprises in order to get even with Roosevelt. But fortunately we do not have to depend on mere speculation to prove the falsity of this explanation.

Look at the Democratic Bankers

As it turns out, all of the bankers are not Republicans. There are lots of New Dealers among them. It is easy to accuse a big New York banker of putting all his deposits into cash and government bonds to ruin Roosevelt instead of putting it into loans. But no one will accuse Mr. Jesse Jones of this, or Mr. Marriner Eccles or Mr. Tom K. Smith. Mr. Jones is head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation but also a big Democratic Houston banker. Mr. Eccles is chairman of the Reserve Board but also a big Utah banker. Mr. Smith was for a while Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he is also a St. Louis banker and was president of the American Bankers' Association. No one could possibly accuse either Jesse Jones or Marriner Eccles or Tom K. Smith of trying to sabotage the New Deal. Yet the policy of their banks has been quite the same as that of Republican bankers. Indeed, Mr. Jones ran close to the top of the "hoarders," as they are called by New Dealers. His First National Bank of Commerce in Houston had the following extraordinary record:

Deposits, $29,661,000
Cash and U. S. bonds, $29,368,000

Mr. Smith's bank had $44,000,000 in deposits and $36,000,000 in cash and government bonds. This evidence could be multiplied endlessly.

While the New Dealers blame the economic-royalist bankers for sitting on their moneybags, the royalists throw a whole mess of blame at the New Dealers—indeed at President Roosevelt himself. They see his sinister figure smiling with glee behind every disaster. They visualize him in black whiskers disguised as Karl Marx, undermining the capitalist system and scaring away capital. Wherever a shopkeeper is in trouble they see Roosevelt in an apron behind the counter of the store on the other corner in government competition. They see him in a trooper's uniform outside every man's establishment, tying it up in red tape, while everywhere, done up as a brigand, he lurks with a pair of horse pistols, extracting from every cash register all its spare change in taxes.

Like the charge of a sit-down strike of the capitalists, all such explanations are terribly oversimplified. It is easy to make a case for any of these concepts since they can be shown to be true within limited areas.

Take taxes, for instance. A man with a hundred-thousand-dollar income may well be deterred from investment in new enterprises by income taxes. When his income gets above a hundred thousand dollars he must pay 62 cents out of every dollar in income taxes to the federal government and another chunk to the state. If he invests a hundred thousand in a risky enterprise—and all new ones are risky—and makes ten per cent—$10,000—the federal government will take $6,200 and the state government in New York $800—$7,000 in all—leaving him $3,000, which is 3 per cent. And no man will go into a risky investment for 3 per cent. I am not criticizing this tax rate. I merely point out that having imposed it you cannot hope to see that taxpayer doing any new investing. However, this is not true of the $5,000 to $30,000 men. And this is important, for while the aggregate income of these hundred-thousand-dollar men may run to several hundred million, the smaller groups have billions to invest. And these latter groups have not been so heavily taxed yet.

Similarly the undistributed-profits tax interfered with investment. The idea of an undistributed-profits tax is a sound one, if soundly applied. But the act was never soundly applied. It was designed to force corporations to distribute their earnings. The corporation holding on to its earnings would very probably invest them. But once they were distributed to thousands of timid individual investors all hope of new investment was gone.

Also the tax-exempt security discourages investment, particularly when income taxes are high. The actual loss in tax to the government is not enormous, though the government should not suffer that loss. But the tax loss is the least of its economic injuries. As long as taxpayers can escape taxes by putting their money into 3 per cent government tax-exempt securities, they will not go in for investment. After all, taxpayers are very human persons. They act in conformity with their own interests. They might take a big risk to make 6 per cent or 7 or 10. But the risk will be there. And if they are very wealthy people, if they have incomes over a hundred thousand, they can do better in a 3 per cent tax-exempt bond than in a highly risky 10 per cent adventure.

Elements That Hinder Recovery

And so all of these elements do interfere to some extent with investment. But Roosevelt did not invent the tax-exempt bond and, so far as the high tax rates are concerned, he has been roundly denounced for not making them higher. And if he ever tries to balance the budget they *will* be higher. And while the tax rate on large taxpayers is heavy, he has not begun really to shake down the ten- and twenty-thousand-a-year man yet. He or someone will have to do that before we are through. He is, however, responsible for the undistributed-profits tax. But while that did check investment of corporate earnings, it is probable that the actual effect on investment was not so great since other causes were at work far more potent to block investment.

There are many other forces that discourage new investment for which no one can be blamed. One is the whole new attitude toward investment. It is partly the result of the 1929 disaster and partly the inevitable consequence of our present business setup. Once upon a time a man invested his earnings directly in a business of his own or of some associate and could watch it himself, or he built a house or commercial building. But men do not go into business for themselves any more, and scarcely anyone thinks of building a house as an investment—as a speculation, perhaps, but not as a revenue investment. The present method of investment is to buy a bond or stock in some huge corporate enterprise.

Men have found out that they are poorly equipped to learn much about their corporate investments. Finding out about such things is a vast, complicated and professional job. Such investment is hazardous. Besides, investors had such shocking losses in 1929 that they are timid now. So investment counselors tell investors that they must do things with their money. They must diversify—that is, spread it around in numerous issues. They must put it only in seasoned securities. That is, they must put it in the stocks of corporations with a long history of sound and successful management. That means the new enterprise is out. The mania for safety has taken possession of the investment world.

Shrinking Long-Term Credits

There are some other powerful and deleterious agents at work. It must be remembered that while investors, individual and collective, are many, the number of people who wish to borrow their money is comparatively small. The number of people who wish to borrow money on long-term credit for productive business is small. They are the railroads, the public utilities, industry and construction. Measured against our population, the managers of these are but a handful of people.

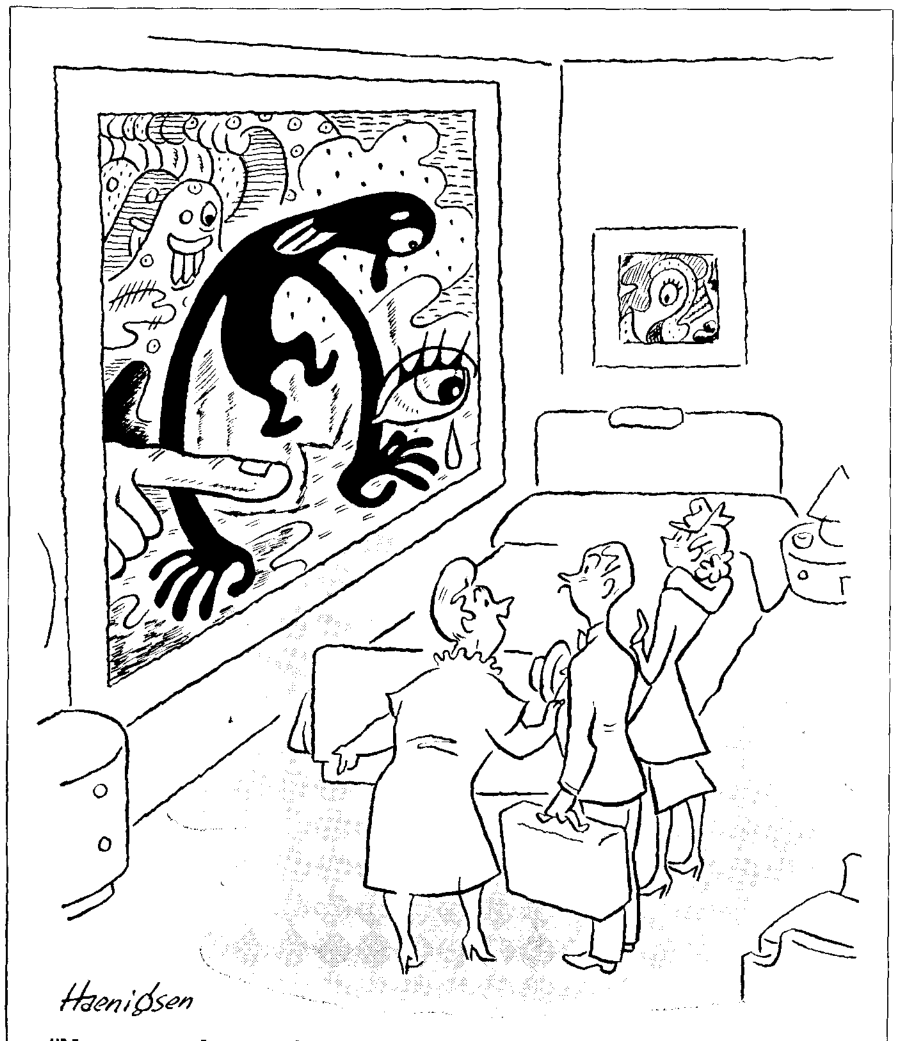
Look them over. The railroads, of course, cannot borrow any money. No one will lend them any. They are crushed under the load of debt. They have been a long time admitting this. But only recently Mr. R. V. Fletcher, general counsel of the Association of American Railroads, told a Senate committee that the railroads had to squeeze four billion dollars out of their top-heavy capital structures. If they did, he said, the roads could borrow and spend a billion a year in rehabilitation and modernization. The amazingly unwise, even stupid attitude of the Administration toward this problem is a major reason why the railroads cannot offer any opportunity for investment.

The case of the utilities is different. The utilities became enmeshed in a bad system of holding-company capitalization in the 1920's. The crash of Insull and the vast losses in other similar but smaller structures closed the door to utility investment for a while. Since that time the government's utility policy has inevitably discouraged investment. The TVA and the Utility Holding Company Act had this effect. I do not criticize the TVA and certainly not the Utility Holding Company Act. Here the blame must be shared by both sides for the effect on investment.

The President himself added enormously to the discouraging effects of the TVA by his statements and threats, which, apparently, he had no idea of carrying out. The bark of the TVA was worse than its bite. In the case of the Utility Holding Company Act, that, too, was accompanied by a lot of talk about what was to be done. On the other side, the utility spokesmen exaggerated out of all proportion and reason the terrible perils that were supposed to lurk in that act. There was really no "death sentence" in the bill.

In the housing field there are special causes also affecting investment. It is a simple fact that no man can erect a house or a building now and expect to make an investment revenue out of it. This is due to several causes. First of all, the cost of construction is prohibitive. And this in turn is due to the high costs of materials and of labor. This industry is all shot through with rackets—rackets in which contractors, dealers and labor leaders are involved. Until that vicious combination is broken up there will be no building. Why the government, so eager to straighten out everything, ignores this deplorable situation remains a mystery.

After the building is up, local taxes



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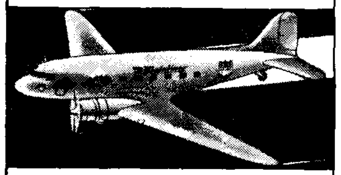

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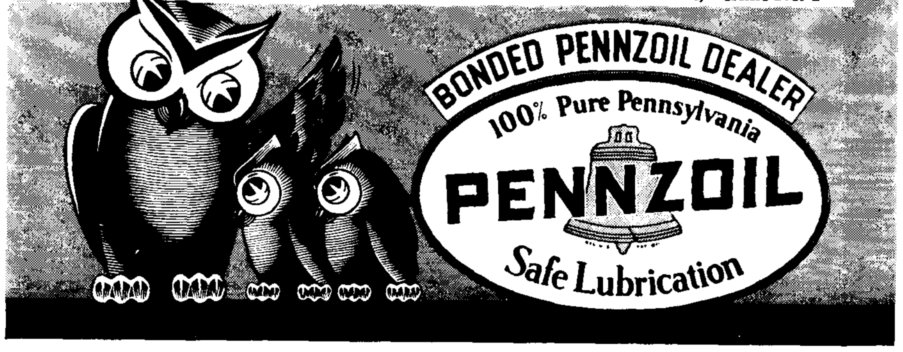

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go to work on it. Here again the reasons are serious. In the 'twenties American business life got around to a price level that was partly a holdover from the war and partly a result of the wild credit inflation of the boom. City real-estate values were fixed on that basis and city assessments followed that yardstick and city expenditures were based on that resource. City revenues are dependent on a maintenance of those assessments. Cities have not reduced their revenues as a result of the depression—in fact, have increased them. Meantime, revenues from real-estate investment have declined severely. But the taxes remain up because the assessments remain up, despite the fact that as investments many buildings are not worth half what they are assessed at. To expect men to invest in real estate while this lasts is foolish.

A Duty That Was Neglected

But back of all this and more powerful and crushing than all is one overmastering cause. That is uncertainty about the future.

The crash of 1929 and the crisis of 1933 brought a system of business, of finance, of investment that men understood, down around their ears. It is *natural that their faith in all their old* pragmatic measuring rods should be shaken. The duty of the government under such circumstances is either to restore that shattered confidence or to supply new measuring rods as a basis for faith. Neither of these has been done.

On every side it is now admitted that the old mechanisms for investment were bad or at least all encrusted with bad parasites. The pipe line that leads savings back into the stream of investment was shockingly out of repair. It had fallen into the hands of unscrupulous men. It was leaky. Immense amounts of the savings that were supposed to flow through it into industry never got there, but got rather into the pockets of the promoters. The first duty of the government was to repair that line or build a new one. But it was a consideration of the most elementary prudence to get those repairs made as swiftly as possible. The very first care of the new Administration should have been to do that.

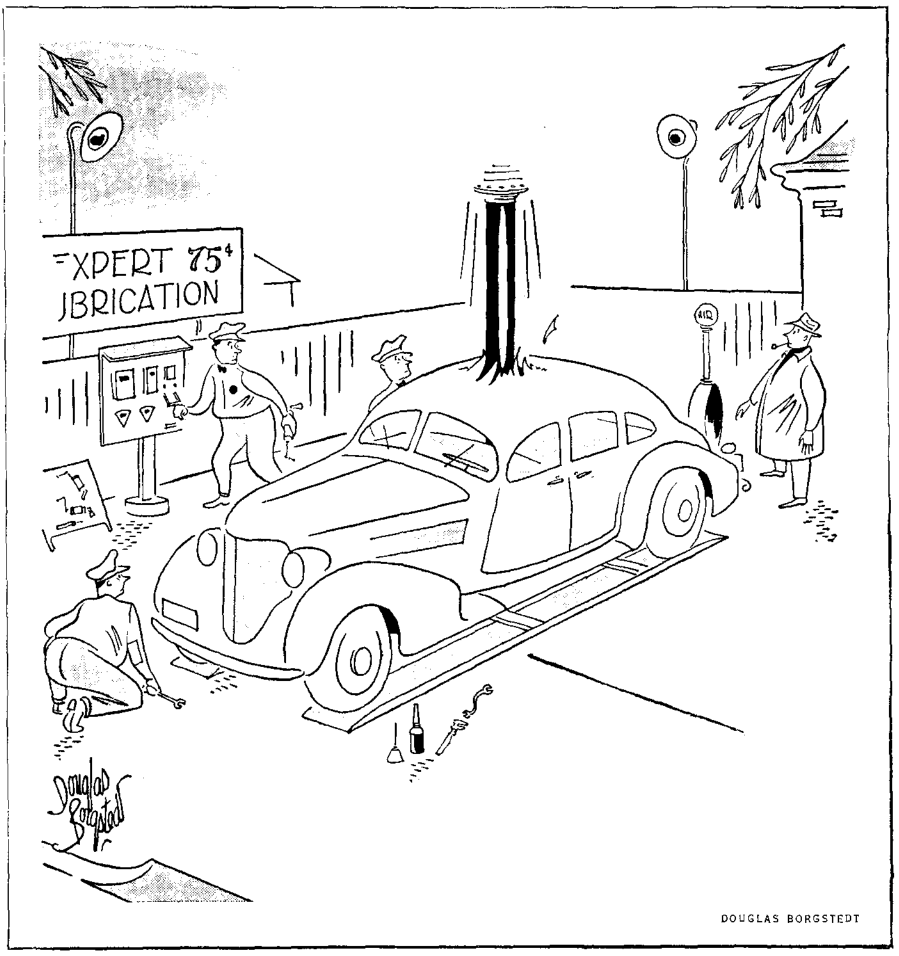
It did, after much delay, go to work on the job and finally set up laws and an agency to handle the big rebuilding job on the line. But it must remain a subject of perpetual wonder that nothing was done. The Securities and Exchange Commission, having been created, did absolutely nothing. It remained there as a threat, endowed with power enough to blow everything to pieces. But it did nothing. It was not until the first administration of the President was ended that the actual work of repairing that jammed and broken line was begun. This, of course, was not Commissioner William A. Douglas' fault. He wasn't called in to do the job until then. Had a man of Douglas' stature been put on that job in 1934 it would have been ended in 1936. There can be no traffic along that line while repairs hold it up.

On the other hand the opposition to the President has done an almost irreparable injury to investment by its wanton, furious and utterly unfounded attacks. Criticism is proper. There is plenty to criticize. But it was shockingly untrue to paint Roosevelt as a Communist plotting to overthrow the capitalist system. Nothing has sent as many *terrified dollars scuttling into hiding as* these attacks.

Then there is the government's whole financial policy—the spending of borrowed funds; its money policies, and above all, its irresponsible money discussions.

As long as the instrumentalities of investment are under repair, as long as a continuing deficit policy invites and threatens inflation, as long as no man can feel any assurance what the dollar will be worth at any given time in the future, investment will remain stagnant. The first duty of the government is to eliminate all these elements of uncertainty.

But whatever the means that must be found, whatever the policies best suited to the objective, the objective itself is as clear as the noonday sun. That objective is the revival of private investment. We must make the dollars swing, not lean on, their shovels.



DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Last Look

Continued from page 11

sometimes. We'll see if the laboratory has turned up anything."

He phoned headquarters.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"No fingerprints on the camera. The girl's fingerprints on that lunchbox—nobody else's. No railroad conductor or person at them beach concessions remembers seeing the girl. No footprints along the beach that mean anything. Them wood ashes in the envelope I turned in at headquarters has got ashes of photo film mixed in with 'em. That's how I thought: the girl had shot a picture of what guy she was with, so after he killed her, he took the film out of the camera and burned it in the little fire they'd made. The film was the only evidence we could have had to who he was, and he seen to it that we wouldn't have that. What can a cop do with this kind of case? Say, listen! what does anybody do when they get a new camera?"

"What do they?"

"Why, they can't hardly wait till they get out of the store to shoot a picture. This kid had her camera several days. It must be she had took more pictures than was on the film the guy burned. They ain't at her home, so they got to be somewheres else."

WE WENT around the neighborhood where the girl had lived, to every place we could find where they took in photographs for printing. We couldn't find anywhere that she had left a film. Miss Capewell had worked for a lawyer in mid-town Manhattan, so we tried places in that neighborhood. Finally we found the right one. O'Malley claimed the pictures and we sat down on the doorstep of a bank to study them. There were pictures of some children playing in a park, and of other children playing in a street near a parked car, and a picture of Teddy Loman and another of the girl herself.

"There's an idea gone wrong, O'Malley," I remarked. "You thought you'd find a picture of some other man, but all you get is the man we already know about."

"Yeah. Sure, I am disappointed. We might find out who owns that car."

"You don't believe that has anything to do with it?"

"My idea is it hasn't. But a cop has to do like that: he finds out everything he can—ninety-nine things don't get him nowhere and the hundredth solves his case."

The license number of the car showed in the photograph. We phoned it to headquarters. Later, we got the owner's name when the license bureau had reported it. He was named Wines and lived in the Bronx. We found him at home. He was young and had a well-furnished apartment. O'Malley showed him the photographs.

"Your car?"

"Yes."

"What was it doing there?"

"It was parked there because I had business in that neighborhood."

"You know this girl?"

"I never even saw her."

"Okay. Well," O'Malley observed to me, "we can do one more thing. We can see the guy she worked for."

We saw the lawyer. His name was Foults. He said Miss Capewell was a fine girl, but he didn't know anything about the murder.

"O'Malley," I said, "this case is all one way. You've found no man in the case except Teddy Loman. She went with no one else and he acts like a guilty man and, in my belief, he is one. He admits he was insanely jealous of her. Wherever she was that day, Loman found her. If she was with someone else he got her away from him, got her to that desolate stretch of sand; they quarreled and, in his jealousy, Loman dragged her into the sea and drowned her."

"You're good!" he told me derisively.

"I don't have to be good to see that," I answered, nettled. "I only have to be a little better than you are. And here's another thing: A man who has killed a woman he loves has a struggle to keep from telling someone about it. If you arrest Loman, he'll break."

"Why, I wouldn't go bothering the boy. We got one thing anyway."

"What?"

"If you're that dumb you didn't see it, I don't know no reason I should tell you. Listen! You ever hear that a drowning person sees all their past life?"

"Yes; but there's no truth in it."

"You ever hear that dead people's eyes keep in 'em a picture of the last thing they seen?"

"Yes; that's another superstition. It isn't so."

"Well, if you heard it, I guess everybody else has too. This is a case a guy has got to think about. I can move fast but I think slow."

He went back to headquarters and I met him next day.

"We got nothing more than we had before," he informed me. "Say, a piece of business is getting put on at the police laboratory this afternoon. You ain't supposed to be there, but I might get you in, in case you're interested."

I was interested. I went to the laboratory in the afternoon. O'Malley was there and a couple of plain-clothes cops; and Teddy Loman was there, and two youths who had been on the beach party, and the man Wines and the attorney Foults. I didn't know what this was all about, and it was plain the others didn't, but I was sure one of these men had killed the girl, so I watched Loman carefully. We waited a long while and nothing happened, and everybody got restless.

"What are we here for?" Foults demanded finally. "An officer brought me here, but I've got business to attend to."

"Yeah? You'll stay here. We want to find out who knocked off that lady."

"Well, I can't tell you anything."

"No? We're hoping she will."

Then a police photographer came in, carrying his camera.

"You went over where they got that dead kid?" O'Malley asked him.

"Yes."

"You take that kind of picture of her that I told you?"

"Sure."

"What did you get?"

"I don't know if I got anything, but we'll soon find out."

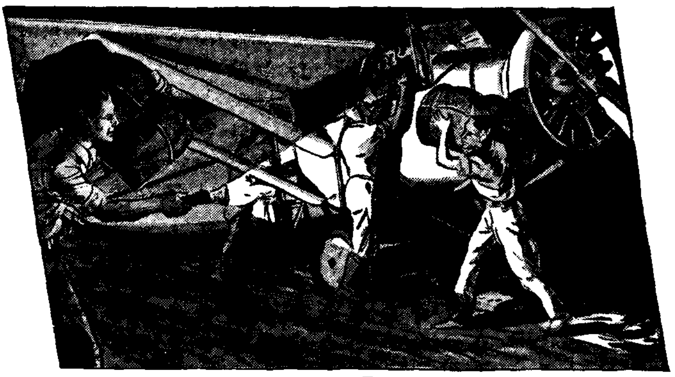
THE photographer went into another room, and the two plain-clothes cops pushed us all in after him. The place was small and when they closed the door it was completely dark. We were crowded shoulder to shoulder. The photographer was doing something but I couldn't tell what; when he switched on a small red light, I saw he was washing his film in some trays of liquid. From time to time he held it in front of the red light to look at it, and I felt very queer when I saw that it was a picture of the dead girl's eyes.

The eyes were wide open but the picture wasn't very clear in the negative, and nobody said anything and I could hear the others breathing. Then the photographer dried his film in front of a

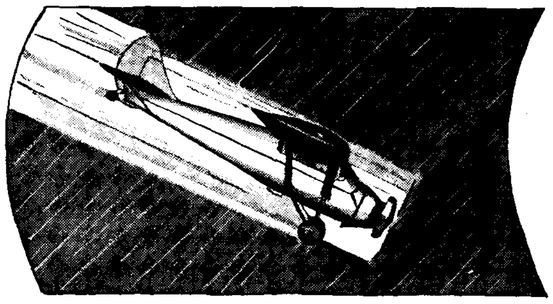
Flying Blind–4 FEET from DEATH

TROPIC DOWNPOUR BRINGS ADVENTURE TO ROUTINE FLIGHT

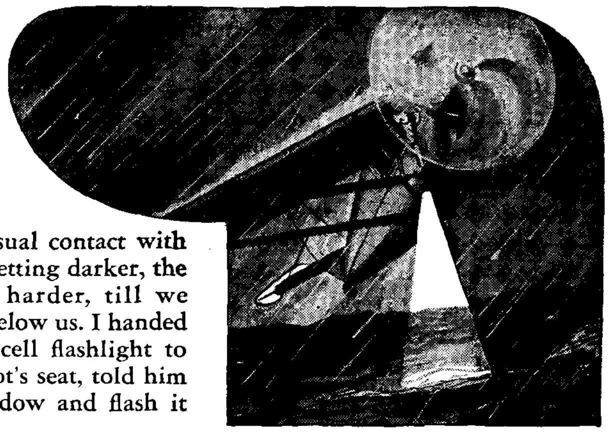
OLEN V. ANDREW



❶ "I had flown four friends over to Lihue, on the island of Kauai for a weekend of camping on the beach," writes Olen V. Andrew, P. O. Box 3295, Honolulu, T. H.



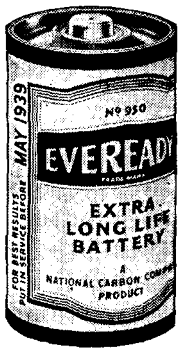
❷ "We broke camp at three o'clock Monday morning, packed our dunnage in the plane and crawled in for the 100 mile hop back to Honolulu, all of it being over water. There was no moon, but the night was clear when we started. Five minutes later...



❸ "...we ran into a driving rainstorm. I couldn't fly over it, I didn't have proper instruments for flying through it, so the only thing to do was to get down low and keep visual contact with the water. But it kept getting darker, the rain fell harder and harder, till we couldn't see the water below us. I handed my big 'Eveready' five-cell flashlight to the fellow in the co-pilot's seat, told him to hold it out the window and flash it below...

❹ "...and there was the sea, only four feet below us! Those long Pacific rollers were almost lapping at the wheels! My heart skipped a beat to think how I had brought five people within inches of their doom! Certainly it was the power of those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries that saved us all, and that kept us safe above the sea for the next half hour till the storm lifted. You can take it from me, I don't fly without 'em.

(Signed) Olen V Andrew"



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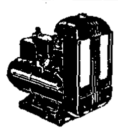

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small fan, and slipped it into a little frame and slid it into a large lamp suspended over a bigger frame on a table, and switched on a light inside the lamp, and my skin got tight and goose-pimples popped up on it when the picture suddenly appeared in the frame upon the table, much bigger than before, and I saw that there was a portrait in each pupil of the eyes. The portrait wasn't recognizable because light and shadow were reversed in the negative, but I looked at Loman. His mouth was open and his eyes were staring.

The photographer slid a sheet of blank paper into the frame on the table and let it stay a few seconds and took it out and dropped it into the liquid in one of his trays, and we all strained forward as shadows began to appear on the submerged paper, and grew plainer and plainer and plainer, and the portrait appeared and grew clearer in the eyes. Someone tried to speak, and could not. He tried again and succeeded, in a voice so unnatural that I couldn't recognize it.

"All right," he said. "I killed her."

I turned to Loman, but he hadn't spoken. Then I saw the speaker had been Wines, and in each pupil of the dead girl's eyes I saw his picture plainly.

They took Wines to headquarters, and I followed along and found O'Malley later.

"I don't see this," I declared to him.

"Yeah? What's your trouble? It was like Wines said—*he knocked the kid off.* This Wines has an office near that lawyer's office where Miss Capewell worked and they ate lunch sometimes in the same place and that way they got acquainted. I got no doubt Miss Capewell intended all along she would someday marry Loman, but, like a lot of young girls, she figured she'd ought to have some fun before she got married. Wines gave her that opportunity. Miss Capewell knew Loman was a jealous guy that would make trouble, so she was the one that made Wines keep their meetings secret. Lots of times when Miss Capewell's folks thought she was with Loman, she was with Wines.

"Well, Wines got crazy over the girl and acted so he scared her. So she told him she had to break off with him. The day she was going on that beach party Wines called her up and told her he had to see her a last time, or he would join the beach party and make trouble. Miss Capewell called Loman at his home, but he'd already left. So she figured she would have to see Wines and she'd straighten it out with Loman afterward. Well, but she never got no chance. Her and Wines drove out in Wines' car to that place on the beach where no one would see them, and Wines insisted that she give up Loman and she wouldn't do it. He got crazy with jealousy and knocked her off in just the way you said—only you thought Teddy Loman done it."

"I STILL don't understand the case," I insisted. "There was nothing at all in what we learned to point to Wines."

"Yeah, sure. We had something but it wasn't enough to prove anything. Everybody said this girl didn't go with but one guy—Loman. Either this Loman killed her or there was somebody else that people didn't know about. Well, who? She worked for a lawyer and so it might be him. The guys that went on the beach party all looked to have alibis because someone was with 'em when the girl got killed, but I had to consider them too. Then we got hold of them pictures the girl had took, and Wines' car was in one of 'em, and that brought us to Wines.

"After I'd talked with Loman and the lawyer and them beach-party guys, I figured she hadn't been knocked off by none of them, but I seen it could have been Wines. Cops went around to check him, but they couldn't get no proof on him, or even get enough so that it looked like we could get anything by questioning him. So then I thought about that superstition business. I couldn't find nobody that hadn't heard about that superstition, so I felt sure Wines must have heard about it too."

"I understand about that," I said impatiently. "You had a picture made of the girl's eyes with a fake portrait of Wines in them, and developed it in front of him."

"Sure. Of course that was all shenanigan when the photographer come in and I asked him had he just took the picture; he had the picture ready beforehand. We done it this way: We took a picture of the dead kid's eyes and then enlarged it. We didn't want the picture of Wines to be one he'd ever seen before, so we got one without him knowing it.

"The photographer was in a building across the street from where Wines lives with one of them long-range cameras that make faraway things look close up, and we had a guy there to speak to Wines when he come out of his house. While he was arguing with the guy, the photographer took him. Then we pasted his face into the two pupils of the girl's eyes and rephotographed it, and the photographer had that picture in his camera. It was part of the game that I had Loman and the lawyer and them other guys there; they hadn't had nothing *to do with it, but I didn't want* Wines to be figuring we was aiming only at him."

"DO YOU think Wines really believed his picture had been found in her eyes?" I asked.

"I don't know if he did. It might be that didn't matter. The guy had knocked off the girl he was in love with, and a guy that does that is feeling crazy anyway. I wanted something that would break him and make him confess. Of course, he'd been worrying. He had made sure by burning the film that there wouldn't be no picture of him in her camera, but he couldn't be sure but what the girl, some other time, might have got a picture of him. He was afraid one might turn up.

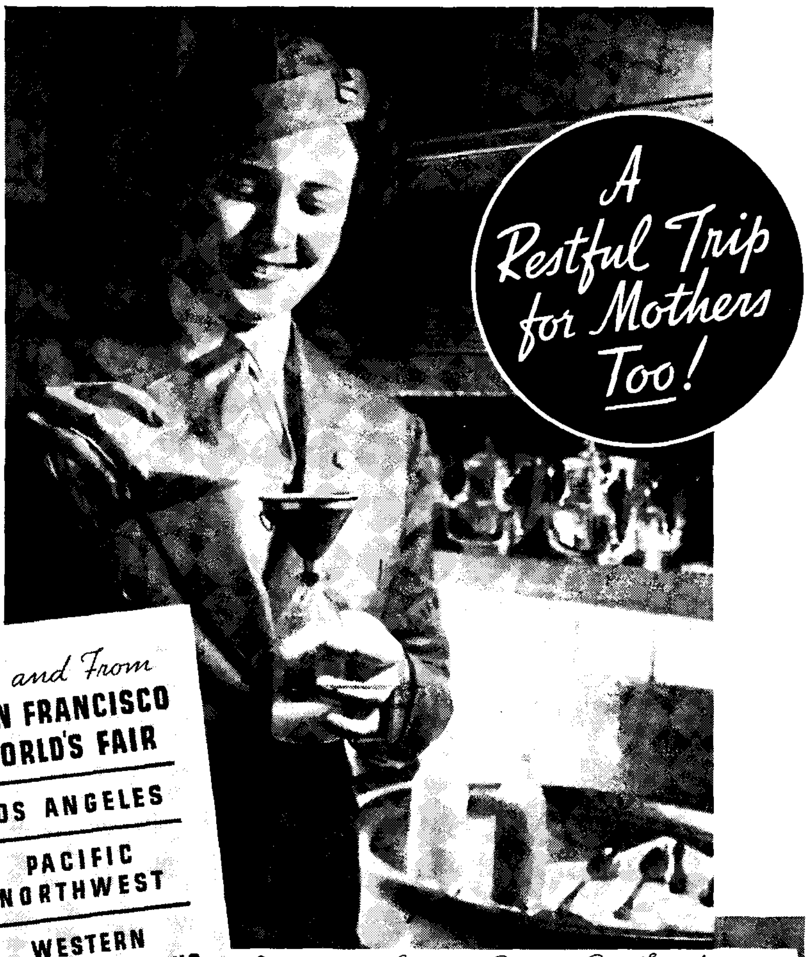
"Well, then we showed him one where he didn't expect it. Till then he hadn't known he even was suspected. I knew he'd recognize her eyes, because anybody would that knew her. He came up there with them other fellows, not knowing what was going on, and he seen first the eyes of the kid he'd killed and then, inside 'em, he seen the picture of his own face growing. He couldn't stand nothing more—he broke and confessed."

"All right, all right!" I said, in irritation. "You solved the case, but it was purely luck. You had no more reason for putting Wines' picture into the girl's eyes than you had for using a picture of anybody else."

"Boy, are you dumb! You was with me when I went and seen Wines the first time at his apartment. I showed him the pictures that the girl had took which we got from the printers. One was a picture of the girl herself. Well, people don't always notice all that's in a picture. Wines swore he hadn't never even seen the girl. Okay. But that picture of the girl had been taken inside, and the wallpaper back of her was the same as the wallpaper Wines had in his apartment. Of course somebody else could have had the same kind of wallpaper, so it wouldn't have stood up as proof in court, but it pointed him out to me. As it turns out, Wines himself snapped that picture of the girl one time when she was there at his apartment."

"You're a smart cop!"

"I'm glad you think so. I got trouble enough with people claiming I'm dumb. It sounds better to hear someone tell me something different."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The Man Who Wouldn't Be Pope

Continued from page 57

Camillo, as he was then known, became one of the monumental teachers whom the students year after year chiseled in their memories as one of the greatest scholars of the Roman Catholic Church. His prowess as a lecturer and preacher permeated the score or more colleges in Rome and he was often called to elaborate on theological or philosophical discussions.

He became a part of the world-wide administrative organization of Propaganda Fide and passed through every step to reach the post of secretary at forty-nine. Though this body is presided over by a cardinal, the secretary is really the effective executive. In this position, he remained for eleven years. In all the long period since his ordination, he had known nothing but work and the daily plodding of the churchman completely surrendered to his task. Ambition for rank had not seared his brain. His career had remained above the jealousies which personal collisions create. He had labored on through nearly four decades and only when Benedict XV called him to the cardinalate at the age of fifty-nine was he to accept an outward recognition of his learning and devotion.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Benedict created three cardinals that day, Giovanni Tacci, Achille Ratti, who became Pius XI, and Laurenti. Tacci and Ratti were made cardinal priests while Laurenti was but a cardinal deacon, the lower grade. After they had donned their red robes they appeared before the Holy Father in private audience and sat in a semicircle about him. This Pope was endowed with a kind of prophetic vision, as he had often foretold the future as it related to things which revolved about his person.

"There has been a generous distribution of red during the past few days," he told them slowly and almost unconcernedly, "but soon there will be a distribution of white and the white robes will surely fall upon one of you."

This meant that one of them would soon be Pope. Seven months later Benedict contracted pneumonia. During his sickness he again foretold his death but now gave the day and hour. He fulfilled his prophecy to the minute on January 22, 1922, at six o'clock in the morning.

And it was in the conclave which had met to elect his successor that Laurenti had refused to be Pope.

For days I had watched the preparations for this meeting of cardinals which, by the Apostolic Constitution, must be held behind locked doors. A medley of riches and simplicity, of obsolete devices and modern gadgets, of priceless treasures of art and cooking utensils, gave the solemn and overpowering occasion of electing a Pope a patch-quilt border of colorful incidentals.

A common potbelly stove, fifty feet of stovepipe and half a dozen gunny sacks of damp straw were hauled into the Vatican's Sistine Chapel, the richest interior in works of art in all the world. These common farm and fireside chattels were set in the corner to the left of the entrance opposite what is reputed as the greatest picture ever painted—Michelangelo's Last Judgment.

The stove, stovepipe and sacks of straw took the show away from the priceless grandeur of the place. I watched the workmen begin setting up the stove. It was placed rather near the wall, for the long stovepipe was to go straight up to the high roof without an elbow and emerge six feet into the air. The projecting part was to be seen easily from St. Peter's Square, some sixty yards away, where crowds would gather daily to watch for a message in smoke.

I had kept the deathwatch over Benedict XV in the Pope's antechamber for sixty continuous hours. When Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, lifting the veil from the deceased Pontiff's face, had pronounced the formula "*Vere papa mortuus est*" (The Pope is truly dead), the official pronouncement of death, I entered the bedroom and knelt at the *prie-dieu* at the foot of the bed. I then genuflected beside the lifeless form of Benedict and kissed his slippered foot. Genuflecting again, I kissed his hand and cheek.

I followed the body in its daily migration. First, it was removed from the bedroom into the secret antechamber on the floor below. Daylong and nightlong it was surrounded with ceremony. Canons, members of religious orders, high-ranking and low-ranking prelates constantly intoned the prayers for the dead. That day, too, the robes of the still figure were changed from the white cassock and red mantle bordered with ermine to those of archbishop. The precious miter was placed upon his head.

On the second day, I accompanied the procession from the secret antechamber to St. Peter's. The remains were borne aloft by red-liveried *sediari*, servants of the papal household, and escorted by the cardinals in violet robes. There were scores of bishops and archbishops and hundreds of priests. These were all in black cassocks, as the transfer to St. Peter's, though an impressive procedure, was an informal and private function.

Official entombment occurred the fourth day. This, too, was private and limited to the Sacred College, the papal court and the diplomatic court. I was privileged to be the only American present, I believe. The ceremony started at four o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until seven o'clock. The basilica was locked while the function was proceeding. I saw the remains first placed in a casket of cypress lined with red silk. This was then inserted in a casket of lead embossed with the papal arms. The whole was finally introduced into a third casket of oak. Cardinal Gasparri placed his seal upon it and it was lowered into the crypt.

All Potential Popes

And now most of the cardinals of the Sacred College had gathered in Rome to elect a new Pope. To set the stage for this conclave fell upon the shoulders of Cardinal Gasparri as Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, an office designed to bridge the interregnum between the death of one Pontiff and the election of a successor. He had summoned the cardinals to Rome from all over the world and had prepared for their quartering in the Vatican Palace for an indefinite period. No contact with the outside world was permitted them while choosing a Pontiff.

Several days later, I watched the workmen take sixty thrones into the Sistine Chapel for the cardinals. These thrones, too, were election devices, used only in the conclave and provided with collapsible canopies. The canopy is a sign of sovereignty. Each cardinal entered the conclave a potential sovereign, since there was no Pope. His canopy was therefore raised above him. The moment they would choose a Pope, all the canopies would be lowered except the one above the cardinal elected.

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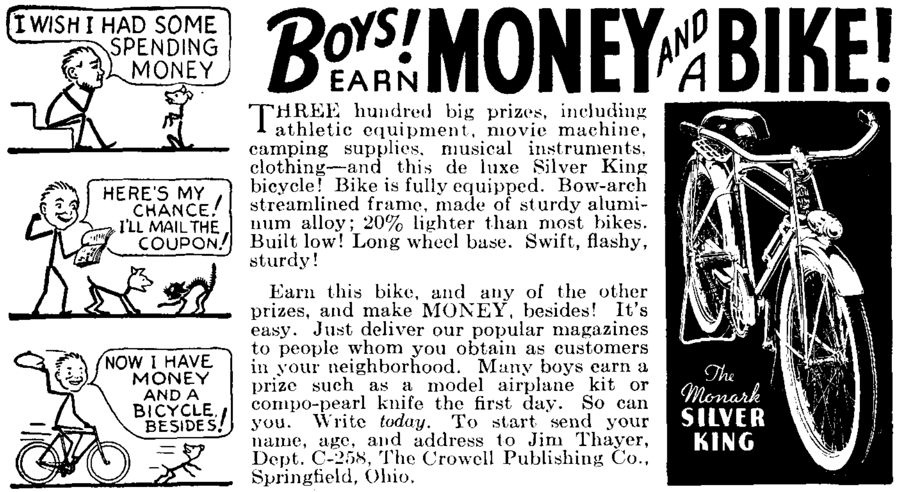
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Shakespeare's Wondereel

Preparations were completed by the evening of the tenth day. Amidst cardinals and thrones, the stove with its long pipe still domineered over the richness of the scene.

The projecting part had neither a veneer nor pretense of elegance. It brazenly stood erect in its rusty impropriety just off the façade of St. Peter's, the stupendous dome of which frowned down upon it in overpowering grandeur.

Its important role was that of communicating to the world the result of each ballot of the conclave. No news of the balloting would come in any other way than by this device. It was necessary for a candidate to receive a two-thirds majority before he could be elected Pope. Now, when no candidate obtained a two-thirds vote, the ballots were burned in the stove and mixed with damp straw so as to produce a large volume of smoke. The thick stream emerging from the projecting pipe signified that no Pope was chosen. When some candidate received the necessary two-thirds majority, only the ballots, without straw, were burned. The decreased volume of smoke announced that the Church now had a Pope.

Nowadays, the ten days' interregnum between the death of a Pope and the opening of the conclave has been extended to eighteen.

Medieval Magnificence

But at this conclave everything was ready on the tenth day. Medieval pageantry was revived as Cardinal Gasparri, accompanied by an escort of Swiss Guards, made his rounds to inspect all the entrances and exits and to verify that they were locked from the outside. He was followed by the papal ceremoniers and fifty-two cardinals, all who had arrived, each carrying a lighted candle. In the historic courtyard of St. Damascus, as the twilight was fading into darkness, the violet robes, the soldiery, the faces of the prelates in the flickering glow restored the remote past in a scene of moving magnificence. The company passed from portal to portal until the Camerlengo had placed his seal upon all the locks. It was night before they reached the last portal.

Italians, both prelates and populace, indulge even avidly in picking the winner much like our own "experts" in sports and politics. To them, the Pontiff is no exception. The names are guessed around by priests and people alike. The cardinals, magnificent in their purple and patriarchal in dignity, resent being picked because here the favorites never win. Popular acclaim always chooses the big names. Gasparri, Merry del Val and Maffi, all publicized and popular, on this occasion became the choices. The favorites could never muster the necessary two-thirds majority because big names, either from virulent jealousy or conflict, always had enemies among their own colleagues. Paradoxically, by picking the winners, the guessers realized they were picking the losers. Folklore had dramatized the dilemma into a centuries-old proverb, "He who enters a Pope comes out a cardinal."

Little Laurenti entered without mention and so had a chance. Lowest in rank because he was a cardinal deacon and was the last one created by the late Pontiff, he became the file closer of every procession. In all the ceremonies, he was last. After the cardinals were locked in, this circumstance gave genesis to omens. The last shall be first. From then on he became a favorite and with the reassuring augury that when he had actually entered he had not been cited Little Laurenti became a "popeable."

Crowds gathered early in St. Peter's Square the following morning to await the smoke. It was indeed an old Roman custom and somewhat defiant of explanation that ten or twelve thousand persons would gather just to see a burst of vapor issue from the unsightly though authoritative stovepipe. No one expected election on the first ballot, but the crowd stayed on. At noon, patience was rewarded in a thick though diminutive cloud silhouetted against the Italian sky. It was decisive. There was no Pope. The crowd slowly turned away and soon the square was empty.

Similar groups gathered in the afternoon. Patience was again as necessary as curiosity. It was not until five o'clock that there was another abundant though short-lived belch, signifying that the cardinals were continuing to ballot.

They were solemn and orderly crowds. Only an occasional "*Niente papa*" (no Pope) punctuated the twilight.

One day after another they came, and one day after another it was the same story except that the smoke was never uniform. On two occasions, its begrudging paucity provoked the false rumor that a Pope had been elected. The multitude thought that the ballots had been burned without straw. Since there was not one sign of life from any of the Vatican windows, the slim hope for a great occasion vanished.

Inside the conclave, as I learned later from a cardinal who has since died, two strong tendencies appeared on the results of the first ballot. Cardinal Gasparri obtained twenty-four votes and Cardinal Merry del Val received twenty-three. The remainder was scattered among three or four candidates. These alignments followed a centuries-old tradition, as these two tendencies were always present in the choosing of a Pontiff; namely, two strong parties with a small minority having no particular leaning. Traditionally, too, the one was called the "politicals" and the other the "zealots." To the scattered few without political alignment was assigned the name of "flying squadron" because they had the power, by uniting, to turn their support to either side and generally force a swing in favor of a candidate.

A Pope is Elected

For four ballots, the two parties kept in parallel lines without emerging from the Gasparri-Merry del Val deadlock. The second day, the conclave began to turn to Little Laurenti. On the third day, he was nearing the necessary two-thirds vote. The conclave raised its emotional pitch. The Roman Catholic Church was approaching a moment when a new Pope was about to be elected.

With heightened feelings, Monsignor Sincero, secretary of the conclave, began his tabulations for the tenth ballot. He knew that the time was near. He checked the figures and found that Laurenti had received thirty-six votes, the necessary two thirds. All the cardinals waited in restless anxiety for his announcement. With trembling voice, he read out the results.

Everything stopped. Silence begot drama. The assemblage was now sitting in the presence of the new Pope. Each wished to be the first to acclaim the new Pontiff. Following the ritual, the cardinal dean arose and, accompanied by two ceremoniers, approached the throne of Cardinal Laurenti. The dean halted a moment and then bowed.

"*Acceptasne electionem de te canonice factam in Summum Pontificem?*" (Dost thou accept the election which designates thee canonically to the Supreme Pontificate?), he recited with profound emotion.

There was a pause, a throbbing suspense. The moment that Laurenti would give his acceptance he would be Pope and all present must bend the knee before him. He would be the Supreme Pastor of all Catholic Christendom. He lifted his head and looked toward the

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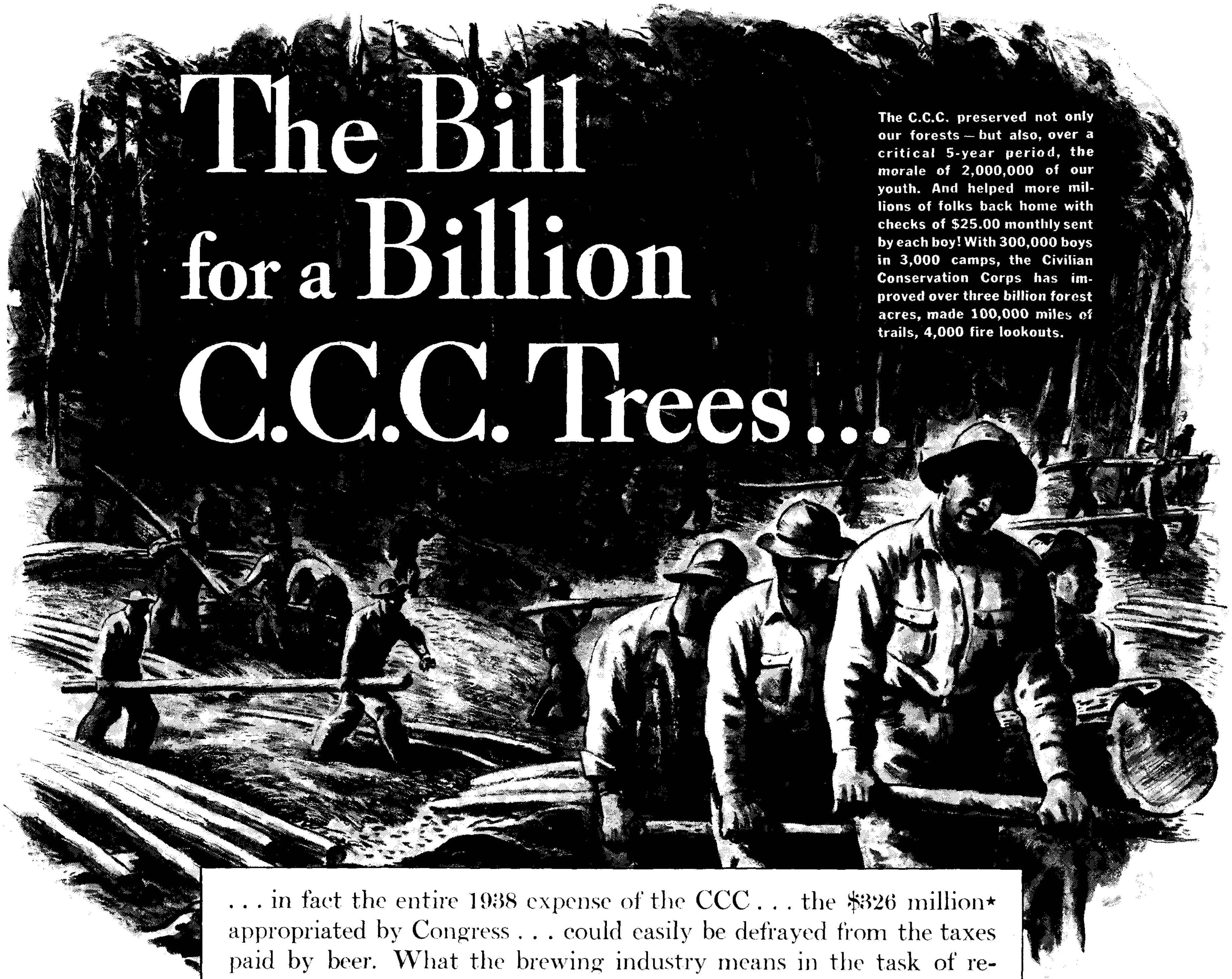

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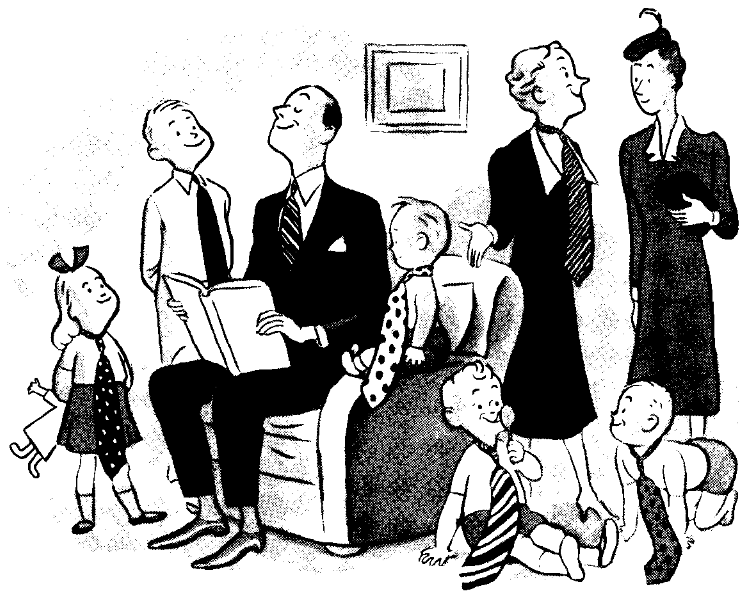

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Mennen makes a swell Brushless, too.

cardinal dean through his black-rimmed glasses.

"Esteem as I do the confidence you have shown in me," said the country boy from Monte Porzio on whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Pontiff and to whom all were gazing as the next successor of St. Peter, "I am humble and unworthy before the exalted throne of Peter. It is my wish that this lofty office pass into the hands of another, who is stronger and abler to carry the burden."

A unanimous and audible sigh coursed through the assemblage. He had refused to be Pope. He preferred to obey rather than to command. Emotions accelerated again. Momentarily no one knew what to do. Laurenti, still the chief figure and still the focus of all, sat motionless. He alone could decide whether he wanted to be Pope. Minutes elapsed. Slowly the cardinal dean turned to Monsignor Sincero and ordered the distribution of more ballots.

Voting continued all that day and now the feeling-out by each successive ballot began to orient itself and to veer to other candidates. But Laurenti's words about another "stronger and abler" had had effect in that dramatic moment. Each subsequent ballot revealed that the conclave was turning to Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, who had been made a cardinal on the same day as Laurenti.

On the ballot which had elected Laurenti, Achille Ratti had received only fourteen votes. On the next ballot, the eleventh, he jumped to twenty-four, and this was decisive in making him a leading candidate. On the twelfth ballot, he gained three more, which gave him twenty-seven and put him still farther in the lead. Balloting closed for that day and the conclave retired for the night, with Ratti leading the whole field by a big margin. On the first ballot on the following day, he gained three more votes, which gave him thirty. He was now very far in the lead but had not yet reached the two-thirds majority. The fourteenth virtually swept everything toward him. He received forty-two votes.

Sincero again stood before the Sacred College. Another had been elected Pope. Confidence in Ratti coursed through the conclave. The cardinals waited impatiently for Sincero's announcement. His voice was again tremulous as he proclaimed the designation of Achille Ratti as the choice.

Achille Ratti Accepts

Again there was silence. With dignified grace, the cardinal dean arose and, flanked by the ceremoniers, approached the throne of the Milanese archbishop. Each one present riveted eyes and ears on the scene. Misty palms and humid foreheads registered the electric atmosphere and the anxious state of each participant. Addressing him by name, the cardinal dean repeated the formula in slow and almost chanting tones:

"*Acceptasne electionem de te canonice factam in Summum Pontificem?*"

Another pause quickened the beating hearts of cardinals and clerks. Eyes and ears strained to catch each movement and word. Were they sitting in the presence of the Pope? On his response, Achille Ratti could be elevated from the pastor of an archdiocese to the ruler of four hundred million souls. He bowed his head in prayer. He lifted his eyes to the waiting dean. He began to speak.

"That it may not be said," he drawled in low liturgical and deliberate tones, "that I refuse to acquiesce in the Divine Will, that it may not be declared that I am recalcitrant toward the honor which must weigh heavily on my shoulders, and that no one can assert that I have not appreciated the votes of my colleagues—despite my unworthiness, whereof I have a profound cognizance—I accept."

Achille Ratti was Pope.

The whole company rose. The canopies above the cardinals were lowered and only the one above Achille Ratti remained. He was Sovereign Pontiff now. All bowed him obeisance. All eyes were fastened upon the throne where the successor to St. Peter sat.

The new Pontiff was then escorted into a small dressing room off the Sistine Chapel and there his robes of cardinal were divested for those of Pope. Three sizes had been previously provided and the medium size fitted Achille Ratti perfectly. A throne was placed on the steps of the altar of the chapel. The new Pope re-entered and was assisted to the throne. All the cardinals performed the service of obedience by kissing his slippered foot, his hand and his cheek.

Meanwhile, prelates burned the ballots without straw.

Outside, it was a misty day but this did not prevent about fifteen thousand people from gathering to see the smoke. Though the ballots were burned without straw, the smoke signal was so confused that the crowds could not tell whether the volume signified election or not. When the doors of the central loggia of St. Peter's were opened, it was definite that the new Pope was elected.

A Blessing of Peace

Cardinal Bisleti, who was designated to make the first announcement, emerged and with the papal ceremoniers came to the front of the balcony.

"*Habemus Pontificem*" (We have a Pontiff), he shouted and then proclaimed that Achille Ratti had taken the name of Pius XI.

The crowd burst into wild acclamation of "*Evviva il Papa.*" Up until that moment no one knew whether the new Pope would himself bestow his first blessing from the outside balcony or from the interior loggia. No Pope had ever given the blessing from the outside since 1870—a protest against the taking of Rome by the Italians.

But it was just then that Pius XI was announcing to the Sacred College that he intended to bestow the blessing from the outside as a pledge of peace. Patiently the crowd waited and was finally rewarded when the papal cross appeared at the central balcony followed by the Pope. Here he bestowed the blessing "*Urbi et Orbi*" (To the City and to the World).

Months afterward, when Pius XI received Cardinal Laurenti with his collaborators of the Sacred Congregation of the Religious, of which he had newly been chosen prefect, he was moved in the thought that here was the man who might have been Pontiff instead of himself.

"We are deeply conscious of the many great attributes of Cardinal Laurenti, of his travail without ceasing, of his sacrifice without stint," he told the little group. "And were it not for his humbleness of heart and soul, we would not be sitting on this throne nor wearing these robes today."

The little cardinal remained quite happy presiding over the Sacred Congregation, but in 1928 he was promoted to the more important post of Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and made a cardinal priest.

Until the day of his death, in the summer of 1938, Little Laurenti lived in complacent satisfaction as he witnessed the pontifical stature of Pius XI, the man whom he had made Pope, expand to historic proportions. He knew that it meant power and prestige for the Church. He revered and admired Pius XI. He knew that his decision to make him Pope was right. He was satisfied.

As Simple as That

Continued from page 19

ambition is to purchase one dozen standard annuities, buy another or spare dog and retire farther up the Pacific coast to a dune locality that cannot be discovered by six mounted G-men and a bloodhound.

My acquaintance with this Rice actress goes away back yonder to days on Long Island when all those boys hung around the house. Every time one of us regular week-enders looked up from a two bid, there stood another boy, genially apologetic. Floncy had a new beau every week end and they all appeared to be tennis players, with large hands and feet. Sometimes they came two at a time.

Well do I recall the cold spring morning when a brace of them arrived. A car stopped outside—one of those quick, impulsive college-lad stops, where the driver steps simultaneously on the gas, the brake and four pedestrians. Two of Floncy's friends were arriving from Princeton, where they had momentarily paused in their studies. It was chilly and they wore raccoon coats. They hurried in, said hello politely, dashed over to the piano, with Floncy tagging along, sat down and began playing furiously.

The musical debauch lasted about seven minutes, after which the lads resumed their raccoons, said goodby and hastened back to Princeton for the evening study hour. Mr. Frank Crowninshield remarked at the time that the ways of young people have certainly changed.

Mr. Grantland Rice then journeyed to California for his winter golf and young Floncy came along for the ride and also to see if the movie people were as odd souls as she had heard tell. She had no intention of joining up. She came as a spectator and critic, and as Mr. Rice knows personally everybody in California, New York, Kentucky, Florida, South America and the Malay Peninsula, Miss Floncy encountered all sorts and speedily noted one great truth. It was that no young girl should ever try to get into the movies from Hollywood.

Roundabout Short Cut

She should go somewhere else and get into the movies from somewhere else. At this juncture, it must have been that the Rice child suddenly decided on her future, for she returned to New York and hooked onto a job on the stage, which is precisely what the studios would like to have every young girl do—if she wants to be a movie actress.

One of the talent scouts saw her at work in a John Golden play and that was the end of her stage career. It was in 1934 and Floncy came out again to Hollywood and began trying to be a good film actress.

She opened in a piece called Fugitive Lady and went from that to Death Flies East, Panic on the Air, Carnival, Under Pressure, and The Blackmailer. She played with Stuart Erwin in Sworn Enemy and Women are Trouble; with Robert Young in The Longest Night; in Under Cover of Night with Edmund Lowe, and then came Man of the People, Married Before Breakfast, Double Wedding, Navy Blue and Gold, Paradise for Three, Fast Company, Sweethearts and Vacation from Love. W. S. Van Dyke, who directed her newest picture, Stand Up and Fight, in which she plays with Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery, has no doubts whatever about her future. Says he: "She has charm, personality and intelligence and right now she can do anything the screen demands. I think she needs about two years more to become totally unconscious of the cameras and then watch her go."

As the facts indicate, Floncy must like sand, for this Pacific house of hers is not only surrounded by sand, but practically buried in it. She lives there peacefully, attended by Mary Gardner, the maid, cook and housekeeper. This Mary Gardner once cooked in my own household, so I know all about her, and regret to state she is getting plump and noticeably so. When she worked for me, she was medium thin, but probably gets more to eat now that she's with a rich movie actress.

Miss Rice leads a simple and austere life and doesn't do any of the things popularly done by the movie people. She owns an effective and slightly worn coupé, in which she dashes daily to the studio, taking along her lunch in a wicker basket that resembles a small doghouse. Not a very large person, she eats heartily and meals are not a passing frivolity in her scheme.

A Lady Who Likes Food

I breakfasted with her lately and could sit there and look on in astonishment. It was early in the morning, at an hour when most people view the oncoming day with resentment, and breakfast gingerly on a few sips of coffee and a gloomy cigarette. Not so this Rice offspring.

She moved up to the table with what you might call exuberant gusto, and attacked a bowl of cereal, three eggs, a rack of toast, a baked apple, coffee and some jam. She weighs only 99 pounds and could be shoved into a pillow slip.

At the studios most movie stars lunch either in the restaurant or elegantly in their private suites, but the Rice system is to make certain of a nourishing lunch by taking same along with her in this doghouse container, which is locked against the careless hand. This makes her the only movie woman in captivity who carries her own lunch to work, like a plumber's helper.

She swims and plays golf and that's about all. If nobody else is playing golf, she plays alone, knocking the ball around in peaceful solitude and cheating freely.

She owns a vapid-looking dog, given to her by her mother, who knows nothing about dogs and orders them over the telephone like she would a turkey.

The official studio report is that she plays the piano acceptably, which is a typographical error. The man means she listens quietly while somebody else plays the piano, and after five minutes she disappears, answers the phone or goes over old bills.

The phone plays an enormous part in her life and there is no use calling up her home as the line is always busy. Floncy is talking to somebody. Her most intense conversations are long-distance calls between the Santa Monica oil house and the old homestead in Easthampton, the toll charges being paid by Mr. Grantland Rice, or Mrs. Rice, or anybody except Floncy.

The way their daughter turned out is a constant surprise to the Rices, as well as to some of their friends, and, as Floncy works all the while, they have to move to California to be with her. This they do religiously each December, taking a home in Beverly Hills, which by merest chance is only one hour from Santa Anita race track and fifteen minutes from fifteen golf courses.

I answer Crossword Puzzles, too

Miss Robinson, the crossword-puzzle expert, drives into my station the other day an' gives me a wonderful opening for my talk on Golden Shell Oil.

"What's an 11-letter word for *reduces friction?*" she asks, as I'm fillin' her tank with Super-Shell.

Quick as a flash, I pops back, "G-O-L-D-E-N S-H-E-L-L," spellin' it out on my fingers.

"No, it won't fit," she says, serious. "It's got to *start* with an L and *end* with an N—11 letters."

"That reminds me of Golden Shell," I says, "because it's made especially for today's driving which is nearly all *starting* and *stopping.*"

"It's got to start with an L," she insists, still lookin' at the puzzle.

"Golden Shell starts flowin' the instant you touch the starter," I says, gauging the oil. "Look here, Miss Robinson," I continues, "this old oil ain't givin' you the proper lubrication. Modern motors need the best lubrication you can give 'em. An' in case you're still wonderin' what you need in your motor *and* your crossword puzzle, too, it's *lubrication.*"

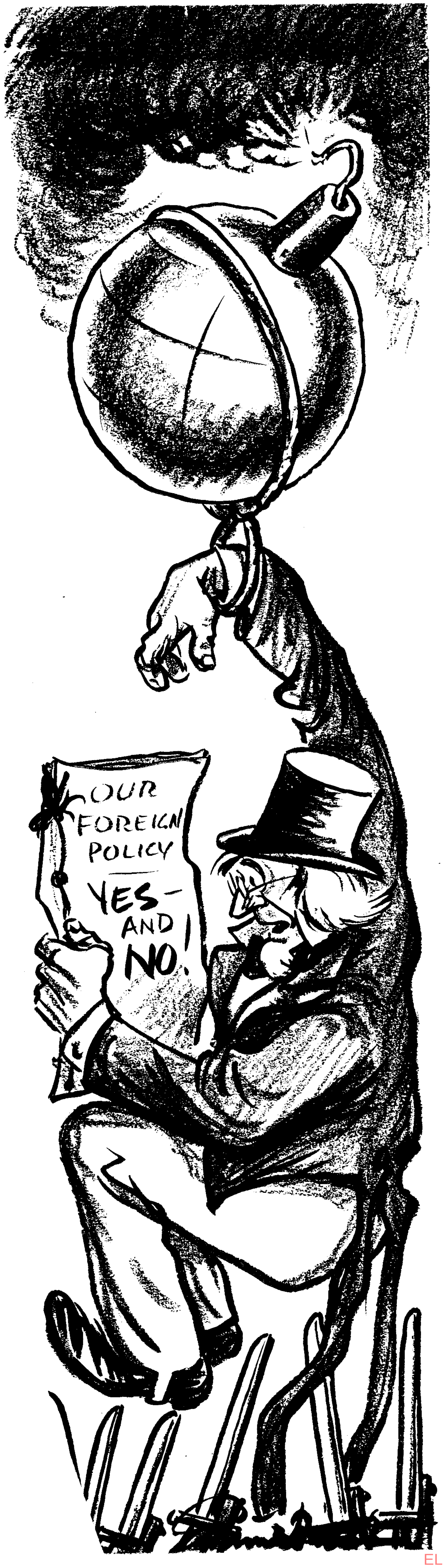
"Why, that's it," she exclaims. "That's the word!"

"Yes'm," says I, gettin' ready to drain an' refill, "and Golden Shell's the *last* word in lubrication—at only 25¢ a quart, too."

Boy—in this business you even gotta be a crossword-puzzle expert!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



Collier's

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Stop Mumbling

THE recent heated and prolonged discussions of our foreign policy, if any, remind us of what W. E. Woodward says on Page 685 of his "A New American History":

> At heart we are a nation of Sir Galahads, hell-bent on rescuing the Holy Grail, at whatever cost. To put it in the common vernacular, we can always be stirred up emotionally to the point of pulling somebody else's chestnuts out of the fire regardless of burnt fingers and other catastrophes.

Which leads into the question: Have we a foreign policy? If, after proper investigation, we find that we have, we might then proceed to try to find out what our foreign policy is. It's nice to know such things, especially in a world where a number of potent nations have very definite foreign policies, all of them aimed toward war.

We fear, however, that our chances of finding that we have any foreign policy at all are rather slim. So many contradictory things are always happening in this important precinct of our public affairs.

For example, we call our ambassador home from Germany, without actually breaking off diplomatic relations, and that seems to tie in pretty consistently with the President's memorable "quarantine" speech. So does the Administration's double-barreled announcement that it is greasing the skids for airplane sales to France and "persuading" American plane makers not to sell to Japan. So do our loans and credits to the Chinese, to help them buy planes and other supplies for their war with the Japanese.

But what about some of the other things we have done or left undone in the name of our foreign policy, if we have one.

Out of one side of its mouth, the Administration assures us that its big arms program is solely for self-defense in case some nation gets funny with us. Out of the other, it suggests that we turn Guam into a naval base comparable to Singapore—and this suggestion is, whatever else it may be, an invitation to Japan to come down and try to take Guam away from us before the $150,000,000 five-to-ten year naval base job can well get started. Japan's chances of victory in such a swoop, by the way, would be excellent.

Another of these contradictions has to do with Mexico. The President has several times said that the Good Neighbor policy is a two-way affair; that not all the good neighborliness can come from one neighbor. But have a look at our recent misadventures with Mexico.

President Lazaro Cardenas grabs American-owned oil wells and farmlands in Mexico, and makes ready to grab American-owned mines there if he gets by with the oil and land grabs. He then has the nerve to try to sell this stolen oil in the United States. Failing that, he sells and barters oil to the Fascist countries and to Japan, all the while professing to be some kind of Communist himself. In addition, he turns his country into a busted though boiling pothole of Communist hysteria, growing riper by the minute for Fascism.

We do nothing to save Mexico from itself, or to save the Western Hemisphere from an officially Communist or Fascist state. We write mild notes of protest; but we go on buying Mexican silver at well above world prices, thus financing Neighbor Cardenas. Other Central and South American countries naturally begin to think long, long thoughts about following Cardenas' example. The upshot may be the wiping out of most of our investments in Central and South America—which will mean the wiping out of a lot of jobs of United States of North America workers now making things for the Latin-American trade.

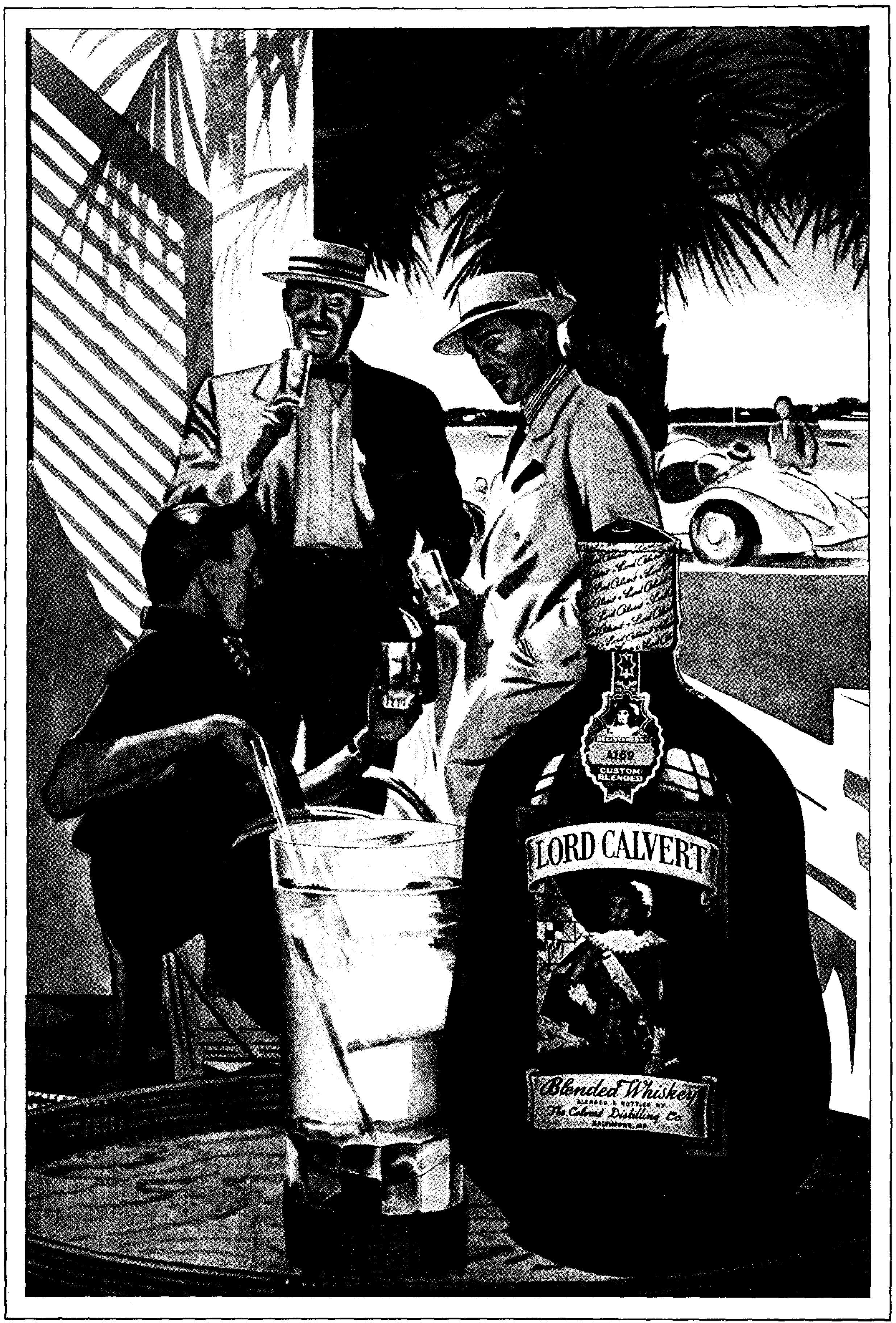
Yet Senator Key Pittman (Dem., Nev.) thunders, unrebuked by the Administration, that Americans reserve the right to crusade throughout the world for their ideas of what is right, ethical, moral and so on.

We think the answer to these and other contradictions is simply that we have no foreign policy. It seems to us that our foreign policy at any given moment is only a matter of pleasing as many groups of the folks back home as possible.

For illustration, the real reason why so many of our statesmen have been so strong for the Neutrality Act seems to have been that there were a lot of Germans among their constituents—or a lot of Italians or conservatives or Catholics. For an older illustration, it is notorious that for decades we looked to the British navy as our ultimate sea defender but never said so officially for fear of stirring up the Irish vote here. And for another, Mr. Hoover pleased the then dominant pacifists by weakening our Navy while he was President.

So it goes. We bumble and mumble along in our dealings with other nations, never really knowing where we stand or what we are driving at. All that our statesmen seem definitely to know is that too big a bunch of the home folks must on no account be rubbed the wrong way by anything the State Department does or says.

We hope we don't all wake some morning to find that we've bumbled and mumbled ourselves into a war that may ravage both of our seacoasts and one or both of our borders; smash our democratic system into a military dictatorship of the type we now detest; and grind up some hundreds of thousands or millions of young men into unco-ordinated bone, gristle, meat and blood, all appetizingly garnished with bits of steel and pinches of mud.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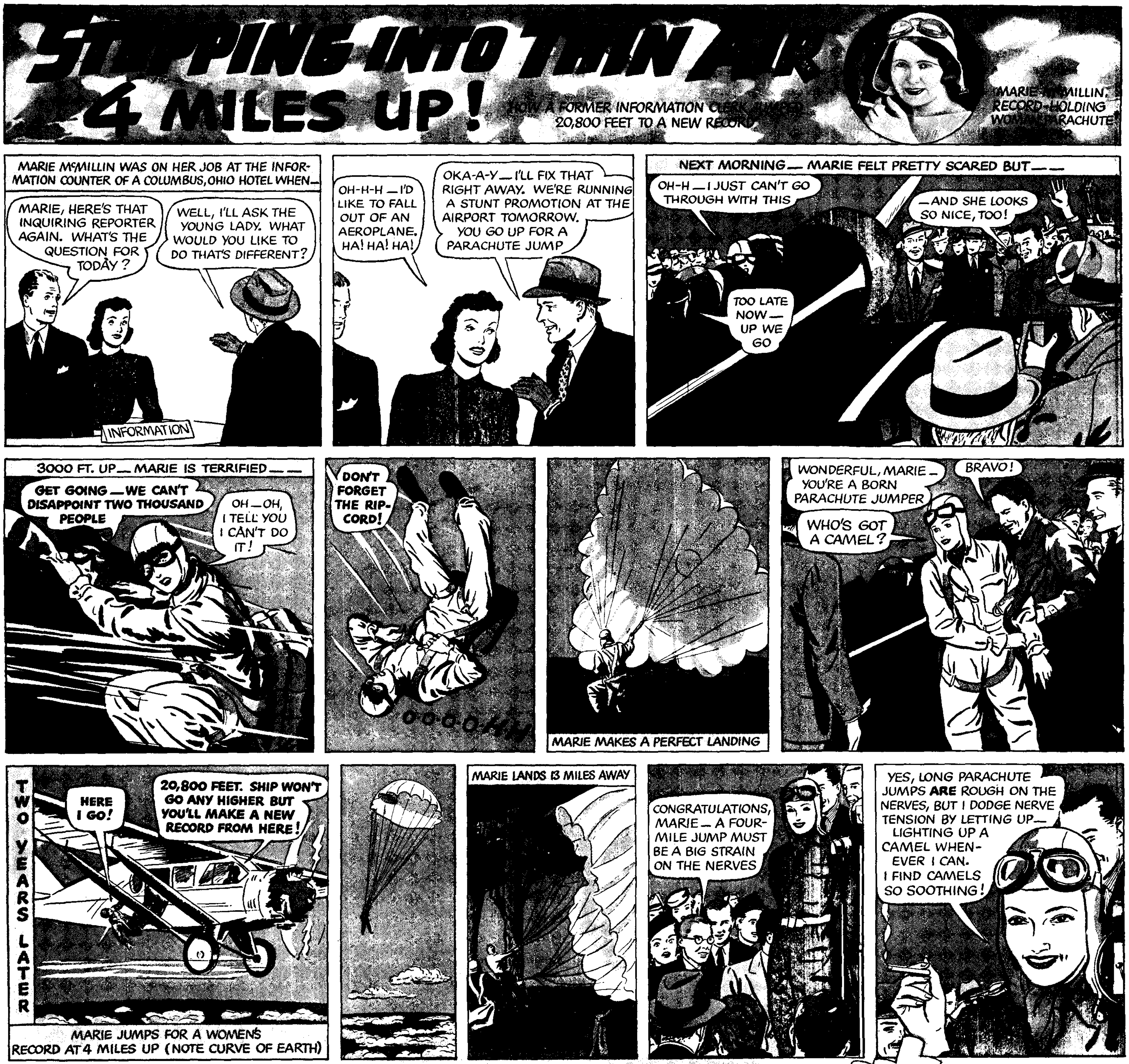
STEPPING INTO THIN AIR
4 MILES UP!
HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED 20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD
MARIE McMILLIN, RECORD-HOLDING WOMAN PARACHUTE
MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN—
MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?
WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?
INFORMATION
OH-H-H — I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!
OKA-A-Y — I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP
NEXT MORNING — MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT——
OH-H — I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS
—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!
TOO LATE NOW — UP WE GO
3000 FT. UP — MARIE IS TERRIFIED——
GET GOING — WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE
OH — OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!
DON'T FORGET THE RIP-CORD!
O-O-O-O-H-H
MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING
WONDERFUL, MARIE — YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER
BRAVO!
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
TWO YEARS LATER
HERE I GO!
20,800 FEET. SHIP WON'T GO ANY HIGHER BUT YOU'LL MAKE A NEW RECORD FROM HERE!
MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMEN'S RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)
MARIE LANDS 13 MILES AWAY
CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE — A FOUR-MILE JUMP MUST BE A BIG STRAIN ON THE NERVES
YES, LONG PARACHUTE JUMPS ARE ROUGH ON THE NERVES, BUT I DODGE NERVE TENSION BY LETTING UP — LIGHTING UP A CAMEL WHENEVER I CAN. I FIND CAMELS SO SOOTHING!

(*left*) **WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS** days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax – to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves!* Yet the welfare of your nerves is really vital to your success, to your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly —to LET UP–LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an *extra* measure of comfort to *your* smoking with Camel's finer, costlier tobaccos.

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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES